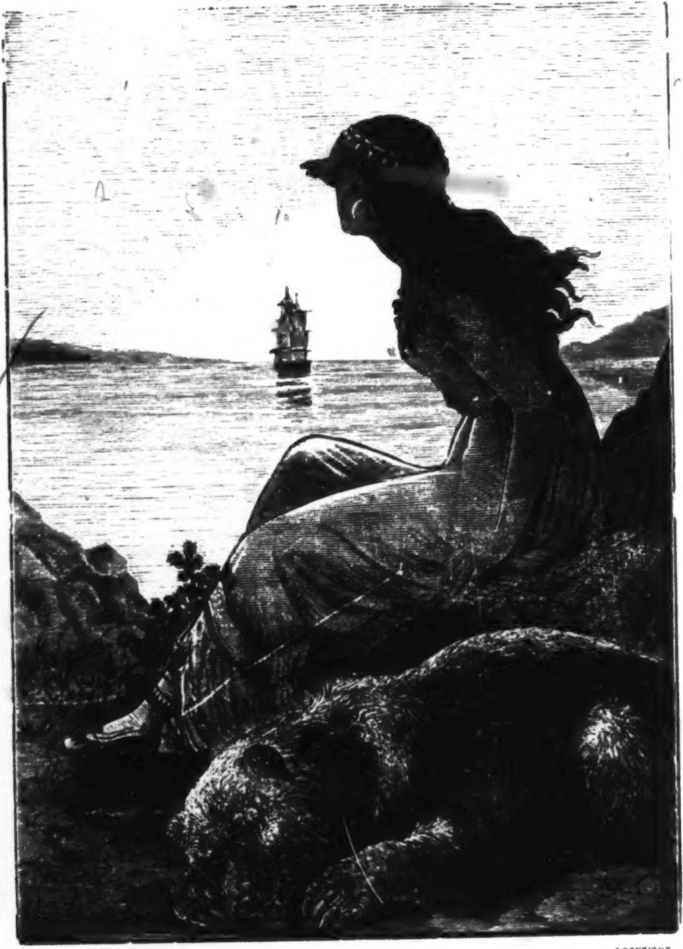
XEROX

Xerox University Microfilms
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106

WESTERN AMERICANA

Reproduced from the original in the collection of
THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY



FROM THE "ARGONAUT."

COPYRIGHT.

CALIFORNIA
1849.

THE STORY OF THE FILES

A REVIEW OF

CALIFORNIAN WRITERS AND LITERATURE

By

ELLA STERLING CUMMINS.

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSION OF CALIFORNIA,
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, 1893.

Copyright 1893 by ELLA STERLING CUMMINS.

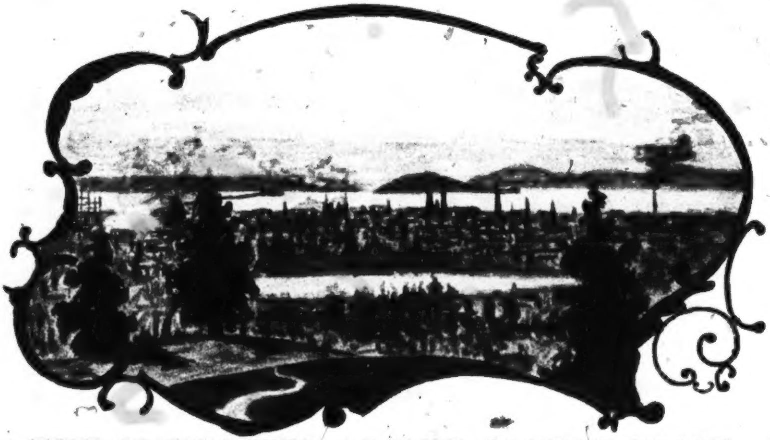
WILLIAM J. DINGEE

Invites Correspondence Appertaining to

REAL ESTATE

—IN—

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA



THE QUEEN CITY OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

Unsurpassed as a place of residence; 15 minutes by ferry from San Francisco. Salubrious climate; ninety miles of Macadamized streets; public Schools, Electric and Cable Railway systems; suburban drives and beautiful views from the heights; population inside the city limits, 60,000; including suburbs, 100,000.

We have for sale beautiful Homes for all, from Cosy Cottages to Elegant Modern Dwellings. Large tracts of land subdivided and sold at auction or by private sale. Substantial Business Blocks in the Heart of the City paying six and seven per cent per annum net on the investment. Catalogues sent on application.

Easy terms arranged—small properties to be bought on payments of $100 to $500 cash; balance $25 to $50 a month.

Correspondence promptly answered.

WILLIAM J. DINGEE,

460 and 462 Eighth Street, Oakland, California.

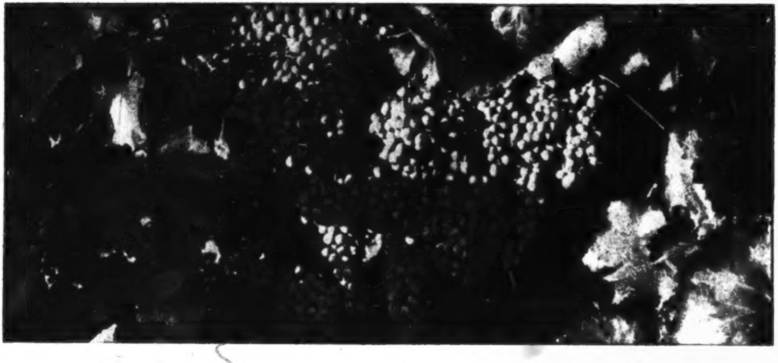
THE LITERATURE OF THE

Kern County Land Company

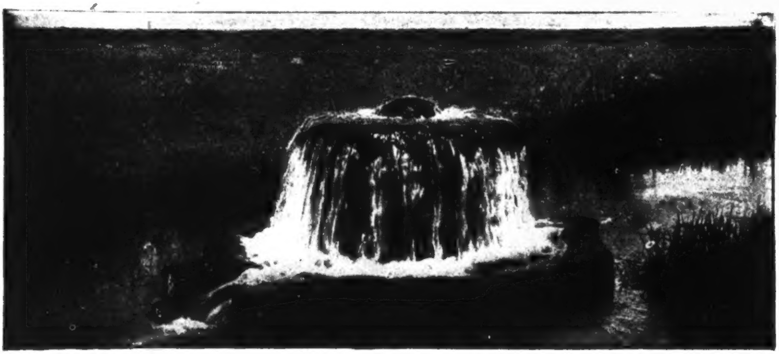
CAPITAL $10,000,000.

IS NOW ENJOYING A WIDE REPUTATION FOR ACCURACY AND VARIETY OF INFORMATION. IT IS ATTRACTIVE, INTERESTING AND VALUABLE. WRITE FOR SAMPLES.

S. W. FERGUSSON, AGENT, BAKERSFIELD, CAL.



A clear title, rotation, variety and certainty of crops; easy terms; availability to persons in moderate circumstances; ground ready for the plow—no stones nor thistles; good society, schools, churches, etc., are a few of the noticeable attractions of this region of country. Below will be found the address from which to procure magazines, maps, books and every conceivable variety of descriptive matter pertaining to the lands of the **KERN COUNTY LAND COMPANY**, all procured for the asking.



DIRECTORS

LLOYD TEVIS, PRESIDENT.
IRWIN C. STUMP, VICE-PRESIDENT.
F. G. DRUM, SECRETARY.
W. F. GOAD.
WM. S. TEVIS.
HENRY WADSWORTH.

KERN COUNTY LAND COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)

S. W. FERGUSSON, AGENT,
Bakersfield, - - California,

Designs and Portraits
by
UNION PHOTO ENGRAVING CO.
San Francisco, Cal

Press of
CO-OPERATIVE
PRINTING CO.
Printers
Publishers
NO. 408 SACRAMENTO STREET
COR. OF BATTERY
San Francisco, Cal.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO THE

MEMBERS OF THE

CALIFORNIA WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSION

IRVING M. SCOTT, JAMES D. PHELAN, S. W. FERGUSSON,
JOHN DAGGETT, R. MCMURRAY, L. J. ROSE,
A. T. HATCH and T. H. THOMPSON,

Under whose encouragement are now being presented to the world not only the products of California's soil, but also the evidences of the culture and industry of her people.

KEYNOTE.

Aware that this "Story of the Files" of Californian magazines and journals, is, like all things human, far from being perfect, the author has only to say that it has been prepared mainly for the purpose of preserving the names, pictures and histories of the writers of long ago, those who are now dead and forgotten.

The record of the writers of to-day may be added to and bettered by him who comes after.

In these words of one of the brightest of the old-time journalists is to be found the pervading spirit of the "Story of the Files:"

"No matter where uttered, a great thought never dies. It does not perish amid the snows of mountains, or the floods of rivers, or in the depths of valleys. For a time it may seemingly be forgotten, but it is somewhere embalmed in memory, and after awhile reappears on the horizon like a long-gone star returning on its unchanging orbit, and on its way around the endless circle of eternity."

October, 1892, San Francisco, California.

PRELUDE.

The complete tale of the writers of California has not yet been told, and, possibly, never will be. During each epoch of Californian literature, however, mile-stones have been erected along the way, and some of these have been typical of the times. Such are Oscar Shuck's "Scrapbook of California Writers" and "California Anthology," May Wentworth's "Poetry of the Pacific," Roman's "Outcroppings," Harr Wagner's "Short Stories of California Writers," the Berkeley students' "College Verses," and Dewey's "Picturesque California."

The first series of sketches upon the subject appeared in 1881 in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. These sketches, about fifty in number, entitled "California Authors," were very interesting, and were the work of Flora Haines Loughead. A similar series was presented in the *San Francisco Morning Call* in 1889, prepared by the late Emilie Tracy Y. Parkhurst, who intended to produce them later in book form. This proposed work was to make a companion volume to the one here presented, as the material she had gathered was of later writers, and those of the present day, rather than of the past, containing many names of young writers of the Pacific Coast generally, and of women particularly.

An interesting article on "Early Books, Magazines, and Book-making," by Charles Howard Shinn, appeared in the *Overland Monthly*, October, 1888. There was a brief but vivid sketch in the *Cosmopolitan* in the autumn of 1891—a condensed history, as it were, of the subject, by Gertrude Franklin Atherton. In the voluminous work of Bancroft (in Essays, Miscellany, Vol. 38), some attention has been given to the literary workers of the coast. During this year of 1892, Joaquin Miller has been contributing felicitous sketches to the *San Francisco Morning Call* upon the writers he has known from early times. The natural kindness of his heart has made him bring to notice some poems and poets little known in their own country.

In November, 1891, was begun a series of sketches in the San Francisco *Wasp*, under the encouragement of General Backus and D. S. Richardson, proprietor and editor respectively of that journal. The only thing which marked this series as different from the others was its method of classification. It divided the writers into separate schools, according to the times, and to the journal or magazine, and began at the beginning. It was not so much a history of the writers of California as it was of the journals and magazines for which they wrote. During the six months that these sketches appeared letters were received from even the most remote parts of the State, and comments were made in many journals. The "Story of the Files" touched a common chord of interest—a sympathetic note had been struck. The magnitude of the work attempted was comprehended mostly by those of the sanctum, as, for instance, the following letter from one of the brightest of Californian journalists of either the past or the present, will show:

"The series is very interesting, and so far has been done with rare discrimination. I hope you are not going to get too excited over your work and die of insomnia before you finish it. Take it cool. Skip a week or two. The interest will endure all the same. Yours most truly,

JOSEPH T. GOODMAN."

Meanwhile, the writer had become absorbed in her task. The subject had a fascination that claimed her waking and sleeping hours. She haunted places where were to be found musty files of journals, and lived in the olden days once more; attended theatrical performances now forgotten, and heard voices of those like Matilda Heron and Edwin Forest, now hushed forever. The old advertisements brought back the names heard in childhood; old politics made Colonel Baker alive once more. Issuing into the crowded street of later San Francisco, she carried with her these shadows of the past—carried them home with her to sup at her board and haunt her dreams. It was so uncanny an experience that she was not sorry when the *Wasp* changed hands and the sketches were no longer needed. But there were those who were not satisfied—who still wrote letters asking for the series to be completed, and to be published in book form. The writer, not wishing to become a victim to monomania, evaded the responsibility—though the spell of the past was still on her. She knew that the work could never be done in perfection; that all these files could not be reduced to a volume—and why attempt anything less?

There were two or three, however, who never ceased insisting upon the final completion of the work—two or three who seemed to have faith in the writer's capability for the task. Out of that faith comes this volume. With fear and trembling the writer enters upon this broad field of research, knowing that there will be imperfections in the work; that there will be omissions and misapprehensions; but with love and affection for these shadows of the past, who are dear to her as her own kith and kin. Others could bring to bear upon the subject more skill, more technique, or as one of our authors says, "more icicle drippings of the intellect." But the writer, who was born in the mines, cradled in a gold-rocker, and grew up in a quartz-mill, knew many of these shadows as living realities, from her childhood, and honored and adored them. Thus it has become a labor of love.

In taking up the theme, "Californian Writers and Literature," the chief object in view is to make, as nearly as possible, a record for reference, of the writers, large and small, who have been, or who have become identified with the State or coast. Beginning with the earliest journals and magazines, the desire is to represent the growth of our literature for the past forty years—and it is a remarkable exhibit—to record the names therein found of writers of verse—short story writers, novelists and journalists, each in his or her proper school.

There are choice mono-poems which are treasured in scrap-books, but not to be found elsewhere. And there are short stories, which are celebrated in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant," but otherwise not known, nor to be found outside the ephemeral journals in which they appeared.

And though the tale of these writers may never be told completely, yet in the perusal of these journals of the past we may obtain a faint glimpse of those whose memories will always be connected with Californian literature. In the "Story of the Files" is told their history. They came, they wrote, they passed away; but what they have written, all united, now constitutes what we have of literature, good, bad, or indifferent. And it is to discuss the work of these busy minds and busy pens, now resting, many of them in the Eternal Silence (whither we all are hastening), that this backward glance is given.

It is hoped that as a result of this discussion we shall be enabled to discover the ingredients which combine to make a story or a poem or a sketch or a novel popular with the public.

A cold, critical survey of Californian literature will be the style of treatment; no personalities shall be discussed, but there will be presented the work of authors, and examples of each one's style, vivid sentences, epigrams or lines.

In order to confine the limits of the "Story of the Files" to one volume, it becomes necessary to make a choice from all this rich material. The line, then, distinctly drawn, is in favor of those journals and magazines which apparently have encouraged the growth of Californian literature. And nearly all of these have had their birth-place in the city of San Francisco.

The story of Californian literature began in the early fifties with the old *Golden Era*. This journal was the medium of much pleasantry between and among the miners; so much so, that in the drama of "M'liss" reference is made to it as a "typical topic of their conversation." Then came *Hutchings' California Magazine*, in which the Yosemite Valley was written up for the first time completely by the author of "The Heart of the Sierras." Next among the dearest memories of the pioneers, in the way of powerful writing came, during war times, the Sacramento *Union*, with James Anthony and Paul Morrill as editors, and the *Territorial Enterprise* of Nevada, with J. T. Goodman as editor, which two papers are now believed to be the finest examples of early journalism in the West.

Connected with the growth of literary expression were the *Sunday Mercury* and the *Weekly Californian*, published in San Francisco, journals of the early sixties, the former under J. Macdonough Foard; the latter managed by Charles Henry Webb.

In 1868 came the *Overland*, with Bret Harte as editor. This magazine was the first distinctively literary production, and it gave the first proof of "the existence of a peculiarly characteristic Western American literature." The bound files of the old *Overland* are eagerly sought for to-day. No Californian's library is complete without them.

Then followed the *Argonaut* in 1876, founded by Fred M. Somers and Frank M. Pixley, afterward under the editorship of Jerome Hart, which developed a peculiar and powerful school of writing, distinctively Californian. The files of this journal contain unset gems in the way of short stories, which made a sensation at the time of their appearance and were copied in the old world as well as the new. In addition to these are the fervid utterances of Frank M. Pixley, for these many years, upon the general theme of "Americanism," and the notable "Dramatic Criticism" of the late Mrs. Joseph Austin, under the name of "Betsy B."

A very clever but short-lived journal was *The Portico*, of the same period. Both the *Epigram* and *The Californian Magazine* were founded and edited by Fred M. Somers. After an existence of two years, the latter was turned into the later *Overland*, under the management of Millicent W. Shinn. This magazine has a school of writers of its own.

The San Francisco *News Letter*, founded by Marriott, Sr., has always been ably edited, and occupies a field peculiar to itself.

The *Wasp*, the oldest cartoon paper in colors in the United States, was founded by Korbel Brothers in 1876, and has always been devoted to the brief and pithy things of literature.

The *Ingleside*, an offshoot of the *Argonaut*, under Henry McDowell, assisted by Henry Bigelow, had a brief but brilliant literary career—every page full of vivid writing.

About this time, 1884, the *Golden Era* was revived in magazine form under Harr Wagner, and became the medium of utterance for new writers with original ideas, if sometimes crude in expression.

The *San Franciscan* was founded by Joseph T. Goodman, assisted by Arthur McEwen, and completed by W. H. Harrison.

In its bound files it presents a couple of volumes of the choicest, most elegant English — a credit to the language — besides containing stories and sketches of great originality.

Meanwhile, in journalism, many dailies and weeklies have been born, some fated, like

> "The rank weeds, to die in the morning light,"

and others, by good fortune, to flourish for many years. These latter ones are the well-known journals, the *Alta California*, the *Evening Bulletin*, the *Morning Call*, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Morning Examiner*, the *Evening Post*, the *Evening Report*, and many others, containing the work of our very best writers, and each requiring a volume in itself to tell its history.

Among the last ones inaugurated is the weekly journal owned and edited by J. O'Hara Cosgrave and Hugh Hume, the *Wave*, which has a strong literary flavor, though distinctly devoted to society. Of the magazines, the last is the *Illustrated Californian*, under the direction of Charles F. Holder, who came here with honors from the East, and who has brought out, particularly, the writers of the southern part of the State.

Besides these regular journals and monthlies, there have been published volumes to the number of six or seven hundred or more. Poetry and prose have been given to the world in tiny volumes and in bulky ones. Few of them are from skillful pens, though many are original and odd. The chief difficulty seems to be that it is youth which has the courage to publish its maiden effort; but when years creep on, and the workmanship is of more finished quality, the enthusiasm has died out, and nothing further appears in book form.

To this class of novels belong, "Bound Down," by Mrs. Thomas Fitch; "Robert Greathouse," by John Swift; "Dare," by Mary W. Glasscock; "On the Verge," by Philip Shirley; "The Little Mountain Princess," by the writer; "The Man Who Was Guilty," by Flora Haines Loughead; "Sacrifice," by Will S. Green; "Braxton's Bar," by Rollin M. Daggett.

Our poets have given to the world some really finished work, if not great. Clarence Urmy's "Rosary of Rhyme," Madge Morris' "Debris," Gen. Lucius H. Foote's "Red-Letter Day," Carrie Stevens Walter's "Rose Ashes," Lillian Hinman Shuey's "California Sunshine," Virna Wood's "Queen of the Amazons"—all are of unusual delicacy for first volumes.

Our great writers speak for themselves. The humorists, such as George Derby and J. Ross Brown, were the advance guard of a host to follow, better known, perhaps, but not so fondly remembered; Bret Harte, with his mastery of English and study of peculiar human nature; Mark Twain, with his perennial spring of humor, freshening and revivifying each theme he touches; Prentice Mulford, with his delicate philosophy; Charles Warren Stoddard, with his poetic imagery; Richard Realf, whose recognition has been tardy, but none the less complete; Joaquin Miller, whose poetry is the genuine article, and whose prose is vivid and beautiful; John Muir, whose descriptions of California are prose-poems from beginning to end; John Vance Cheney, who has become identified with our literature; Bancroft, with his tremendous library of historical record; Edward R. Sill, with his vigorous verse — each of these has won his laurels in literature, and we can neither add nor take away. Of the women writers of California, Gertrude F. Atherton, Kate D. Wiggin, and Ina D. Coolbrith have won recognition abroad as well as at home.

But there *are* among our writers those whose names are scarcely known outside of California, who have given evidence of great skill and command of English, and fine delineation of character — who, in one single story (for instance, J. W. Gally, in "Big Jack Small," or Yda Addis, in some of her brilliant performances), have proved a claim to extraordinary ability.

The vivid tales of Emma Frances Dawson, Annie Lake Townsend, Flora Haines Loughead, and others of the *Argonaut* school, have made a strong impression upon our literature.

The wonder story is a natural product of the soil. From Ferdinand Ewer's "Eventful Nights of August 21st and 22d," in 1856, and W. H. Rhodes' "Remarkable Case of Summerfield," in 1868, down to the present day of Robert Duncan Milne's "Eighteen Centuries in Ice," W. C. Morrow's "Remarkable Case in Surgery," and Ambrose Bierce's "The Man and the Snake," we have had a full flowering of the literary orchid.

Pollock's poem, "Evening Through the Golden Gate," in 1856, has not been supplanted in the hearts of the people; nor has his "Parting Hour" been forgotten. John Ridge's poem to his wife, "The Harp of Broken Strings," has not lost its exquisite sympathy with the beating of the human heart to-day.

Of the sagebrush school of writers, such as John Swift in "Robert Greathouse," and Dan de Quille in the "Big Bonanza," each has laid the colors on the historic page with realistic brush. Our school of journalists has produced writers of finished literary style, such as Ambrose Bierce, Arthur McEwen, John Hamilton Gilmour, and others of great versatility, such as Henry Bigelow, Frank Millard and George H. Fitch; and of vigor and originality, like Frank M. Pixley and W. H. Mills. Our vivid short stories at Christmas tide are evidence of the talent which rarely finds utterance the rest of the year.

And yet from all this rich hoard, we cannot venture to predict what Californian literature may yet become, although it is evident that all these writers of the past have become a force in shaping the quality and destiny of this literature which is to be.

Thus it is that a record of these names is merely a duty to the public. There are writers yet to come whose genius will be equal to or greater than that of any in the past, who will have been unconsciously affected by the journalistic schools of the past or the present day. It will be worth while, therefore, to analyze this peculiar style of writing that has been developed among us, and to present for comparison these extracts — pithy, forcible, and excellent.

Whether any of our own writers will ever produce a novel equal to "Ramona" in its picturesque completeness of Californian early life is a question, but that there are new fields for portrayal there is no doubt. The tone of the great novel of the future, judging by the powerful short stories which the Californian writer presents upon all occasions through the medium of our weekly journals and magazines, will be vivid, strong and rugged, rather than beautiful or artistic.

Thus, the underbrush being cleared away, as it were, and a good trail having been made around the boulders, we enter upon our analysis of Californian literature.

The GOLDEN Era

THE GOLDEN ERA SCHOOL.

FROM 1852-1882.

EDITORS:

J. Macdonough Foard, Rollin M. Daggett, Joseph E. Lawrence, James Brooks, Gilbert B. Densmore, John J. Hutchinson, J. M. Bassett, Harr Wagner, E. T. Bunyan and others.

CONTRIBUTORS:

Francis Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard, John R. Ridge, Joseph T. Goodman, Dan De Quille, A. Delano, Orpheus C. Kerr, Thomas Starr King, Fitzhugh Ludlow, Henry E. Highton, Stephen Massett, Prentice Mulford, John C. Medley, Richard Henry Savage, Ada Clare, Occasia Owens, Eliza Pittsinger, Minnie Myrtle Miller, Adah Isaacs Menken, Sallie Goodrich, May Wentworth, Ina Coolbrith, Anna Morrison, Lulu Littleton, Mary Watson, Alice Kingsbury, Mary V. Tingley, Anna M. Fitch, Janette Phelps, Frances F. Victor and others.

A great pile of rusty, musty tomes, breathing of "the velvet bloom of time," in a dark little room in an old Montgomery-street building! It is the file of the *Golden Era*.

The old advertisements are of themselves a historical record of those legendary days when the waters of the bay came up to Montgomery street, and the sketches, stories and poems breathe the flavor of the literature of that time.

If this file could tell the tale of its goodly company, it would reveal much unwritten history now impossible to obtain.

But the story of its origin and its founders, J. Macdonough Foard and Rollin M. Daggett, has passed into record, and any one with a desire to trace up the story may do so in the pioneer number of the revived *Golden Era*, in magazine form, some thirty-three years later, written for the occasion by the author.

It was in December, 1852, that two young men, named Foard and Daggett, the first twenty-one, the latter but nineteen years of age, resolved to start a weekly paper in San Francisco. At first they hired their type at the rate of thirty-five cents a thousand ems, for each issue, but soon afterward raised money enough to purchase a printing office of their own. It was a new sort of venture for that peculiar time, but the paper soon commenced to work its way into the mines, and find a place in the affections of the miners—in fact, it almost immediately became the *vade mecum* of every mining-camp in the State.

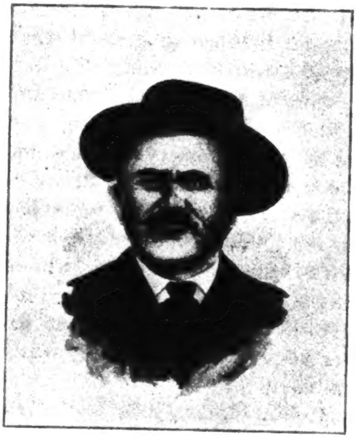
ROLLIN M. DAGGETT.

Foard had come around the 'Horn,' and Daggett had come across the 'Plains,' and they soon fell into the way of writing up their experiences in bright little sketches that appealed to the wanderers from comfortable homes in the East, giving them a literature of their own, flavored with our peculiar soil.

Up to 1854, the paper had quite a struggle, having many a bout with the Sheriff to prevent him putting from his lock on the door; but by this time the experience obtained by the young editors began to be of some use to them.

With an eye to picturesque effect, Daggett arrayed himself in a red shirt and top-boots, and went traveling among the miners, getting enormous subscriptions wherever he went. The rate per year was five dollars, and for advertising they obtained whatever they asked, until they counted up a subscription list of nearly nine thousand, which, with the advertising patronage, yielded an income equaled by only one of the several daily papers then published in San Francisco.

In those expensive days they sometimes paid as high as twenty-two dollars a ream for paper that now can be obtained for five or six dollars, and paid one dollar and twenty-five cents per thousand ems for composition, that now brings forty cents. Quite a wonderful point in artistic excellence was attained when they introduced engravings, and copies sold at times for twenty-five cents apiece.



J. MACDONOUGH FORD.

But the principal characteristic in the *Golden Era* — one which it retained throughout all its variations and vicissitudes — one that made it different from all the papers which have succeeded it — the *one* in fact which causes it to outlive those of greater force and brilliancy, perhaps — is that of its peculiar human sympathy. It has always met its readers half-way, and, in fact, been more of a chronicler of people than events; human nature, rather than the face of nature; thoughts and feelings, rather than lakes and mountains; making, indeed, the old files of the *Golden Era* a sort of book of fate in which may be read the beginning of the career of many of our Californian celebrities before they had dreamed of greatness or had it thrust upon them.

There is, indeed, no publication so identified with California and her people as this self-same *Golden Era*; and that it has continued an existence for thirty-three years is perhaps owing solely to this human element, reflecting as a mirror the life around it, and making it welcome wherever it goes.

Horace Greeley said of the paper, during his famous visit to California: 'It is the most remarkable paper! To think of its power and influence when the population is so sparse and the mail facilities so poor.'

But it was this human element that appealed to the hearts of its readers away up in their mountain fastnesses; and the desire for it was so general that it triumphed over the difficulties of transportation.

One of the chief attractions was a dramatic department, the first introduced by any paper in the State, and here may be read the whole history of the drama back to the early days. It became such a power that all the 'stars' rushed to the *Era* office upon arrival, to make a favorable impression and receive recognition. Its office became also a place of resort for all the celebrities of the day, many of whom contributed to the columns under a pseudonym. Under these circumstances, it could not fail to become a sort of school to the aspiring youth upon the outer edge of the circle, who was permitted only to look on and admire.

Rollin M. Daggett, one of the originators, has been identified with the literature cf California from that day to this, and, having published his works in book form, will be sketched further on under the head of 'Fiction.'

J. Macdonough Foard is now in his sixties, a heavy-set man, looking like a Frenchman rather than an American, with his iron-gray moustache and fierce, blue-gray eyes, and, like many of the old pioneers, still lives in the greatness of the past.

He is a descendant and bears the name of Commodore Macdonough, who was presented with a solid gold snuff-box, worth five hundred dollars, by the city of Albany, in honor of his signal victory on Lake Champlain. Born in Cecil county, Maryland, Mr. Foard came to California in 1849, when a mere boy. For eight years he was associated with Rollin M. Daggett in editing and managing the *Golden Era*.

Connected with type and printers' ink, he returned from many different business positions always to his first love. He was at one time a member of the Board of Education, and wrote a valedictory in which his old-time *Golden Era* fluency is apparent. But, as a characteristic bit of style, nothing is better than an extract from his 'Vale!' in the *Golden Era*, in 1860, upon disposing of the paper to J. E. Lawrence and James Brooks:

"'The *Golden Era* is no longer, like too many of its cotemporaries, a mere phantom on the surface of newspaperdom, but may be regarded as 'a fixed fact' in the record, and far beyond the influence of those sudden reverses which have *served to tumble into the dark and yawning tomb of forgetfulness* many a luckless literary journal. Go where you may, within the vast confines of California—amid the denizens of the frozen north, 'where the flinty crest of wild Nevada ever gleams with snows,' among the hardy sons of toil whose strong arms are digging from the earth the glittering treasure which is enriching the world—among the yoemanry of our broad and fertile valleys, who, 'far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,' are silently adding to the glory and wealth of our rising State!—visit the family circles of our cities and towns, and there you will see the *Golden Era* with its rich and teeming pages.'"

The history of the *Golden Era* school is best told in the words of the old editor and founder, J. Macdonough Foard:

"Oh, yes! The *Golden Era* was a great paper, and, if the same policy had been continued, it would be a great paper to-day. But I will tell you where we made the mistake, and that was when we let the women write for it. Yes, they killed it—they literally killed it, with their namby-pamby school-girl trash.

"But the first five or six years it was grand. There has never been anything like it. Starr King was a constant visitor and contributed anonymously. John R. Ridge, a half Cherokee and the handsomest man I ever saw, was quite a poet, and wrote for us under the name of 'Yellow Bird.' E. G. Paide—whose 'Patent Sermons,' published under the name of 'Don Jr.,' were copied from one end of the Union to the other—was a compositor and contributor, as were also Joseph T. Goodman and Bret Harte. Goodman was then a boy of eighteen, and afterward became famous as editor of the *Territorial Enterprise*. He has also written some fine poems, notably that on the 'Death of Lincoln.'

"Bret Harte was not much of a compositor, and occasionally he gave me a little sketch or poem to help out, which I put in unknown to the rest of the management. After a while they would say, 'That's rather a nice little thing. Whose is it?' And I would say, 'Oh, I got it out of the box.' After a time he did so well that we took him on the staff, and from us he went to the *Overland*, where he became famous in a single day, as it were. I noticed just the other day quite a long reference to the *Golden Era* in a sketch of Bret Harte in a London paper. Oh, the *Golden Era* is known better and farther away than any paper that was ever published in California.

"Charles Warren Stoddard began when he was but a mere boy, and wrote under the name of 'Pip Pepperpod,' which name he was persuaded to drop and instead sign his real name. Henry E. Highton was one of our editorial writers in 1858. You know, he is the great lawyer now. He was a brilliant man. Watkins, under the name of 'Snicktaw,' wrote so successfully as a humorist that the people of Shasta sent him to the Legislature, where he created great merriment, keeping the Assembly in a constant roar. A. Delano, better known as 'Old Block,' another humorist, was also an early and highly appreciated contributor. Orpheus C. Kerr and Dan de Quille are names familiar to all old Californians. Fitz-Hugh Ludlow was a regular hasheesh-eater. He was more than half crazy, but he wrote some good things.

"I tell you, the *Golden Era* was a wonderful paper. The money just flowed in, but I don't know where it all went. So, not liking the way things were going, I sold out in 1860, and so did Daggett—to Brooks and Lawrence. Daggett, you know, has been American Minister to the Sandwich Islands and has also represented the State of Nevada in Congress. In 1870 G. B. Densmore became a partner and kept control for a number of years. In 1877, J. M. Bassett took possession and conducted it with marked ability, as he is one of the most trenchant writers in the State. He sold out in 1881. Under Wagner and Bunyan it became a sort of Young-Men's-Christian-Association paper and temperance organ and I don't know what all. It must have surprised itself a good deal, I think. And now Harr Wagner has it and is introducing a sort of German mysticism. I don't go much on those things.

"But I tell you, that in its palmy days the *Golden Era* was one of the most wonderful papers that ever was, and I don't see why it did not continue so. If it hadn't been for the women—"

I wonder if the present generation can appreciate the pathos of these old miners living in the great past? Not long ago the *Examiner* said in its review column:

"The *Golden Era* has come to hand. While it is rather crude, yet there is a delightful crispness and flavor to it unlike any other publication."

And this review, with almost singular fitness, might be said of every issue in those good old times. The *Golden Era* was *never* wonderful or great. In reading over those dear old files we see that it was altogether crude and queer. Those engravings—announced as a new and remarkable feature—are the queerest of the queer. But it is the memories stirred by every line and every advertisement, bringing up vivid pictures of the past, that make it hallowed. It never was wonderful or great any more than our grandmother was wonderful or great—but it is just as dear in its own peculiar way.

In delving into these great tomes—musty and rusty-looking—we see many names heralded in the very largest of large type. Names, names, names! but of them all only a few have ever reached the outer world. Only those that were unheralded and unsung have made any impress whatever. The most interesting things, indeed, are the mere fragments of these writers.

Here is a scrap of art criticism from Mark Twain, which certainly is crisp enough to belong to him. The great picture of "Samson and Delilah" (exhibited in 1884, in the Mechanics' Institute), had just arrived from Europe, and was hanging in a well known saloon. Says Mark, confidently, in his role of art critic:

"Now, what is the first thing you see in looking at this picture down at the Bank Exchange? Is it the gleaming eyes and fine face of Samson? or the muscular Philistine gazing furtively at lovely Delilah? or is it the rich drapery, or the truth to nature in that pretty foot? No, sir. The first thing that catches the eye is the scissors on the floor at her feet. Them scissors is too modern—there warn't no scissors like them in them days, by a d——d sight."

A delicate, fine little sketch appears from "Bret." It is only a brief description of the raising of a flag-staff, but it is beautifully done. Other sketches follow, leading up to the well-known idyl of "M'liss." We trace them even without a name. He was then in his formative state, laying away those treasures of thought which were to last for a lifetime of literary work, but even then there is revealed the same carefulness of detail that the great Francis Bret Harte displays now in his most finished work. They are little things, but exquisitely done, showing the finish and skill which have made him worthy to be translated into all the modern languages of Europe and placed him very close to the head of American authors.

Of him, a fellow writer at this time (Gilbert B. Densmore, now on the *Bulletin*), says:

"While I was writing up column after column, Bret Harte would be sitting looking at his desk. And finally, he would evolve a paragraph. But that paragraph was worth everything else in the paper."

G. B. Densmore himself is well remembered for his many stories, which appeared serially, in those columns, but he has since devoted his talents to editorial writing, and, occasionally, to dramatization.

Here we find Charles Warren Stoddard learning to walk alone. He was only a boy, remember.

"The East is red,
The dark-plumed night has fled,
My frightened Muse, so tender,
So full of fear
As day is near,
No further singing words of night will render."

Compare this with the magnificent poem in the *Century* of July, 1885:

IN THE SIERRAS.

"Out of the heat and toil and dust of trades,
Far from the sound of cities and seas
I journeyed lonely, and alone I sought
The valley of the ages and the place
Of the wind-braided waters."

The last stanza is triumphant in its tone and full of strength and power:

> "Still we climb!
> The season and the summit passed alike,
> High on the glacial slopes we plant our feet.
> Beneath the great crags unsurmountable,
> Care, like a burden, falling from our hearts;
> Joy, like the wings of morning, spiriting
> Our souls in ecstasy to outer worlds,
> Where the moon sails among the silver peaks
> On the four winds of heaven."

Here is the name of Joaquin Miller, one of the brightest in California literature since the old days. But there are very few lines in these tinkling little poems to tell the story of the mature genius which was to delight the world of letters in time to come.

Also as a contributor to these pages appears the name of Richard Henry Savage, who, since his experiences in the Egyptian army, has developed a talent for dramatic writing, which is not even suggested in this early time.

STEPHEN MASSETT.

Among the lesser names is that of Stephen Massett, who wrote under the title of "Col. Jeems Pipes of Pipesville." He utilized his verses and songs in the way of entertainment, and thus he became known personally to many of the early Californians as few of the writers of the *Golden Era* were known.

There was a certain ease and charm of manner in the presentation of his verses and songs that gave him great popularity as a writer, and on his tours around the world he has achieved a certain kind of reputation of which we at home have little knowledge.

A song writer sometimes touches the heart with a bit of simple sentiment that according to the plumb-line gauge of criticism falls far short of greatness. But there is always more demand for the bit of simple sentiment than for the mightier things of verse, and from this point of view he must be judged, although he has also written for Eastern journals several noteworthy poems, especially one, entitled, "The Lost Ship." A favorite song of Massett's is:

MY DARLING'S FACE.

"When day is done and night comes on
And stars shine forth on land and sea,
There comes an hour—the only hour—
More than all others dear to me;
The hour I wait thy coming, love!
For then my darling's face I see!

"When night is o'er and bright the sun
Sheds its soft beams, dear one, on thee,
If by its light it leads me, love,
To hear thy voice, so sweet to me,
That is the hour—the only hour—
For then my darling's face I see!"

THE WOMEN OF THE "GOLDEN ERA."

The women who wrote for the old *Golden Era* were of varied degrees of talent. No one will gainsay that there was a grain of truth in what Editor Foard speaks of so gravely, that "the poor *Era* was killed by their school-girl essays."

The Ada Clares, the Florence Fanes, the Occasia Owenses were not powerful writers, as is revealed by the columns they have left behind them in these tell-tale old files. But the first-named, Ada Clare, was heralded in the largest of type as the "Queen of Bohemia," and the position she left in New York city was taken by the now famous "Willie Winter." Her favorite expression was, "But, as usual, I am wandering from my subject," which is not very inspiring to a reader. But the letters of Florence Fane were bright and readable, and since then, under her own name of Francis Fuller Victor, she has done some of the strongest work in historical research yet attempted by any woman writer. Mrs. Victor has assisted materially in the compiling of the magnificient *Bancroft Histories*, which are known world-wide. She has also been connected with the *Overland*.

ELIZA PITTSINGER.

It was at this time that Eliza Pittsinger reached the climax of her fame and wrote some very popular verses, though they are not to be found to-day in the libraries.

There is in existence, however, a small collection of her poems, entitled "Bugle Peals." Of these lines Calvin B. McDonald says, happily: "When her muse came down from the sacred mount it was at the invocation of serried battallions, not to smiling Cupid's beckoning from beds of roses."

Eliza Pittsinger is a native of Massachusetts. She came to California in the early sixties, and, taking an active interest in the questions then agitating the public mind, wrote poems upon war themes and read them upon many public occasions. Her personality thus became known to the people of California, and her name remembered, though there is little of her work to be found in the libraries or the files of Californian journals or magazines. Her verse is cast mostly in the moral instructive form. Had she lived during the tribal times of mankind she would have been the one to raise the song of prophecy, of victory and death. But in these days of conforming to the conventionalities of civilization she is merely the poet of occasion, when California is celebrating some memorial day. A more extended sketch of Mrs. Pittsinger appears in the *Women of the Century*. An extract is made from her poem entitled

A DIVINE QUEST.

Thought is speeding, time is waning,
  Let your banners be unfurled,
Tyranny has long been gaining
  Hidden marches on the world—
God is speaking through the nations,
  Trampling Error from its throne,
Truth with mighty inspiration
  Thunders it from zone to zone;
And the voice of tribulation,
  Justice crying for its own,
Peals along the vast creation
  In a seething judgment tune.

Here are to be found many little poems of the ill-fated Minnie Myrtle before she became Mrs. Miller in that strange romance of early times, before the "Poet of the Sierras" was known to the world. She was a woman of an odd sort of beauty—on the fantastic order—a splendid head of curling black hair, dark eyes and of rather imperious carriage. I remember seeing her when she came to lecture in Sacramento, very youthful looking, alive to her finger-tips and oddly dressed, on a very warm day, in a white muslin dress, with a black fur tippet about her throat. Afterward, I read the pitiful letters she wrote to the *Evening Post* when she became a part of the printing machine and was ground down to earn her living and the support of her children by its means. And through it all rang an earnestness and a feeling that betokened the power to do something better if circumstances had been more propitious. Some seven or eight years ago, a beautiful tribute was paid to her memory by Joaquin Miller in a letter to the *Chronicle*, and this was done by him merely as an act of justice, owing to one who aspired and desired, but fell asleep by the wayside with empty hands.

MINNIE MYRTLE.

Very remarkable is the story of Adah Isaacs Menken, the announcement of whose position in literature at all will be a surprise to many. She shows here in these old files some bright sketches, and for one who has been known only as an actress of "Mazeppa," and a noticeable figure in Paris during the time of the later Napoleon, the fact that since her death she has become famous for some of her verse will seem incredible. And yet it is powerful and thrilling, and is classed among the "Poetry of the Future." In the criticism of her lines it is said that there is more real poetry in them than in Walt Whitman's, counting page for page; that her ear is truer and more delicate. But with a closer following of the principles of rhythm, she would have

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

taken place among the brilliant writers and "left us something far better than these few frantic soul-cries of poetic aspiration, shrieked, as they were, out of the Darkness into the ear of Humanity and of God." [From James Wood Davidson in "The Poetry of the Future." Alden, publisher.]

EXTRACT FROM "HEMLOCK IN THE FURROWS."

O weak Soul! let us follow the heavy hearse that bore our old Dream out past the white-horned Daylight of Love.
Let thy pale Dead come up from their furrows of winding-sheets to mock thy prayers with what thy days might have been.
Let the Living come back and point at the shadows they swept o'er the disk of thy morning star.
Go back and grapple with thy lost angels, that stand in terrible judgment against thee.
Seek thou the bloodless skeleton once hugged to thy depths.
Hath it grown warmer under thy passionate kissings?
Or hath it closed its seeming wings and shrunk its white body down to a glistening coil?
Didst thou wait the growth of fangs to point the arrows of Love's latest peril?
Didst thou not see a black, hungry vulture wheeling down low to the white-bellied coil where thy Heaven had once based itself?
O blind Soul of Thine!

Blind, blind with tears!
Not for thee shall Love climb the Heaven of thy columned hopes to Eternity.
—*Adah Isaacs Menken.*

Owing to the peculiar method in which her little poems were produced, the name of Sallie Goodrich calls up some funny memories. Old residents will remember instances at the State Fair in Sacramento in the early sixties—a sudden commotion, a voice pleading for pencil and paper, and while she was in her poetic frenzy the people would crowd around while she evolved the idea from her brain. Strange to say, in the columns of the *Golden Era* they sound very much like all the other little poems, with no particular hint of their tumultuous suddenness.

May Wentworth afterward became an author, as is evinced in the two pretty volumes, "Fairy Tales from Gold Lands," which were very popular in '68 and '69, and will be reviewed later among those who have published their work in book form.

The only woman of these early writers to acquire popular celebrity and a fame that shows no signs of diminishing with the years, is Ina D. Coolbrith, and no one has yet appeared among Californian women to wrest the laurels from her or to share them, even. In this early time her verses are thoughtful and finished, which makes them stand out like cameos among the shells in the sand. Her sketch will follow in the "*Overland* School," with which she is more closely identified.

When in her extreme youth, Anna Morrison contributed to these columns many poems which were afterward published in book form. One of these is entitled

AFTER SUNSET.

Softly falls upon the hills
The sable shade of evening's wing,
And the bright star in the west,
Proves the night is closing in.

As the amber of the clouds
Changes into silver-grey,
So the light of every life,
Fades at last from earth away.

Among all the names and peculiar individualities there is one which stands out distinctly from the rest, and that is a rare woman who signs herself "Hagar." She must have been about twenty-two, self-possessed, with a calm eye but passionate nature. What she wrote was strong and vigorous, and soon aroused a tempest among the male writers, who wrote replies of various kinds — impertinent, spiteful, and but one of them manly. The theme of "Equality for Woman" was beginning to rise upon the Eastern horizon, and "Hagar" drew the lance for, and these various men against, the social problem just then faintly being heard. And in her fine English she gives utterance to this

HAGAR.

sentence, worthy of preservation: "The chains that hold woman in bondage are the force, the strength, the power of will in man."

The impertinent and spiteful replies are beneath notice, but the manly one contains this brilliant bit of imagery: "Behind the smooth palaver of ambassadors, and the calm reasoning of ministers, the *sword* has ever dimly glistened." These two sentences contain the gist of all the arguments for and against the position of woman in competing with man by means of the ballot; in other words, "brute force rules and always will rule."

The one woman who has a pen and a brain in this good old time is treated so discourteously by the men weaklings of the hour that she makes a dignified farewell and is heard no more. The *Golden Era* deserved to be killed by the effusive scribblers who were left. If it had realized the truth it would have shut its columns to the rest and given "Hagar" full sway. We should, then, possibly, have developed a woman writer who would have achieved in prose a position equal to that of Miss Coolbrith in verse. Whether her position regarding "Woman Suffrage" was or is tenable is a small matter. She had power and strength and was full of native fire, as is evinced in these sketches, which had a fineness and local color not unlike Bret Harte's own in their portrayal of the hour.

In studying over these great, heavy tomes, some six or seven years ago, I found an inspiration in her very name, and felt a longing to see her in the flesh. Passing over in the ferry-boat, going through the street, I found myself wondering if any of these faces could belong to "Hagar." One day, sitting upon an old log, with a lady friend, in the delightful shade of Mill Valley, surrounded by the redwoods, the theme of old Californian days came creeping into our conversation. Suddenly I spoke of "Hagar" and my desire to know her, and saw a wonderful light in the eye of my friend. She was a near relation, and I have since had the pleasure of meeting "Hagar," and lifting the veil from her *nom de plume*.

Janette H. Phelps was born in Steuben County, New York, but came to California when quite young. She early displayed a facility with the pen, and wrote not only for the *Golden Era*, but also for the *Alta*, the *Call*, the Sacramento *Union* and the *Californian Magazine*, taking more to journalism than fiction. Upon her marriage to Mr. J. P. Purvis, now the Sheriff of Modesto, she retired from literary work, but her natural activity of brain would not allow her to be altogether idle. She has since interested herself in the practical questions of the day, prepared lectures and delivered them, and helped to frame and pass bills before the Legislature for the protection of the young against narcotics. She has also become actively connected with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and is now serving as delegate to the convention in Boston.

An active, useful life is not conducive to literary production, otherwise "Hagar" might have made her mark in the present day as one of the Californian writers, instead of being only a strong shadow of the past in the old files of the *Golden Era*.

Very different is the story of another who began her literary work in this old journal—Mrs. Mary Watson, who, as journalist and correspondent, has written for nearly all our San Francisco daily papers during the past twenty years. She has devoted herself to the kind of writing that has been most profitable, and therefore has but few paragraphs to show as worthy of being cherished. For it is one of the curious things of life, and one of the grimmest things in writing, to discover the fact that it is only the written material which is of the *least value* to the daily press, and the daily maw of the public, that is worthy of preservation. From the profitable point of view, therefore, Mrs. Watson's work has to be judged. She has built two houses and has gone five times to Europe on the proceeds of her pen.

She was the wife of Judge John V. Watson, and was born in Ottawa, Ill., and has published a tiny volume of pleasant narrative on "People I Have Met," including illustrations of many—"Georges Sand," Anthony Trollope, Miss Braddon, Lady Duffus Hardy, Oscar Wilde, and others.

Alice Kingsbury's name appears in these early days—an odd study of a tiny woman brimful of tireless energy. At first a bright soubrette the darling of the public, she retired to domestic life, and, amid her babies, modeled dainty shapes in clay, which were put into plaster and much admired, as "Cupid at Play" and the "Sleeping Bacchus." She was a restless soul, and her mind had to find some outlet for its repressed energy, so she wrote and published a number of books, all bright, clever, and entertaining. "Ho! for Elfland" sold two thousand copies in San Francisco, and "Secrets Told" was the daintiest kind of sarcasm on social questions. Where other women pour aqua fortis, she sprinkled rose water. Her last novel, just published, "Asaph," will be reviewed among the novels.

"Riding Hood" appeared in the *Golden Era*, but as she was more identified with the Sacramento *Union*, she will come under that division. Miss Lulu Littleton of Sacramento, daughter of the late Captain Littleton, was a contributor in the seventies, and wrote afterward for the *San Franciscan*.

ALICE KINGSBURY.

Very early there was a writer who showed great promise, and who has since fulfilled many of these expectations, although not well known to the later public. This is Mrs. Anna M. Fitch, the wife of Thomas Fitch, the well-known orator. She was the editor, when but a young girl, of the *Hesperian*, and since has written the first novel published by a Californian woman—"Bound Down," a remarkable book, considering that it preceded all our present knowledge of theosophy. She has since collaborated with Mr. Fitch upon another work, which will be subjected to comparison with other Californian novels under the head of "Fiction."

After leaving the *Golden Era*, J. Macdonough Foard established the *Sunday Mercury*, which journal is specially remembered for the bright letters of a young woman writer, who signed herself "Topsy Turvy." Some one wrote for her picture, to which she responded "I send you the enclosed. If you are not satisfied, you will have to continue to see me through the Sunday *Mercury*."

This faded photograph was one of the precious little souvenirs of J. Macdonough Foard, found among his effects since his death.

SUNDAY MERCURY

TOPSY TURVY.

In tracing up this bright little woman, who made such an impression upon the hearts of the public in the early sixties, I have stumbled upon a very pathetic story of one of the first Californian women who attempted to live by journalism. To my surprise I find that "Topsy Turvy" of the *Sunday Mercury* and "Carrie Carlton" of the *Golden Era*, and author of several books, are one and the same writer. She was a pretty, black-eyed woman, sweet and confiding, full of good humor and lightest gayety of spirits, and clever with the pen. Her husband having died, leaving her with three children to support, she was necessarily forced to yoke her talents together to draw her in her humble cart along the rough way. The five dollars a week she received from the *Mercury* barely sufficed to stand between her and extreme want; but when extra writing came in to add to the amount she forgot the necessaries of life and indulged in the luxuries. Other kinds of employment she sought, but at writing only was she a success, as she lacked the business instinct. The quality of her writing was similar to that of Minnie Myrtle Miller and Alice Kingsbury, rather saucy, piquant and "cute," if the term be permitted.

Personally Carrie Carlton always made friends, as she was possessed of a lovable, grateful disposition. Even a glass of ice cream, sent to her by a lady friend, is recorded in her book by a graceful little verse in return. Her "Wayside Flowers" is a collection of promising verse, issued in 1862. "Under the Mist" is quaint in its thought, and would soon pass into a by-word if written to-day.

'Twas strange that childhood could cheat me so,
But I was under the mist, you know.

Another volume is "Inglenook," a bright story of early Californian life for children. "The Letter Writer" is a humorous view of the situation—applying the old-fashioned book of the name to the needs of Californian correspondence, such as a daughter addresing her mother as "Honored Madam," or a miner writing East for goods in the same stately manner. It is written in crisp, unconventional style, with clever little bits of advice here and there. "You should always write to your grandfather," is one of the axioms of the "Letter Writer."

This was her last work. Her many privations were finally too much for her delicate constitution, and in 1868 she succumbed. Friends laid her away tenderly, and remembering the brightness of her mind amid all her trials, they erected a stone to her memory in the Masonic Cemetery of San Francisco, and placed upon it this inscription :

"TOPSY TURVY."
MAY 1, 1868.
CALLED HOME.
Aged 32 years.

For it was under this name that she had become known to the public and had awakened their affection in those bright letters to the *Sunday Mercury*. As Elizabeth Chamberlain or Mrs. Washington Wright she was unknown utterly. Even her friends called her "Topsy" or "Carrie." Her own name signified nothing. Her *nom de plume* called up a smile of interest. Her daughter, now in Northern California, inherited something of "Carrie Carleton's" facility with the pen, but her talents are absorbed in the smaller circle of the home. She has preserved her mother's scattered poems and writings, and possibly among them are some which are now floating through the press without a name or a claim.

In concluding the record of the old *Golden Era* School, it is perhaps as well to state here that the complete file of the old journal is no longer in existence. Since the day spent by the writer, some seven or eight years ago, in pouring over the dusty tomes, and dwelling over those old names, the columns have been riddled and scissored mercilessly. The heart of the volumes has been cut out piecemeal, and only the wretched skeleton is left. A new paper was to have been started with these clippings from the past. Macdonough Foard and Rollin P. Daggett were to have been the editors in this later day—but it came to naught, and the old files were despoiled in vain.

Mention must here be made of the passing away, Jan. 15th, 1892, of J. Macdonough Foard, the original editor and owner, with Rollin P. Daggett, of the old *Golden Era*, the first literary paper on the coast. In a late sketch of him in *The Wasp*, he was spoken of as being in the seventies, and though lying upon his death-bed and awaiting the "flap of the raven's funereal wing," as he himself expressed it, he wrote a bright little note resenting the mistake and announcing that "he was *not* the Methuselah of the coast." He felt mentally, as young as when he fought with the Sheriff to keep the *Golden Era* on its feet, in his twenty-first year, back in 1850, living over again the triumphs and pleasures of those stirring days. As an earnest of regret for the error in making him over sixty-three, a bouquet of flowers was sent him, and, in return, he accorded his forgiveness. Now he has laid aside the habiliments of earth, and free and young once more, sought another existence upon some other star. Whatever his age upon this sphere, his spirit was never more than twenty-one.

◆

The Pioneer Magazine.

1854.

EDITOR:

Ferdinand Ewer.

CONTRIBUTORS:

Edward A. Pollock, John Phoenix (Col. George Derby), Stephen Massett, J. P. Anthony, John Swett, Frank Soule, John S. Hittell, Mrs S. A. Donner, and others.

The earliest Californian magazine was *The Pioneer*, which was issued during the year of 1854, and made one fine volume. It was edited and managed by Ferdinand Ewer, a man of considerable power in those days, and a central figure in the literature of that time.

For this monthly, Pollock, Phœnix and others wrote the contents, including poems by John Swett (now Superintendent of Schools in San Francisco), Stephen Massett, J. P. Anthony (afterward of the Sacramento *Union*), Frank Soulé, and prose articles by Mrs. S. A. Donner, J. S. Hittell and unknown writers who took refuge in initials.

But the chief features of the *Pioneer* are "Thoughts Toward a New Epic," by Edward Pollock—a magnificent essay, worthy of notice to-day—and a strange phantasy by Ferdinand Ewer himself, entitled, "The Eventful Nights of August 20th and 21st"—being a peep into the mystery of what befalls after death.

This phantasy is celebrated as having attracted the attention of the East at the time, and having made a great stir among spiritualistic circles, the members of which arose *en masse* and welcomed Mr. Ewer to their ranks. Then he came forward and quietly responded that he had no facts to base the story upon—that it all arose in his own brain.

This may be considered the first of those wonder-stories, which seem to spring into growth so naturally in our climate, and which formed, afterward, the fields chosen by W. H. H. Rhodes (Caxton), in which to make himself famous and to-day is represented by their prototypes, Robert Duncan Milne, Ambrose Bierce and William C. Morrow, who present the choicest flowering of the literary orchid.

Mr. Ewer afterward became an Episcopal clergyman and returned East, but his volume of the *Pioneer* still remains on the book-shelves of the libraries to charm and delight the seeker for glimpses into the heart of these misty days.

In view of the criticism so often made of the lack of local coloring in our early literature, the following poem from its pages is quoted, written evidently by Pollock, showing that these writers brought their skies and plants and hills and customs with them, and were deaf and dumb and blind to California's charms, for the very good reason that their hearts and minds still remained in the cold, cold East, though their physical bodies were in the land of the west.

LINES BY E. A. P.

WRITTEN IN THE TROPICS DURING A VOYAGE TO CALIFORNIA.

The clouds are darkening Northern skies,
Yet these are all serene,
The snows in Northern valleys lies,
While tropic shores are green.
But radiance tints those far-off hills,
No summer can bestow,
For there the light of memory dwells
On all we love below.
I watch yon point of steadfast light
Declining in the sea,
Yon polar star, that night by night,
Is looking, love, on thee.
"Oh, give me, Heaven," I constant sigh
"For all this flowery zone,
A colder clime, a darker sky
And her I love—alone."

It has been said, lately, of certain authors, how differently they write from the way they talk and act; one is in doubt as to which is the real man or woman.

FERDINAND C. EWER.

Ferdinand Cartwright Ewer is a case in point. His celebrated story, "The Eventful Nights of August 21st and 22d," so singularly free from the ordinary materialism of such tales, is the reverse of the manner of the man as exemplified in his chosen course in life. For material emblems, symbols and signs are exalted with strange significance when he leaves the editor's desk for the minister's pulpit.

In all the history of Californian literature, there is not a more striking personality than that of Ferdinand C. Ewer, author, editor, critic and priest. There was something about the man that provoked the attention of his fellows, whatever position he occupied in life. In tracing up his record as founder of that splendid volume of portraiture of early Californian literature, known as *The Pioneer Magazine*, his personality stands out so vivid that the incomplete sketch of a few paragraphs must be supplemented by further particulars, in order to do justice to a figure which approached the size of greatness.

Born of Unitarian Quaker parents, on the Island of Nantucket, in 1826, he was naturally endowed with an American cast of mind. But, by some peculiar working of his mental forces, he passed from stage to stage of belief and unbelief, in each of which he was absolutely sincere and straightforward. In his youth he passed from the Unitarian pulpit to the Episcopalian religion, and then into atheism, and then back to the Trinitarian, again to the extreme of Ritualism.

After graduating at Harvard with the class of 1848, he came to California, and at once became identified with journalism. He founded the *Pacific News*, the *Sunday Dispatch*, the *Pioneer Mag-*

azine in 1854, and afterward with Fitch (now of the *Call*) the Sacramento *Transcript.* During this time, in his criticisms, he made much of Edwin Booth, who was then in his youth, prophesying a brilliant career for him in the future, which encouragement was never forgotten, as, after Ewer's death, Booth gave $2,000 toward the fund raised for his family.

But more especially is remembered "The Eventful Nights" story, which appeared in the *Pioneer*, and was talked of for years, and *is still, as a grand hoax tale.* The substance of the story is as follows:

Being summoned to a house on Larkin street to take the statement of a dying man, J. F. Lane by name, Ewer responds. The dying man tells him how he can be magnetized after death so as to have his dead hand move the hand of Ewer and write down his sensations and reveal the mystery of what happens after death. The instructions are carried out and a wonderful account is given in which is revealed the fact of there being an intermediate state in which the spirit exists. And, according as the spirit is developed in the higher perceptions, thus is determined the length of its stay in this intermediate state.

The dead hand of Lane thus writes a full account of this condition or state, and then pronounces that he, himself, will soon die in that state and pass beyond where he can never return to communicate with earth, because it is only in that crude and unformed condition or state that such communication is possible.

It is a wonderful piece of imagery, and based upon the highest spiritual perception of feeling—so totally different from the ordinary conception of the future existence of even the spiritualists of to-day, that there is not a trace of material taint in it from beginning to end. It conceives of and represents a world or state in which there is nothing material or of the texture of earth, and for that one point especially must be recognized as having a certain degree of literary excellence as a story.

So vividly and remarkably was this presented that at once it became the sensation of the hour, and letters were received from all quarters from the spiritualists who, nothing suspecting, accepted it as genuine. Judge Edmonds of New York, the ablest and most sincere of the leaders of the new belief just then coming into vogue, fell into the snare and welcomed Ewer to their ranks. And when Ewer disclaimed that it was anything more or less than a story made up from his own inner consciousness, Edmonds brought forward a statement, certified to by a certain medium, that it had issued from the spirit of the identical John F. Lane himself. This, in substance, was to the effect that he, the spirit of Lane, had impressed Ewer to write the story, the writer being an unconscious medium. This Ewer again denied with all the satire of which he was capable, saying that he had made corrections and alterations the same as with any of his other literary productions, and read it to friends ten days before the date mentioned.

It is a part of the history of the case that there was found a John F. Lane, a Colonel in the United States Army, who had actually existed and died some time previous, and, also, that after Ewer had disclaimed utterly any foundation for the tale, and thereby had placed Edmonds in an absurd position, it is said that the mortification of the circumstance so preyed upon his mind that the death of Judge Edmonds was hastened by means of it.

Ewer was married to a Miss Sophia Congdon, sister of Charles T. Congdon, the veteran journalist, and had a family of two sons and daughters. He is also a cousin of Warren B. Ewer of the *Rural Press* of San Francisco. An effort was made to name a street of our city after him in the location of between Mason, Taylor, Sacramento and Clay, which is about all the honor that remains here for posterity to ponder over.

It was in his early literary days that he was severely an atheist, and descanted earnestly, boldly and convincingly, both in public and private, upon matters of belief as contrary to the principles of science and reason. In a few years, however, he saw things differently, and applied himself so fervently to studies of Episcopalianism that in 1857 he was ordained and became assistant to Bishop Kip. Upon the resignation of the Bishop he was elected and ordained priest. Under his leadership the congregation became very enthusiastic and built the present Grace Church on California and Stockton streets, and he was given leave of absence for a year. While in New York, he accepted a call to the rectorship of Christ Church, with, at one time, a salary of twelve thousand a year.

And here comes in the singular quality of the man. He introduced the highest of High Church ceremonials, till he infringed upon the rites of the Roman Catholic system of worship, and, as before, still provoked comment and notice from the secular as well as the church press.

On a trip to Europe during the Franco-Prussian excitement in 1870, while in Paris, he was arrested as a spy and thrown into prison for two days, until the American Minister came to his relief. His tendency to sketch had aroused suspicions that he was making plans of the French fortifications for Prussian use.

Ritualism still occupied the attention of Dr. Ewer upon his return, and he wrote much upon the subject, and at the same time introduced the most complicated forms of worship in his church. The baptism of a child was performed with lighted candles, changing of the purple for the white stole and back again, disrobing the child and immersing it three times and marching in procession with it to the altar and into the vestry-room.

His series of eight sermons upon "Protestantism a Failure" aroused great feeling, stirring up the press and the people East and West. In his argument he separates the Episcopal Church from either Romanism or Protestantism, and argues that the Episcopal Church has always shown the greatest liberality and the least intolerance and persecution towards science and the scientists.

In his sermons on "Ritualism," speaking of the Seven Sacraments and the Sacrament of Penance, he aroused such bitter opposition that he was in danger of a trial. But by an open letter he was enabled to set himself right before the American church.

A strong adherent says in a church paper:

> He has removed from all honest minds the feeling that caused them to look upon him with suspicion. There is no doubt that his ministerial life has been one of misunderstanding and misrepresentation.

But the fact remains that a certain amount of opposition still continued in Christ Church, and so, with his adherents, he withdrew and established St. Ignatius. Columbia College conferred the degree S. T. D upon him in 1867.

When delivering a sermon in Montreal, Canada, in 1885, he suddenly sank in his pulpit and soon after died, aged 59 years. His funeral in New York City, as described, reads like a mediæval ceremonial. Nearly one hundred Episcopal divines were present in their surplices, besides many clergymen of other faiths, as well as the Grand Lodge of Masons and members of churches—hundreds of whom were turned away and lingered outside for lack of room, though it was a gloomy day, dark and rainy.

The interior of the church, however, was like a Roman Cathedral upon celebration day. The altar was a blaze of light from glittering candelabra; the casket, covered with violet velvet, bore lighted candles of great height; the altar and pulpit were heavily draped in black, and the body adorned with all the eucharistic vestments—chalice and paten and a crucifix, as well as the medal of the Convocation of the Blessed Sacrament, resting upon his breast.

Which was the real man?

Let an extract from his sermon upon the subject ot "Politics in the Pulpit" speak eloquently for the simplicity, earnestness and fearlessness of the mental man, Ferdinand Ewer, during the time of the late War of the Rebellion:

> Ah, beloved, passion is now sweeping the world away. I might indeed stand here, as you have desired, and, as a mere man, tell you the passionate yearnings of my heart at this hour; how anxiously I look to Pennsylvania, how I tremble as I consider what may be the consequences of men's acts who differ from me; but then, dear brethren, this church would lie rolling heavily, too, in the trough of the general sea.
>
> Consider it as a precedent establishing the principle of political preaching in this pulpit. Seek to establish no dangerous rule. Oh, seek not to surrender to your priests the two-edged sword which is of right your own heritage. I warn you. Preserve as a priceless jewel your political independence of the church. * * * Who more than the church has called in that formidable auxiliary, the State, against those whom it counted her enemies? I warn you.
>
> Go not about to drug her with the political wine that shall intoxicate her and unfit her for her calm and delicate work. As citizens we are all equal—you and I. And when on that platform of citizenship any one of us—you or I—mount the rostrum, the equality between speaker and audience is not broken, for any one can answer. But here the case is different.
>
> When I mount this pulpit the equality is gone; our relative positions are in harmony with the fact. I speak as priest—you merely sit to listen and can

make no answer. I held you all at a disadvantage. And rightly so, for my normal condition is as a priest to declare to you the eternal Word of God, to which there can be no answer.

If I use this vantage stand for aught other purpose, I am recreant to you and to your rights. There is a blasphemous impertinence in the priest either dictating in prayer to God the will of his people, or, on the other hand, in his ignorance, substituting his own crude, political notions for the great, hidden perfect will of God, and then dictating them as though from God to his people It is a high crime upon the sacred political freedom of the people and a daring insult to God himself.

◆

HUTCHINGS' ILLUSTRATED CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE

1858.

Sketch of J. M. Hutchings.

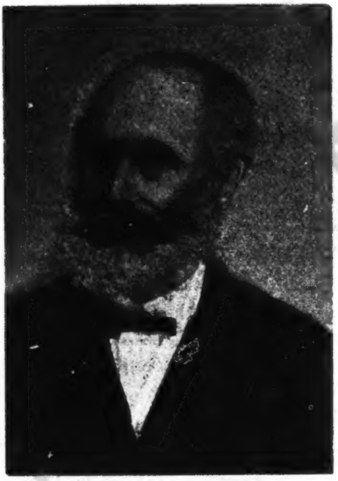
Very closely connected with the history ot Californian literature, and also with the history of the discovery of Yo Semite, which he made known to the outside world through the medium of his magazine, is the name of James Hutchings.

Of the many writers of the past who gave promise of great things in these early days, those whom whisky spared were mostly carried off by mountain fever or disappointed hopes—leaving but an incomplete record of the names, which, seen as from a passing ship, flickered like lights on the dark seashore a few moments and then were extinguished. But amid all vicissitudes and all variations of pioneer life, Mr. Hutchings has continued a prominent figure before the public these many years, and has so identified himself, both personally and in writing, with the locality of California's greatest marvel—and the greatest marvel of the world—Yo Semite—that he cannot be forgotten.

No visitor to that realm of nature's cathedral-architecture can forget the scene daily spread in the early morning. There, amid the glories of seeing the sun rise forty separate times on the glassy surface of Mirror Lake and watching the shadows lift on South Dome, is the picture of a grey-haired minstrel, as it were, surrounded by a throng of eager listeners from all parts of the earth, begging for story after story of reminiscence of Yo Semite.

And never is he so at home as when portraying the sorrowful but romantic tale of Therese Yelverton, Countess of Avonmore (who also is connected with our Californian literature and has become a sort of heroine of the valley), telling of her five or six months' stay within these mighty walls, and of the way she charmed the tourist, who remained simply to enjoy her fascinating company, telling of her encounter with the bear and many other thrilling tales.

The guides and habitues of the valley affect to ignore these pretty stories, but the tourist can never be satisfied, and it is safe to say that Latter-Day-Minstrel Hutchings has had more to do with awakening a proper respect for the valley, and imparting a desire to behold it, than any other one man who has lived. From the day he first entered the cathedral-like walls of Yo Semite and proclaimed its discovery in the little Mariposa paper, and then founded a magazine for the purpose of further making known its glories, until the present, when he has written book after book and tourist guides and various kinds of deification and apostrophe, and delivered illustrated lecture after lecture all over the country, he has never wavered in his faithfulness to his first love. With him it has always been Yo Semite *first, last and all the time.*



J. M. HUTCHINGS.

He is hale and hearty to-day—though silver-haired—and can outwalk any ordinary young man up those wonderful trails, and his mind and memory never fail in his thousand and one tales and quaint quotations and quips and turns which flow from his lips as naturally as the streams from Yo Semite itself. His little log cabin, where he spent his early years—the first inhabitant—and reared his family, and lost his wife, still stands, a historic relic, and is occupied by himself during the summer months.

Born in Towcester, nine miles from the center of England, in 1824, Mr. Hutchings came to America at the age of 16, and in 1849 to California. He made and lost several fortunes in the fever of gold mining, and one day accidentally took the step that led him back to journalism, which was his original profession. In the effort to introduce the peaceful Sabbath of the Eastern cities, Mr. Hutchins wrote a pungent little tract suited to the times, called "The Miner's Ten Commandments." The demand suddenly became so great that they were published again and again, until, strange as it may seem, no less than 97,000 of these letter-sheets were sold in a little over one year, and that, too, when the entire population of the State was less than five times that number. An abbreviated extract is given :

THE MINER'S TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I.

Thou shalt have no other claim than me.

II.

Thou shalt not make unto thyself a false claim, nor any likeness unto a mean man by jumping one.

III.

Thou shalt not go prospecting before thy claim runs out. Neither shalt thou take thy money, nor thy gold-dust, nor thy good name to the gambling-table in vain.

IV.

Thou shalt not remember what thy friends do at home on the Sabbath day, lest the remembrance should not compare favorably with what thou doest here; for well thou knowest that on that day thou washest thy dirty clothes, darnest all thy stockings, patchest up thy nether garments, dost tap thy boots, chop thy whole week's firewood, make up and bake thy bread and boil thy pork and beans, that thou wait not when at night thou returnest from thy labors weary. (V, VI, VII, VIII, IX.)

X.

Thou shalt not commit unsuitable matrimony, nor covet single blessedness. nor forget absent maidens, nor neglect thy first love, knowing how patiently and faithfully, aye, longingly, she watchingly awaiteth thy return, yea, and covereth every epistle that thou sendeth her with kisses until she hath thyself again.

The new commandment I give unto you. If thou hast a wife and little ones that thou lovest dearer than thy own life, thou shalt keep them constantly before thee to nerve and prompt thee to every noble effort until thou canst say, "Thank God, I now have enough." Then, as thou journeyest toward thy much loved home and precious ones, ere thou hast crossed the blessed threshold they shall welcome thee with kisses, and, falling upon thy neck, weep tears of unutterable joy that thou hast come. *So mote it be.*

From this beginning Mr. Hutchins went into literature—founding his magazine, which continued until 1861, when he retired with shattered health to Yo Semite and there built and carried on the first hotel, now known as Barnard's. Afterward, when Congress donated the valley to the State of California without making provision for the settlers who had located there, the State gave him a compensation of $24,000; but as he had already expended over $41,000 and nearly twelve years of his life, it was not so great a compensation as it might seem. In 1880 he was made guardian of the valley. But the crowning effort of Mr. Hutchings' life is the well-known work, "The Heart of the Sierras," which is a story with many touches of deep feeling and intense human interest, simply but fervently told. It contains a complete and historical summary of the great valley of the Yo Semite and its marvelous surroundings.

In speaking of literature in California, Mr. Hutchings says that the singular difficulty in all his efforts to get writers for his early magazine was that they would not write with local coloring—everything was of the East and nothing of California, a peculiarity which prevails even to-day.

EARLY POETS.

1868-1870

Edward Pollock, John Rollin Ridge, James Linen.

Poetry nearly always means glorified starvation for some one. And, bitter as is that discovery for the unfortunate poet of to-day, let it not be forgotten that the poet of yesterday found that the early days of California literature were even less propitious to the wooing of the gentle muses.

And yet the fame of these poets and writers of the past seems out of proportion to the scattered works they have left behind them. For to us of to-day they seem rather small and insignificant compared to the productions of the masters which are our every-day food. But in their day, relatively, considering their youth and immaturity, they stood upon the heights and were gazed upon in wonder and exalted in a picturesque sort of way—unknown and unknowable to the present—by the multitude who were given over wholly to the material and sordid things of life.

We, however, are in the position of one who deliberately turns the opera-glasses around and gazes through the small end, in the way we judge of their mental stature. But there are a few names which survive even this method of criticism, and of these, three specially are well known—Pollock, Ridge and Linen—whose works are published in book form.

Edward Pollock is the widest known of the early poets. He came to California in 1852, and was a native of Philadelphia, born September 2, 1623. Without a day of schooling, yet he managed to master the principles of English grammar and rhetoric and became a haunter of the stalls of second-hand book stores to indulge in the reading, which was his chief source of delight. At the age of 17 he began to write for the daily press.

Upon coming to California he worked at his trade of sign painting until the publishing of the *Pioneer Monthly* in 1854 by

Ferdinand Ewer, when he became a regular contributor. In 1855 he began the study of law, and was admitted as attorney and counselor of the Supreme Court of California. On the 13th of December, 1856, he passed away. The literary life of Edward Pollock, therefore, is covered by a space of six years, in which he made a vivid impression by his poems and won for himself a place among the laurel crowned — for he is not yet forgotten.

EDWARD POLLOCK.

Pollock himself regarded all he had done in the light of mere experiment and exercise in literature, preparatory to a great poem which he hoped one day to achieve; and, judging from the finished lines he has left, that aspiration does not seem chimerical.

He seemed to have had the gift of inspiring others by his personality, as he awakened beautiful memorials from Frank Soulé, William H. Rhodes and James T. Bowman, now all passed away. These memorial poems have been included in the volume devoted to Pollock's verse, which was issued by Lippincott in 1876.

Here are to be found many beautiful conceptions and word pictures, and on page after page are revealed noble lines of dignity and poetic tracery. "The Falcon" is a poem which has been classed with the "Ancient Mariner." and is written in good, strong Saxon, with a touch of weirdness in the story. Best known are his love poems of "Olivia" and "Adaline," which are musical in their sweetness, and are suggestive of the luxuriance of Poe. "The Chandos Picture" is spoken of as remarkable, alike for imaginative power and the majesty of its rhythmic movement.

But the lines which cling to the memory are those which portray a kinship with our own land, which reveal a poetic picture of "Evening," as seen through the Golden Gate.

EVENING.

The air is chill, and the hour grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate,
Phantom fleets they seem to me,
From a shoreless and unsounded sea;
Their shadowy spars and misty sails,
Unshattered have weathered a thousand gales;
Slow, wheeling, lo, in squadrons grey,
They part and hasten across the bay,
Each to its anchorage finding way.
Where the hills of Sausalito swell,
Many in gloom may shelter well;
And others—behold—unchallenged pass
By the silent guns of Alcatraz;
No greetings of thunder and flame exchange
The armed isle and the cruisers strange.
Their meteor flags, so widely flown,
Were blazoned in a world unknown;
So, charmed from war, or wind, or tide,
Along the quiet wave they glide.
What bear these ships? what news, what freight
Do they bring us through the Golden Gate?
Sad echoes to words in gladness spoken,
And withered hopes to the poor heart-broken.
Oh! how many a venture we
Have rashly sent to the shoreless sea.

* * * * * *

The air is chill and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate,
Freighted with sorrow, chilled with woe;
But these shapes that cluster, dark and low,
To-morrow shall be all aglow!
In the blaze of the coming morn these mists,
Whose weight my heart in vain resists,
Will brighten and shine aud soar to heaven
In thin, white robes, like souls forgiven;
For Heaven is kind, and everything,
As well as a winter, has a spring.
So, praise to God! who brings the day
That shines our regrets and fears away;
For the blessed morn I can watch and wait,
While the clouds come in through the Golden Gate.

There is another poem which is copied far and wide, entitled "The Parting Hour," which comes straight into the human heart with a touch of quaintness and yet of sadness. And, doubtless, when his greater poems are scarcely remembered, these two will have a vivid existence.

THE PARTING HOUR.

Edward Pollock.

"There's something in the 'parting hour,'
Will chill the warmest heart,
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are fated all to part;
But this I've seen—and many a pang
Has pressed it on my mind—
The one that goes is happier
Than those he leaves behind."

Excerpt.

The story of John Rollin Ridge is so romantic that it has been used as a historical basis for a summer novel lately published in California. Ridge's father, a full-blooded Cherokee, while being educated in Connecticut, fell in love with and married a Miss Northrup and then returned to live with his nation, where his father, Major Ridge, was a chief of much power and influence. But scheming and chicanery of whites, who determined to oust them from their lands, caused terrible disaster to the Cherokees, resulting in the assassination of John R. Ridge's father in the presence of his wife and children, and, at the same time, of Major Ridge, his grandfather. His mother then withdrew from the scene of so much horror and sent her son to New England to complete his education. He learned Latin and Greek and prepared himself for college, finally casting his fortune among the whites, among whom he married. He had a natural gift in weaving his fancies into poetic form, but the struggle for existence and the constant hope and endeavor of his life, that the government would right his wrongs and restore him to his own in the

JOHN ROLLIN RIDGE

Cherokee nation, blighted every aspiration. It was in vain Broken-hearted, at last, he succumbed to despair and passed away before he had reached his prime.

As the Indian despoiled of his patrimony by a clumsily defective government, which could not or would not restore him, he will always be a romantic figure. But it is as a man with a soul looking up to the stars that he will be best remembered—taking his place among the civilized races that despoiled him, and acquiring the art, the grace, the beauty of speech, which, in his book of poems (published by Payot, San Francisco, 1868), reveal much that is lofty in thought and exquisite in expression.

That which is so lacking in most of the early poets—local coloring—is here in rich abundance, beginning with the opening poem, with its noble lines on "Mount Shasta":

Behold the dread Mount Shasta, where it stands
Imperial midst the lesser heights, and, like
Some mighty unimpassioned mind, companionless
And cold.

"Humboldt River" is also a pen picture of the country, telling how, for three hundred miles, its banks are one continuous burying ground—emigrants having died on its shores by thousands. "To a Star Seen at Twilight" and "Remembrance of a Summer's Night" are touched with sublimity in the presence of nature. Many beautiful quotations could be given from these verses which breathe of poetic aspiration. From page to page it is all lofty and delicately sweet or tenderly sorrowful. The love poems reveal a new phase of poetic fire. It has always been the "nut-brown maid," or "the bronze bride" that poets have given a lasting niche in the corridors of fame in their poetic frenzy. But this time it is the "bronze young man" who carries off the "blue-eyed maiden."

Though he stole her away from the land of the whites
Pursuit is in vain, for her bosom delights
In the love that she bears the dark-eyed, the proud,
Whose glance is like starlight beneath a night cloud.

From "The Harp of Broken Strings" to "The Still Small Voice" up to "Hail the Plow," there is an even strain of poetic excellence, and in the last, poetic prophesy that stirs the imagination and the heart.

John Rollin Ridge was undoubtedly a poet, and no Californian library—private or public—should be considered complete which omits this little volume of soul-stirring verse and communion with the stars. He was no imitator, but a profound study in himself. No more beautiful lines were ever written to a wife than those here addressed "To Lizzie," from which is made a brief extract:

Oh lovely one, that pines for me!
How well she soothed each maddened thought,
And from the ruins of my soul
A fair and beauteous fabric wrought,

Whose base was strong, unshaken faith,
The boon to mightier spirits given—
Whose towering dome was human love,
That rose from earth and lived in Heaven.

Ah, best-beloved, that weeps for me!
How oft beneath my spirit's wing,
I've borne her through the worlds of thought,
And showed her there each holy thing:

Have caught the fire of themes sublime,
And wrapt her in their glorious light,
Till in her loftiness of mind
She stood an angel in my sight.

From "The Harp of Broken Strings":

And now by Sacramento's stream,
What memories sweet its music brings;
The vows of love, its smiles and tears
Hang o'er this harp of broken strings.
It speaks, and midst her blushing fears
The beauteous one before me stands!
Pure spirit in her downcast eyes,
And like twin doves her folded hands!

It breathes once more, and bowed with grief,
The bloom has left her cheek forever,
While, like my broken harp-strings now,
Behold her form with feeling quiver!
She turns her face o'er run with tears,
To him that silent bends above her,

And, by the sweets of other years,
  Entreats him still, oh! still to love her!

He loves her still—but darkness falls
  Upon his ruined fortunes now,
And 'tis his exile doom to flee,
  The dews like death are on his brow.
  And cold the pang about his heart;
Oh! cease—to die is agony!
  'Tis worse than death when loved ones part.

From "A Star Seen at Twilight":

Shine on companionless
As now thou seemst. Thou art the throne
Of thy own spirit, star!
And mighty things must be alone.
Alone the ocean heaves,
Or calms his bosom into sleep;
Alone each mountain stands
Upon its basis broad and deep;
Alone through Heaven the comets sweep,
Those burning worlds which God has thrown
Upon the universe in wrath,
As if he hated them—their path
No stars, no suns may follow, *none—*
'Tis great, 'tis great to be alone.

The name of "Jimmy Linen" brings up pleasant memories to those bright minds of pioneer days who survive him. Amid all the material and sordid circumstance of that period, when the arts and fine arts "had no rest for the sole of their foot," he gave an encouraging bent toward literature that has not been forgotten. His place of business was the great resort for those bright spirits, interested in literary matters, who laid the basis of our present literature, and his poems became so familiar that his memory is still fresh and green.

While it cannot be said that any of his lines were great, yet there was a pathetic touch in some of his Scotch ballads that reached the heart, and this quality will cause his name to be remembered longer than that of the man who has used his gold to build him a palace on one of the hills of the city of San Francisco.

James Linen was born in Edinburgh, served his apprenticeship as a bookbinder with the old firm of Oliver & Boyd, coming to New York in his early manhood, and to San Francisco, in the words of a Scotch friend of his, "when it was a wee toon."

His writings appeared in all the current publications of the day—Harper's and elsewhere—and one of his poems, "Tak' Back the Ring, Dear Jamie," became so popular that others tried to claim it away from him. I am assured by a friend of his that the manuscript was known to be in his possession long before it appeared anywhere or became famous. It has since been set to music, and is an exquisite song, the words being beautifully adapted in their sympathy and sentiment to the ballad style of composition, and not unworthy of being classed with Burns' ballads. So also is his best known poem, entitled "I Feel I'm Growing Auld, Gude Wife."

I feel I'm growing auld, gude wife,
  I feel I'm growing auld;
My steps are frail, my een are bleared,
  My brow is unco bauld.
I've seen the snaws o' fourscore years
  O'er hill and meadow fa',
And, hinnie, were it no' for you
  I'd gladly slip awa'.

I feel I'm growing auld, gude wife,
  I feel I'm growing auld;
Frae youth to age I've keepit warm—
  The love that ne'er turned cauld.
I canna bear the dreary thocht
  That we maun sindered be—
There's naething binds my poor auld heart
  To earth, gude wife, but thee.

I feel I'm growing auld, gude wife,
  I feel I'm growing auld;
Life seems to me a wintry waste,
  The very sun feels cauld.
Of worldly frien's ye've been to me
  Amang them a' the best;
Now I'll lay doon my weary head,
  Gude wife, and be at rest.

In the two volumes he has left the writings seem very unequal—some excellent, others very commonplace. The two styles which represent his best efforts are the Scotch ballads and the metrical narrative. This last is shown at its best in the poem on death, entitled "Apollyon the Destroyer," which maintains a even sweep and flow that are very fascinating.

> Unseen as the whirlwinds that pass over
> Wild regions that wisdom hath yet to discover,
> I sweep through the bounds of all peopled creation,
> Jehovah's grand agent of dire desolation.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Ever onward in triumph my course shall I speed
> Through the mazes of time, on my lightning-winged steed;
> And when systems and suns from their spheres shall be hurled,
> I'll expire in the flames of a perishing world.

Reverses came upon Linen in his old age, and in 1870 he found his way to New York, where he died soon after, leaving a family in San Francisco. His last poem is rather sad, and contains a plaintive refrain at the close of each stanza.

> Save God and me there's none shall know
> The bitter cause of all my woe.

POETRY OF THE PACIFIC AND OUTCROPPINGS

1866.

EDITOR:

May Wentworth.

CONTRIBUTORS:

Edward A. Pollock, Lyman Goodman, George H. Ringgold, T. H. Underwood, Col. Edward Baker, G. T. Sproat, D. Stewart, Caxton, Frank Soule, James Linen, John R. Ridge, W. A. Kendall, J. F. Bowman, Charles Warren Stoddard, Charles H. Webb, Joseph T. Goodman, Ralph Keeler, R. F. Greeley, Joseph Winans, J. J. Owens, William Bausman, W. F. Stewart, John Swett, Washington Ayer, B. F. Washington, Eldridge G. Paige (*Dow Jr.*), *B. P. Avery, E. S. Page, Emilie Lawson, Carrie Carleton, Sarah M. Clarke, Frances Fuller Victor, Eliza Pittsinger, Anna M. Fitch, Sarah E. Carmichael, May Wentworth, Clara G. Dolliver, Ina D. Coolbrith, Jean Bruce Washburn, Fannie Bruce Cook, Isabel B. Saxon, Fanny G. McDougal, Hannah Neal, Margaret Brooks, Mary V. Lawrence, J. C. Winans, C. A. Chamberlain, E. Louise Mills* and others.

A signal service has been done to early Californian literature by the collection of verse known as "Poetry of the Pacific," by May Wentworth, in 1865, which has preserved the best of our early poetry in a compact form. In the preface Miss Wentworth says:

> It must be remembered that California is still an infant State—a Hercules in the cradle. The toiling gold-seekers have had but little time or encouragement to cultivate *belles lettres*, and to the future we look to develop the rich mines of intellect as well as those of gold and silver.

But there was a spirit of encouragement and appreciation in that day in California (honor to it), sufficient to produce an edition large enough so that a copy may easily be found to-day in all the libraries and in the second-hand book stores, which can be said of only one or two of the Californian books, past or present. Indeed, there is a spirit of laxity and depreciation regarding the value of books of our own writers among those in power in our libraries, and, indeed, among the people at large, which is to be deplored. The only places in which they may be found for critical and comparative purposes are in the Bohemian Club library and in the library of Captain Lees, who makes a specialty of gathering such works. Our public libraries have no time to be bothered with them; yet the time will come when these tiny buds of aspiration from a native plant will be prized highly.

In the "Poetry of the Pacific," Pollock, of course, has the place of honor. Next comes young Lyman Goodman, who passed away in 1861, at the age of 24, with mountain fever—a typical tale in those days of the young, delicate-minded and sensitive. He was a native of Delaware County, N. Y., and the brother of Joseph T. Goodman, the original founder of the Virginia *Territorial Enterprise* and afterward of the *San Franciscan*.

Lyman Goodman has left many poems of a high order of poetic feeling, but all with the coloring and landscape of the East, or else poems of the heart, which find a home under any sky. He wrote, with other poets of that day, for the *Sunday Globe*, the best literary paper of the period, in 1859.

Exquisite in feeling and full of delicacy is his best known poem, from which an extract is made.

THE FAIR TAMBORINIST.

With feet half naked and bare,
  With dress all tattered and torn,
With a penny here and a mockery there
  And floods of derision and scorn—
She wanders the street wherever her feet
  Weary and willing are born,
With an eye as bright and a cheek as fair
  As the earliest blush of morn.

* * * * *

So beautiful, yet so frail,
  So willing, yet so weak—
Oh, what if the heart should fail
  And a heavenly purpose break,
And the dens and kennels and brothels of hell
  Another poor victim should hold—
A celestial spark be quenched in the dark
  And an angel be bartered for gold.

Move patiently on, oh, earth,
  Till mercy's wandering dove
Shall fly to the realm of its birth
  And rest in the bosom of love;
Move patiently on till the crucified Christ
  Shall gather his radiant crown
From the lowly flowers and bleeding hearts
  Which the world has trampled down.

In this same collection is Frank Soule's grand poem on "Labor," which, recited at the Grand Opera House upon the occasion of the opening of the Mechanics' Fair a few years ago, caused a stir and thrill of feeling, showing that it contains the germ of genuine poetic eloquence, which, though the years pass by, will continue to live when the merely popular in verse has died of inanition.

Here also are poems from W. S. Kendall, that strange genius, who came down from the mountains—a school teacher by profession—and seemed a misplaced Jove, with his six feet of height, magnificent proportions, hyperian locks and noble appearance. But, alas! he lacked mental balance, and when not writing these rich and lurid poems of love and imagination, he sat in the Cobweb saloon, "entranced" and gazed at vacancy, until he became a burden to those who believed him to be a genius. Finally recognizing himself to be "a failure in life's plan," he committed suicide by the means of morphine, January, 1876. An extract from the newspaper notice runs as follows:

> He received several notices in the *Golden Era*, complimenting his poems, and was led to believe that he was gifted with extraordinary poetical ability. He abandoned his school in the country and has since existed as a kind of literary waif.

In the note he left he bewailed his "constitutional oversensitiveness and continual misfortune" as the causes of his untimely taking off. While his verse is rich and beautiful in music and picture, it is without the ennobling quality which speaks of the soul. It is all selfish enjoyment of the senses. Some of his lines are vivid. A few, chosen here and there as typical of his style, are as follows:

A MIDSUMMER AFTERNOON.

Beneath the vine-clad porch I sit entranced,
The while the westering noontide ebbs away,
Immobile hills recline, page-wrapped, against
The sultry limits of the yellow day.

I know the star-cowled night with dusky feet
Is on the trail of glory—yet I dream—

* * * * *

And she is grand in this, her tropic mood,
Grand as the queen of a voluptuous isle,
Where forms are round and tempting, and where mouths
Are luscious centers of perpetual smile.

* * * * *

The fountains plash, the coy winds fan the leaves,
A misty languor of expectant bliss
Pervades the earth, the sea, the sky—
I think of ripe lips thirsting for a kiss.

Very different is the verse of James F. Bowman, who has been regarded by newspaper men as having had the brightest all-round literary ability of any of our writers as journalist, critic and poet. He passed away early in the eighties. His poem, "Together," is so full of deep, poetic feeling, that an extract must be given. It portrays two who love each other, facing death by drowning, apparently, just as the ship goes down.

TOGETHER.

I cannot save thee!—we must die—but when
  The stifling waves shall coldly close above
Our sinking forms, my steadfast eyes even then
  Shall turn to thine with love.

Thus folded in the last—*the last* embrace,
  The cruel flood shall drink our failing breath,
Thus—gazing fondly in the well-loved face,
  We shall be one in death.

* * * * * * * * *

For we can look beyond this hour of dread
  With a faith born of love that cannot die,
And feel in our own hearts the pledge
  Of immortality.

See, the bow settles for the downward plunge—
  Close, closer to my heart!—that fearful cry!
"We sink! we sink!" One kiss, on earth the last!
  Now farewell earth and sky!

In contrast to this is the immortal poem of Joseph T. Goodman, "Abraham Lincoln," which is periodically rediscovered and reprinted in the East, and which is one of the great poems by a California writer. It was a favorite of the late Walter Leman, and was recited on occasions by him with true oratorical fire.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A nation lay at rest. The mighty storm
That threatened their good ship with direful harm,
Had spent its fury; and the tired and worn
Sank in sweet slumber, as the spring-time morn
Dawned with a promise that the strife should cease;
And war's grim face smiled in a dream of peace.
O! doubly sweet the sleep when tranquil light
Breaks on the dangers of the fearful night,
And, full of trust, we seek the dreamy realm
Conscious a faithful pilot holds the helm,
Whose steady purpose and untiring hand,
With God's good grace will bring us safe to land.

And so the Nation rested, worn and weak
From long exertion—
God! What a shriek
Was that which pierced to farthest earth and sky,
As though all Nature uttered a death cry!
Awake! Arouse! ye sleeping warders, ho!
Be sure this augurs some collossal woe;
Some dire calamity has passed o'erhead—
A world is shattered or a god is dead!

What! the globe unchanged! The sky still flecked
With stars? Time is? The universe not wrecked
Then look ye to the pillars of the State!
How fares it with the Nation's good and great?
Since that wild shriek told no unnatural birth
Some mighty soul has shaken hands with earth.

Lo! murder hath been done. Its purpose foul
Hath stained the marble of the Capitol
Where sat one yesterday without a peer!
Still rests he peerless—but upon his bier.
Ah, faithful heart, so silent now—alack!
And did the Nation fondly call thee back,
And hail thee truest, bravest of the land,
To bare the breast to the assassin's hand?

And yet we know if that extinguished voice
Could be rekindled and pronounce its choice
Between this awful fate of thine, and one—
Retreat from what thou didst or wouldst have done,
In thine own sense of duty, it would choose
This doom—the least a noble soul could lose.

There is a time when the assassin's knife
Kills not, but stabs into eternal life;
And this was such an one. Thy homely name
Was wed to that of Freedom, and thy fame
Hung rich and clustering in its lusty prime;
The god of Heroes saw the harvest time,
And smote the noble structure at the root,
That it might bear no less immortal fruit.

Sleep! honored by the Nation and mankind!
Thy name in History's brightest page is shrined,
Adorned by virtues only, and shall exist
Bright and adorned on Freedom's martyr list.

The time shall come when on the Alps shall dwell,
No memory of their own immortal Tell;
Rome shall forget her Cæsars, and decay
Waste the Eternal City's self away;
And in the lapse of countless ages, Fame
Shall one by one forget each cherished name;
But thine shalt live through time, until there be
No soul on earth but glories to be free.
—*J. T. Goodman.*

Also here are selections from Colonel Baker, James Linen, John R. Ridge, Charles Warren Stoddard, Charles H. Webb, Ralph Keeler (of whom more anon), John Swett, Caxton, Benjamin P. Avery, and many others.

Many choice and dainty poems are represented by the names of Frances Fuller Victor, Eliza Pittsinger, May Wentworth, Mary V. Lawrence, Mrs. Joseph C. Winans and others. Best known, perhaps, of all, is Clara G. Dolliver's "No Baby in the House," which gave her fame in the East and was afterward issued in book form, and Ina D. Coolbrith's finished cameos—always carved with the hand of a master.

But the poems most peculiarly striking in the local color for which all critics look so vainly in this early work of our writers, are those of Mrs. Anna M. Fitch, wife of Thomas Fitch, entitled, "The Song of the Flume" and "The Flag on Fire." These appeared also in "Outcroppings" and were reviewed specially by the New York *Evening Post* (Bennett's paper), as the most distinctly Californian in quality and almost the only ones in the collection that could not have been written under any other skies equally as appropriately.

These two poems are characteristic and strong, not only in local coloring, but also in the handling of our architectural English, much more masterful than is usual with the verse that issues from the inner arcanum of a woman's brain. Extract from

THE SONG OF THE FLUME.

Through the deep tunnel, down the dark shaft
  I search for the shining ore,
Hoist it away to the light of day,
  Which it never has seen before.

Spade and shovel, mattock and pick,
  Ply them with eager haste,
For my golden shower is sold by the hour,
  And the drops are too dear to waste.

Lift me aloft to the mountain's brow,
  Fathom the deep, "blue vein,"
And I'll sift the soil for the shining spoil,
  As I sink to the valley again.

The swell of my swarthy breast shall bear
  Pebble and rock away;
Though they brave my strength, they shall yield at length,
  But the glittering gold shall stay.

"The Flag on Fire" was founded upon a peculiar incident that took place in Virginia City, Nev. A flag floated from the summit of Mount Davidson, and one evening, July 30, 1863, upon the breaking away of a storm, this banner was suddenly illuminated by some curious refraction of the rays of the setting sun. Thousands of awe-struck persons witnessed the spectacle, which continued till the streets of the city, 1,500 feet below, were in utter darkness. The time was one of great patriotic feeling, which breathes in every line of the poem, from which, for lack of space, only an extract can be given :

FLAG ON FIRE.

Fire, fire!
Fire, fire!
Who has set the flag on fire?
What vile traitor,
By Creator
Spurned, thus dare defy despair?
God of prophesy and power,
Stay the omen of the hour!

* * * * *

Oh, the splendor!
Oh, the wonder!
To the worshiping beholder!
Gathering, glowing,
Flaming, flowing,
Sykward, fiercer, freer, bolder,
Burn the beating stars of empire,
Lit by traitor torch nor camp fire.

Blood nor pallette,
More than all that,
Mid those starry embers linger!
'Tis an omen,
Sent by no man,
Signet on an unseen finger,
Prophesy from Heaven's own portal,
Borne by winged worlds, immortal.

Now the circling
Darkness purpling,
Plumes the rock-ribbed mountain hoary;
Yet the hallowed
Flag unpillowed
Burns aloft in stilly glory;
Wonder mute no man inweigheth,
Peace, be still! a nation prayeth!—*Anna M. Fitch.*

"Outcroppings" is a much smaller volume of verse, collected mostly by Mary Viola Tingley (now Mrs. Lawrence), and published by Roman. It contained many of the same poems as "Poetry of the Pacific," which it preceded. The contributors were Pollock, Lawson, Goodman, Coolbrith, Webb, Stoddard, Kendall, Bowman, Carleton, Avery, Fitzgerald, Wells, Ridge, Duncan, Linen and Mrs. Fitch.

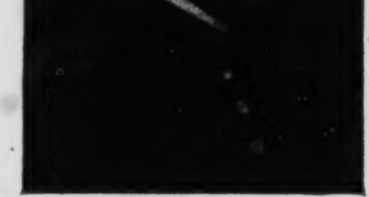
FIRST WRITERS OF HUMOR AND TRAVEL

SKETCHES OF

George H. Derby, J. Ross Browne and Charles Nordhoff.

As early as 1853 appeared the writings of the first humorist in California, the original founder of that comical style in which afterward Mark Twain and Prentice Mulford achieved distinction, and Joseph Wasson of a later time and certain journalists of to-day have adopted as their own. The school of caricature developed naturally in this atmosphere, if only as a protest against the conventional forms and customs of the East.

But the very first humorist of this particular school, and, indeed, of that time in the United States, was Col. George Horatio Derby of the United States Army, who wrote his amiable satires under the names of "John Phœnix" and "John P. Squibob." They appeared first as a protest against the stalky and profound style of public documents, and were meant primarily to show the absurdity of conclusions based upon apparent premises.



COL. G. H. DERBY.

There are two books in existence, one entitled "The Squibob Papers" and the other "Phœnixiana," issued in 1855 and 1859, the latter of which had passed through its twelfth edition in 1884, with still a demand for it. The element of grotesquerie which enters into these books has made them favorites in many Californian households—thus the children have poured over these quaint and ridiculous recitals, with their absurd illustrations, and have grown to manhood and womanhood knowing "Phœnix" where they never more than heard the greater names.

Col. George H. Derby was born in Dedham, Mass., April 3, 1823. He graduated at West Point in 1840, and was made brevet second lieutenant of ordnance. In the war with Mexico he was severely wounded and brevetted first lieutenant. He then conducted surveys and explorations in Minnesota, Department of the Pacific and Texas, and, in 1853, survey and improvements of San Diego harbor, Cal. Rising to the rank of captain of engineers, finally he was employed in erecting lighthouses on the Florida and Alabama coast. While in discharge of his duty he suffered from a sunstroke, causing loss of sight and softening of the brain, from which he died in New York, May 15. 1861.

This is the dry recital of the career of a man who achieved something in his military profession; but it is as a writer that he made a lasting impression upon early California. Those burlesques and satires upon the rivalry between San Francisco and Benicia for supremacy give an excellent idea of the historic points of the hour, as fresh and vivid to-day as when they razored off the follies of the past.

His celebrated achievement, "Squibob's Composition of Armies: A New Method of the Attack and Defense of Posts," very nearly caused him to be courtmartialed, because of the ricicule he brought upon the army. The chief weapons of defense were to be pepper-pots, trained bulldogs held by each soldier and field pieces strapped to the backs of jackasses.

His "Official Report" of Professor John Phœnix of a military survey and reconnoissance of the route from San Francisco to the Mission of Dolores, made with a view to ascertain the practicability of connecting those points by a railroad, was a serious piece of cajolery. Although it was then and is now generally known that the distance between San Francisco and the Mission is but two and a half miles, yet by the mathematical computations made by the surveyors with the instruments the route grew and grew into many miles. Suspicious himself, at last, Phœnix investigated the matter and found, to his consternation, that the men had measured and included in, the many times they had traversed the ground going in and out of the saloons along the proposed route.

As a clever parody on the way that travelers arrive at conclusions regarding strange tribes, the following is selected as an example:

> "In the early morning the natives gathered around our camp to the number of eighteen. [This was on Kearny street.] We were surprised to find them of diminutive stature, the tallest not exceeding three feet in height. They were excessively mischievous and disposed to steal such trifling things as they could carry away. Their countenances are of the color of dirt, and their hair white and glossy as the silk of maize. The one we took to be their chief was an exceedingly diminutive personage, but with a bald head, which gave him a very venerable appearance. He was dressed in a dingy robe of jaconet, and was borne in the arms of one of his followers. On making them a speech, proposing them a treaty and assuring them of the protection of their Great Father, Pierce, the chief, was affected to tears, and on being comforted by his followers, exclaimed "Da-da! da-da!" which was intended as a respectful allusion to the President. We presented him afterward with some beads, hawk bells and other presents, which he immediately thrust into his mouth, saying "Goo!" and crowing like a cock. This was rendered by the interpreter into an expression of high satisfaction. After which they took their leave. The following is a description of this deeply interesting people: Kearny street native. Name, Bill. Height, two feet nine inches. Hair, white. Complexion, dirt color. Occupation, erecting pyramids of dirt and water. When asked what they were, replied, "Pies." (Word in Spanish, meaning *feet;* supposed they might be the feet or foundation of some barbarian structure.) Religious belief, obscure. When asked who made him, replied "*Par.*" (Supposed to be name of one of their principal deities.)"

In his lectures on "Astronomy," Colonel Derby says:

> "Sacred history informs us that a distinguished military man, named Joshua, once caused the sun 'to stand still.' How he did it is not mentioned; but translators are not always perfectly accurate, and we are inclined to the opinion that it might have *wriggled* a very little when Joshua was not looking directly at it."

But perhaps the most vivid piece of practical joking was when, in the absence of the owner and editor of the Democratic paper, the San Diego *Herald*, he waggishly turned the politics upside down, making it an adherent of the Whig party instead, and illustrated the paper throughout with all the absurd little advertisement pictures, whether appropriate or not.

"With unbounded respect for myself and everybody, the author remains,
JOHN PHŒNIX."

Delightfully humorous are the writings of J. Ross Browne, the great traveler of early days, who made his home in California in 1855, and who wrote up, in a bright and pungent style, localities almost unknown, as well as the traveled parts of the world.

He was born in Ireland in 1822. His father was editor of a paper in Dublin, and some of his editorials being offensive to the politicians in power and complications arising, he came to America and settled in Louisville, Ky., while J. Ross was still a child.

At the age of 16, he became reporter for papers of that city, and at 18 shipped before the mast as a "whaler" and remained three years, subsequently writing "Sketches of a Whaling Cruise." Afterward he acted as official shorthand reporter in the U. S. Senate and as private secretary of the Hon. Robt. J. Walker.

J. ROSS BROWNE.

In 1849 he came around the "Horn" to California and is enrolled among the Pioneers. Then he traveled to Europe and the Holy Land in 1853, and subsequently published "Yusef," his best known work. Returning to California in 1855, he became confidential agent of the Government to investigate Indian affairs. Again he returned to Europe in 1860, as correspondent to the Sacramento *Union* and *Harper's Magazine*.

In 1864 he was back in California again, and his articles in *Harper's* attracted general attention, as he wrote up Esmeralda, Bodie and Mono Lake, "the Dead Sea of the West," and those mysterious mining regions of Nevada. He is remembered still by those who met him socially, in those dark canyons and wild frontiers for his genial and refined manner and bright and witty conversation. Coming among the people personally made him better known than any other writer of that time.

He was, however, essentially a family man in spite of his roving, and built a very pretty residence, known by the name of Pagoda Hill, in the foothills of Oakland, where he resided with his family, consisting of wife and eight children. In 1868 he was appointed United States Minister to China, succeeding Burlingame, returning in 1870 and passing away October, 1875, at the age of fifty-three years.

Many of his writings, which were originally published in *Harper's Magazine*, were subsequently put in book form under the following titles: "An American Family in Germany;" "The Land of Thor;" "Apache Land;" "Crusoe's Island;" "Yusef."

No book of travel is more charming than "Yusef," which is, fortunately, to be found in all the libraries. In his preface he says:

> "If there be any moral in this book, therefore, it is this: that there is no great difficulty in traveling all over the world when one sets about it with the determination to do it and keeps trying till he succeeds: that there is no position in life disreputable and degrading while self-respect remains, and nothing impossible that has once been done by man."

In a description of the difficulties made in Naples to obstruct the progress of travelers wishing to take steamer to the Orient, simply to show the power of the government, he becomes so fretted by a ticket clerk, who spends his time waxing the ends of his moustache into quills, instead of tending to his business, that he says:

> "All the harm I wish that man is, that these quills of his moustache may be broken off before his personal beauty produces such an effect as to cause any young lady to marry him. For I am certain, if ever he gets a wife, they will run her through the eyes in less than a week."

Yusef is a wonderful character, with all the attractions and defects of a clever dragoman of the East, and is delightfully portrayed in inimitable style. The description of "The Raas," a remarkable oriental dance; the race of the horses; the playing by Browne himself of "Old Zip Coon," on his flute, amid the ruins of Baalbec, and the guard of Arabs, who are employed to protect the travelers against the dangerous Bedouins, are all bright and tinted with the rainbow hues of humor.

Of the Arab guard he says:

"When I saw them with their long guns pointing in every direction I at once committed myself to Providence. It was evident that we whom they were employed to protect were the only ones in danger. It was my settled determination to join the Bedouin party at once, and remain on that side until the conclusion of the fight."

Among the pages are some noble passages where the Americanism of J. Ross Browne will come rolling in like the waves of the sea. No chapter is better than his "Quarrel With the Ancients," which every one ought to read and ponder on. It will take rank with any extract from our Californian writers, past or present.

A QUARREL WITH THE ANCIENTS.

"Oh wondrous people! Oh mighty kings and chieftains! Listen to a few plain facts. I am going to address you in your tombs and post you up concerning the nineteenth century. Tourists have so long sung your praises that I mean to make a martyr of myself by telling you the truth.

It is quite true that your temples and castles and palaces are splendid specimens of architecture; that your statuary is wonderfully beautiful; that you lived in a style of magnificence unknown to the people of the present day; that all the relics you have left us bear evidence of great power and extraordinary skill. But you were a barbarous people at best. The very splendor of your works is an evidence of your barbarism. What oceans of money you spent in palaces and tombs and mausoleums. What an amount of human labor you lavished in doing nothing. If the Pyramids of Egypt were ten miles high instead of a few hundred feet would the world be any better for it? would the mass of mankind be more enlightened, or more virtuous, or more happy? If the Colosseum at Rome had accommodated fifty millions of people instead of fifty thousand would it have taught them the blessings of peace and good government, or disseminated useful knowledge among them? * * * * *

We don't build pyramids and colesseums, but we build railroads. The smallest steamboat that paddles up the Hudson is greater than the greatest monument of antiquity. * * * * * For the matter of magnificent temples, if we had the time and the money to waste we could erect for the amusement of kings, women and children, toys a great deal bigger and quite as useless. * * * * * Feasting and fighting and toy-making made you distinguished. We will profit by your follies and endeavor to earn a name in ages to come by encompassing the earth with the blessings of freedom and civilization."

Charles Nordoff is well known in California as the writer of pleasant volumes of travel. His sketches have been popularly received, and are to be found on many tables. Mr. Nordoff is a native of Erwitte, Prussia, born August, 1830. In 1835 he came to America, attending school in Cincinnati, and afterward was apprenticed to a printer. In 1854 he went to Philadelphia, and soon after shipped in the United States Navy and spent the following three years in going around the world. He then returned to newspaper work in Philadelphia, and afterward Indianapolis and also New York, working at the latter place as a journalist on the New York *Evening Post* and *Tribune*.

CHARLES NORDOFF.

Coming to California in 1871, he was the first writer, after J. Ross Browne, to proclaim the advantages of the State, which he did in a volume entitled "California for Health, Pleasure and Residence." Another well known volume is his "Northern California, Oregon and the Sandwich Islands." Some of his chapters are like stories in their pleasant recital, but they are devoted mostly to historical research and the facts in the case. His description of some of the early Dons of California surrounded by their leagues of land, and generously bestowing a horse upon the belated traveler, gives a good idea of the early days. Besides these he has written many books upon geographical, marine and historical subjects, and has been special correspondent for the New York *Herald* for many years. His "Politics for Young Americans" is said to be a book which should be placed in the hands of every young voter, but author-like, Mr. Nordhoff, himself, expresses a preference for his treatise on "God and the Future Life."

Coronado Beach, San Diego, is the place of Mr. Nordhoff's home, and many people seek him out to enjoy his company for a brief hour, as one of the attractions of this beautiful spot of nature.

"A great soul, secure in its own existence, doth not grow old."

AN EARLY JOURNALIST OF WAR TIMES.

CALVIN B. McDONALD.

"No matter where uttered, a great thought never dies."

Unclassified and standing apart from all other groups of writers is the majestic figure of Calvin B. McDonald, whose war editorials have made him known as "The Thunderer." There is no other man like him in California. Without a journal, without a constituency, without any influence behind him, he is recognized as having been a power in the land during the troubled times of California. More than any one journalist has he touched the heart with his utterances, both through the press and by oratory, while his invective and denunciation have been applied to wholesome purposes with admirable effect.

CALVIN B. McDONALD.

The picture of Mr. McDonald here presented is inadequate and defective. It fails to show the keenness, the courage, the quiet reserve, the indomitable will of the man, those characteristics that differentiate him from the ordinary citizen and make him what he is.

It seemed strange to me, while engaged in the preparation of this book, that a man so well known should have no earthly abiding place, and I was almost convinced, after fruitless effort to find him, that he had already passed beyond.

The day that brought his response was one of serene satisfaction. With a faithful record of Calvin B. McDonald in its pages, the book could be excused for having an existence, for he was a shadow of the past worthy of being materialized among the lesser shades.

I saw him in a little room in a lodging-house in Oakland where he has his home. He was a man of breadth and height, a noble brow, keen, deep-set eyes of blue—eyes of fearlessness and honesty. Age had crept on kindly. His face was smooth, though I knew he must be nearly seventy. His nose was long, and straight as a blade, his features finely chiseled. There was no line of hardness or bitterness there. It was a reposeful face. He was free from any mannerism, talked quietly, but I could feel a force behind that was not hinted by any outward expression. I led him along to tell me of himself.

"Did you not write for the Sacramento *Union?*"

"No."

"How was that? Nearly all our early journalists had some part or parcel in the *Union*."

"I was on an opposition paper, and fought them, so they had no place for me," and a faint smile played over his face.

"Did you ever write for the *Overland?*"

"No."

"How was that? Nearly all our writers with any talent at all were counted in there."

"I was a political writer. I was always studying into the situation of things and trying to see what the outcome would be."

"Did you not write for any of the other prominent journals?"

"No. There were few papers I could write for, because never in my life have I written against my convictions. I never wrote against my politics or against religion or in favor of any fad of the hour of which I did not approve."

"I don't see how you got along," I said meekly. "I understand that many of the finest orations which have been delivered by our business men upon celebrated occasions were in reality written by yourself. Is that so?"

"No. I never wrote anything for anybody else to deliver. I never did that kind of thing. I have written mostly regarding political situations and matters of public welfare. It has been said that the influence of three men in the early sixties saved

California to the Union—Starr King, Baker and Calvin McDonald. I don't know how true it is, but the editorials I wrote in the *American Flag* were quoted in thousands of papers, especially the one entitled "Give us Back our Dead." I see many of my articles traveling around the press, years after they first appeared, changed in places but still the same idea."

"Were you ever married?"

"Yes. I married an actress. Here is her picture," and I looked at the ambrotype of a beautiful-eyed, black-haired woman in the costume of forty years ago.

"She was very handsome, and one of the best "Lucrezia Borgias" of that time. She was a Southern woman. I did myself out of going to the Senate as representative of California by marrying her."

"You always seem to have done the wrong thing for yourself," I said. "But you have always had the pleasure of doing just what you wanted to do."

"Yes."

I sat in the presence of one who was king of his own mind. With poverty and death closing in upon him (he had been ill), in his loneliness and desolation he glanced at his four poor walls and rejoiced at his freedom. He was a man who had never been subsidized, never been tempted to give up the right of free thinking for such poor gain as was to be found in mere comfort of body or in the satisfaction of ambition.

When, years ago, a matter arose involving the title of certain property which a city ceded to a corporation, Mr. McDonald wrote a four-hundred-word paragraph, in capitals, in one of the Oakland daily papers, containing the reason why it was not legal, he maintaining that the city had no rights in the case. Twenty years passed, but the certain paragraph still lived; and finally the Supreme Court has decided the question, and the decision is based upon the very argument used by Calvin B. McDonald years ago in his small paragraph.

He always favored writing reverently. Therefore the people of the churches naturally were friendly to the journalist, who, among an irreverent set of writers, so maintained himself.

Several years ago a seeress by the name of Woodworth appeared in Oakland and began holding seances in a tent. Hysteria and other excitable conditions followed among her hearers as a result of her prophesies. Such an excitement stirred up much opposition among the ministers of the various denominations, who sought to unite against the seeress and drive her out of the city. McDonald heard of this proposition and that evening arose in the tent and addressed the 5,000 or so of people who there were gathered. His denunciation of them for their action was based upon the American right of liberty and of free speech for all—even the "seeress" and "prophetess." And, as a result of this oration, she was left to pursue her peculiar methods of converting people—left to pursue her way in peace.

But by this action McDonald did himself, personally, no good, for he lost his church adherents, and the others, whom he had befriended, were like the chaff before the wind—scattered and gone—when the excitement was over. But with the conviction that he had defended one of the underlying principles of the American Constitution he was satisfied. The result to himself he ignored. Neither would he change his old-time policy. Still would he be reverent to religion, no matter whether the adherents of that religion were displeased with him or not; still would his pen be sacred to the cause, for the reason that he believed it better for the policy of the people and the well being of the community to treat religious belief respectfully.

Set apart from the world of gain and the encroachments of our present civilization, even though his hands were empty, he seemed one to be envied for his fearlessness, serenity and self-respect.

In tracing up the origin of Mr. McDonald it is not at all surprising to learn that he is of Huguenot descent, mingled with Scotch; in fact this element of the Huguenot strain might almost have been surmised from the character of the man. He was born in Juniata County, Penn., in 1825, educated in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Penn., and also took a course at Jefferson College. In 1848 he taught school in Berkshire County, Va., coming thence across the plains, in 1849, to California, and working in the mines for five years. In 1854 he became editor of the Sierra *Sentinel*, in Downieville, and has continued in newspaper work ever since that time in San Francisco, Sacramento, Placerville, Sonoma, Weaverville, Yreka, Oakland, Salem and Portland, Or., and St. Louis, Mo. Of himself he says:

> "I have been one of the gypsies of the press, and acquired my reputation chiefly in the old *American Flag*, in San Francisco, in war times. I was the first editor of the St. Louis *Globe*, and might have done well for myself there, but ill health compelled me to return to California once more. Afterward I was editor of the Oregon *Statesman* and the Oakland *News*. Have lived in Oakland several years, chiefly in retirement, and writing only occasionally. Of the men at work in the editorial field when I entered it in 1854, more than sixty are dead, and only three or four are living—Geo. K. Fitch, Louis R. Sull, Rollin M. Daggett and myself. Loring Pickering was the last to go, and "Hurrah for the next that dies."

With a mind still bright and original, with a pen ever gliding into quaint and touching passages, or sweeping into the grander periods of oratory, it seems strange that this man should have ceased living since the year 1867. For he dwells in the past, and since the war of the rebellion has drawn to a close, merely endures existence. He maintains that there is nothing to write for now—that by comparison all the problems of this later day are childish and puerile.

"No matter where uttered a great thought never dies." As proof of this statement, which is given the place of honor in this volume, as a keynote to the whole context, may be cited the story of its origin.

In 1867 Mr. McDonald delivered a lecture in Salem, Or., on the subject of "A New Nation." This lecture contained a paragraph which lived and did not die. It is a curious study to note the changes through which this "great thought" has passed in order to reach its best expression. The original form is less succinct and condensed than the last one which was found among the literary papers of the late Adley H. Cummins, changed by himself to suit his purpose in connection with his own oratorical efforts, as was his custom, and credited as before to Calvin B. McDonald. For the sake of comparison these two forms ot this same quotation are here presented:

THE ORIGINAL FORM.	THE CONDENSED FORM.
"A great truth, no matter where uttered, within the hearing of enlightened mankind, never dies. It is not obstructed in its course by insensate walls or impervious rafters. It does not perish in the snows of winter or the dearth of summer, or in the floods of rivers or upon the waters of strange seas. For a time it may be lost to view and seemingly to popular recollection, but after a while it will rise again on the verge of the moral horizon, like a long-gone star returning in her appointed orbit, and will take its way in the processions of eternity."	"No matter where uttered, a great thought never dies. It does not perish amid the snows of mountains or the floods of rivers or in the depths of valleys. For a time it may seemingly be forgotten, but it is somewhere embalmed in memory, and after a while reappears on the horizon like a long-gone star returning on its unchanging orbit, and on its way around the endless circle of eternity."

Relative to the idea herein contained, it is maintained by David Lesser Lezinsky (one of the late writers) that if once it has entered the mind of man, even though it may never be outwardly expressed—even though it has its birth in the brain of one out at sea or on a lonely raft, and the next moment the waves engulf him—yet, even then, "the great thought never dies."

The articles most quoted from Mr. McDonald's writings, and which seem never to lose their fascination, are those entitled "The Gray Eagle from Mount Hood," "Give us Back our Dead," "The Angel of Reconciliation," "Starr King's Dust," "Publicans and Sinners," and "A Daughter of the House of David,' the last one of which is here quoted :

A DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID.

"Ave Maria! ex qua nascitur Christus"—Hail Mary! of whom Christ was born. How that ancient formula of adoration reverberates around the circumference of the globe at every recurring daybreak of the Blessed Nativity! From the Alps to the Andes; from the fervid precincts of the equator to where the pious explorer utters his oft-repeated prayer in some tossing and straining ship in the fierce latitudes of the pole; from the majestic basilica of St. Peter's to the rudest tabernacle in the depths of the savage forest, or on the verge of the lonely desert, surrounded by the rectangular sign of salvation—

"Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
'Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name!

And the humble lodger in the stable, poor Mary of Nazareth, the spouse of the Holy Ghost, what a resplendent crown of glory, what an unspeakable fullness of renown is hers! In comparison with the lovely Jewess, all other illustrious women of history and tradition sink into obscurity; Cornelia, the proud mother of the Gracchi; Semiramis, the splendid Queen of the Assyrians; Cleopatra, the voluptuous syren of the Nile; Olympia, who bore a conqueror of the world; Letitia, who gave Napoleon to imperishable fame; Catharine, the mighty Empress of the Muscovites; Isabella of Castile, whose benevolence revealed the dreaded mysteries of the Sea of Darkness, and unveiled a hidden continent; the glorious Elizabeth of England—what were all these in comparison with the once lowly daughter of the house of David, whose maternal agony among the dumb but sympathetic beasts of the stalls delivered to Earth and Heaven the Babe in the Manger, Jesus of Nazareth, the King of kings, the Son of God, the Redeemer of a sin-stricken and perishing world?

Ave Maria! is the loving acclaim of uncounted millions on every continent, under every zone, upon every habitable island of the globe. Her statues and pictures are the objects of love and adoration in all nations and by all tongues; and the most inspired genius of a thousand years has exhausted its art and invention in giving imaginary form and beauty to the adorable mother of Christ.

At midnight, at cock-crowing, and in the morning of the Blessed Nativity, "*Ave Maria!*" is thundered by the mighty multitude in the great cathedral on the banks of the Tiber; and "*Ave Maria*" is gently responded by the dusky maiden on the far-off shores of Lakes Superior and Pen d'Oreille."

Calvin B. McDonald.

And this is the man whose name brings up strange legends—a fighting editor, who, during war time, made his way through the angry crowds outside the *American Flag* office, ready to kill or to be killed at any instant for his loyalty to his country. And yet, he lived to write of the fatherless little Southern girl, whom he called "An Angel of Reconciliation."

THE SACRAMENTO UNION.

1850–1875.

PROPRIETORS AND PUBLISHERS,

James Anthony, Paul Morrill and H. W. Larkin.

EARLIEST FOUNDERS,

William Kurtz, Edward S. Jefferis, Job Court, "Doc" Davidson, Charley Hanlicker.

EDITORS:

Dr. Morse, Lauren Upson, Joseph Winans, Henry Clay Watson, Samuel Seabough, Newton Booth, Charles Henry Webb, Mark Twain, Noah Brooks, William Bausman, Lauren E. Crane, James L. Watkins, A. P. Catlin, E. G. Waite, J. C. Young, Mary V. Laurence, and others.

LOCAL WRITERS,

Frank Folger, A. S. Smith, Paschal Coggins.

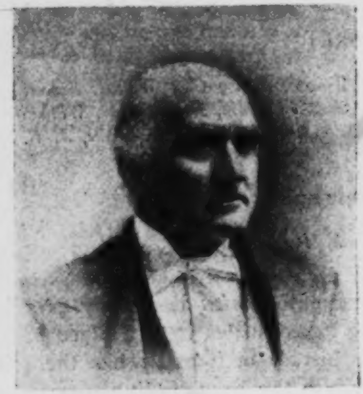
The position held by the Sacramento *Union* in its day as a literary and public-opinion-making force entitles it to a place in the niche of fame. Never in the history of journals has there been a journal that has so entered into the lives, feelings, sentiments and affections of a constituency, nor wielded greater power, "making and unmaking Governors and Senators and swaying the balance upon the great questions of National as well as State importance."

This was not accidental, nor yet a matter of mere political cleverness in the successful manipulation of these forces to accomplish their ends. Never has there been a paper or journal with such a sentiment surrounding its every motive as that of the Sacramento *Union*. Because of the well-known honesty and incorruptibility and patriotism of its proprietors, James Anthony, Paul Morrill and Henry W. Larkin (a celebrated modern triumvirate), who always shaped and directed its policy, it was believed in and trusted by the people of California.

This was why, in several elections of vast importance to the State and to the Nation, the influence of the *Union* (well and happily named), was supreme. This was why, in 1861–2, this journal was worth more to the Union cause in California than an army corps. It was the character of these three men which made it a power in the land. They were not to be bought nor sold nor bribed nor tempted. And on that ground did they stand firm to the last,

In giving his instructions to the last of the leading editorial writers for the *Union*, no less a man than Samuel Seabough, Paul Morrill spoke as follows: "You know the past course of this paper. We wish you to follow it as closely as you can. Be just to everybody. Never strain the truth. Do not mince your words when you have to attack a great wrong. But above all things, the *Union* is the friend of the common people! And the enemy of their enemies, high or low, rich or poor."

"It is doubtless true," as is stated in the *Chronicle's* obituary of Morrill, "that these words supply the clue to the immense popularity and power of that paper, hated as it was by all political rings and public plunderers."



PAUL MORRILL.

A friend of the common people! In the words of a dying orator, "I want to live! I want to finish my work—to be the friend for the friendless!—the voice for the voiceless!" so fulfilled the *Union* this high mission. What wonder that a common chord was struck, and in the mountain fastness or behind the plow or in the pine forest or in the mill or the mine, all through the length and breadth of California, Nevada and the Pacific States was a mighty force, crystalizing sentiment, voicing patriotism and arousing the common people from their lethargy into concerted action. Here was the voice of themselves, clarion-like, proclaiming their inmost thoughts in silvery trumpet-peals to the great world.

In that day (the day of the *Union*) there were no sinuous bands of steel with advancing genii of steam and quick transit to annul distance and time, and bring the common people together in either mind or body. Distance and time, like the great walls of China, were hemming them in, and when the great lumbering stage came rolling in, the hunger and thirst for the Sacramento *Union*, perhaps a week old, was something so vividly portrayed as never to be forgotten.

In the childhood of the writer, in the silver mines of the State of Nevada, it was the great event of the day that every man lived for, and every line was scanned as if it were precious as Biblical lore.

The gallery of writers for the *Union* would be an extensive one if presented. It would take a volume to do justice to the varieties of style and mannerism and quality of mind of these who wrote for it. Necessarily these names must receive but brief mention.

JAMES ANTHONY.

The history of the *Union* began in 1850, when it was founded by William Kurtz, Edward G. Jefferis and Job Court. The names of Doc Davidson and Charley Hanlicher also are mentioned. But these names are mere shadows of the past, and the real life of the *Union* began in 1852, when James Anthony, Paul Morrill and H. W. Larkin instituted their fearless and remarkable championship of the "common people."

Morrill, as well as being broad-minded and patriotic, was the practical printer of the firm. Anthony was a strong man, of great boldness and bravery, a good fighter, not particularly genial or social, but loyal to his convictions of duty—a quality that even his enemies admired him for—and the business man of the firm. Larkin was not so well known as the other two, but in their conferences he carried great weight—the three minds acting harmoniously together for a certain specified purpose for a length of more than twenty years.

It is not to be supposed that the power exerted by the *Union* was always enjoyed by the people of the State. When it came to personal measures the dogmatism and arrogance of these three men often aroused opposition. In 1860 the Democratic members of the Legislature of California joined in raising a fund to establish a daily paper in Sacramento. It was named the *Daily Standard*. Charles T. Botts was editor, and M. Upton, who had reported the speeches of Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, when he visited America in 1851, was brought from the East to report the proceedings of the Legislature. This action was taken solely and alone because of the attitude of the *Union* toward the Democratic majority.

An interesting incident of that Legislature is told by ex-Governor Daggett, illustrating the dogmatism of the proprietors of the *Union*:

> "It was the custom in early days, at the close of the Legislature, to vote double pay to the attaches, have presentations of gifts and much fun generally. In a generous mood, the members of the Legislature of the session of January 1, 1860, of which I was one, included the reporters of the *Union*, who had made careful reports and had been obliging otherwise. They offered a resolution appropriating $1,000 from the contingent fund to pay Messrs. Cutter and Sumner for their services. This measure was bitterly opposed by the *Union* proprietors. They were proud spirited and resisted the action; said that the State had no right to do it, that it was not proper for the Legislature to pay men they employed. The resolution failed to pass the first day for the reason that the contingent fund was exhausted, but the matter was then taken up, owing to the bitterness of the opposition, money placed in the fund, the motion reconsidered and passed. The Governor pocketed the bill, but Banker Mills discounted it, so that Cutter and Sumner finally got a part of the amount voted them. But out of this bitterness on the part of the *Union* came a hardship to themselves. Resenting this personal interference, the reporters resigned from the staff of the *Union*, other men could not be obtained to fill their places in time, and so that year, 1860, there were no reports made by the *Union* on the Presidential election.

Dogmatism and arrogance, even in a good cause, cannot fail to arouse opposition. The power of the *Union* was felt throughout the State body politic, and out of its strength came its weakness. Some of the measures which it carried through were considered despotic, and many were the Davids who attempted to fell this Goliah of newspapers. The opposition paper to survive was the *Sacramento Record.* It was first issued in 1867. The regular Republicans and friends of George. C. Gorham, whom the *Union* defeated for Governor, rallied to its support, and in the Presidential campaign of 1868 the *Record* became a power in Northern California. "Any power in preference to the old power" seemed to be the will of the people, and so began the battle of forces.

There has been much said, pro and con, regarding the final end of the *Union* in February, 1875, and the cause of the transferrence and mergence of the good old stand-by into the *Record-Union.* It is a pretty little piece of history to handle, needing a keenly-pointed pen, and a laying open of an old wound to find the bullet contained therein.

In a clever exposition of the case, General John F. Sheehan says:

> "The *Union* died a natural death, destroyed by the inevitable laws of business and the stubborn pride of its proprietors. The railroad, while creating a transportation monopoly, destroyed a newspaper monopoly. For by competition with the Bay papers, in a day the great profits of the *Union* disappeared Had they brought their paper to San Francisco, no newspaper man doubts that the *Union* would be the great paper of California to-day. But the old men preferred to die in the last ditch.

In other words "*the common people*" for whom they builded in the days of their prosperity, as is the custom with "*common people,*" deserted them in the hour of their adversity.

We may talk of supply and demand and those mysteries of political economy, known as competition aud monopoly, all we like. The words sound well, but the fact remains that these men never wavered, with ruin staring them in the face, but continued consistent and stayed as one man at the post of duty on the burning steamer—in Western parlance,

"Holding her nozzle agin the bank,
For the last galoot to git ashore."

But did the common people care? Did the common people remember the pilot who had led them safely through the dangers of a past night and a dark and gloomy day? They admired the pluck and the grit and the determination of these three men, and to this day, and for days to come, they and their children will wonder at them, and wonder and wonder—but they deserted them.

And so, finally, the paper which had brought the partners, individually, the grand sum of $200,000 apiece in dividends, as a total (according to W. H. Dinsmore of this city, the cashier for many years for the firm of James Anthony & Co.), was sold to a firm of Sacramento men, who merged it with the rival paper, and it became the *Record-Union*.

No history of the one partner can be told separately from the other two, they are so intertwined. Larkin, though in ill health at the time, urged the other two to take the paper to San Francisco. But they were all three along in years, and Morrill said: "That means that we shall have to take off our coats and work till one o'clock every night," so the idea was abandoned. Mr. Anthony had considerable fortune left, and Mr. Morrill was appointed, through the influence of Governor Booth, as surveyor of customs in the port of San Francisco.

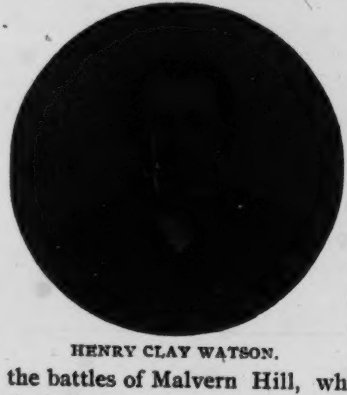
But it would seem that a certain degree of fatality was connected with so much determination and consecutiveness of purpose and relentless warfare, as all the participants—proprietors and editors—were involved in, in carrying out their clear-cut intentions and bold facings of the enemy. For of them all scarce one or two are left to tell the story, of whom is E. G. Waite, now Secretary of State, and a man of the same caliber as the *Union* proprietors. For Anthony died shortly after the transference of the paper, January 6, 1876. H. W. Larkin followed a few months later, and Paul Morrill on May 27, 1880. Paul Morrill was a native of New Hampshire—a member of a highly honored family—born in 1812. Personally he was a man of infinite depth of human sympathy; the best friend, husband, father; liberal to the poor—giving without ostentation—and, if an enemy at all, one who never carried his enmity to an extreme, but who was always ready to forget and forgive an offense atoned for. In the very highest sense he was a gentleman. Open-handed as he was, he died not rich, though a man of less sterling principles occupying his position might have died a millionaire had he chosen.

Henry C. Watson, one of the editors of the State, celebrated for his classical and brilliant writings, passed away in the summer of 1867, and Samuel Seabough, whose fame is like a bright light, in '84. Lauren Upson, one of the early editors, and Paschal Coggins, one of the later, have become wrapped in the Great Mystery.

Of all their "midnight burning of the oil" and consuming fire of thought and mighty purpose of the hour remain only an old newspaper file that the dust covers over, and a memory in men's hearts, shadowy and obscure.

But they lived; they were honest; they cannot be forgotten.

Dr. Morse was the first writer and the most distinguished in the early period of the history of the *Union*. He gave it its news value and its reputation for strong common sense. He was editor from '52 to '57. Then came Upson, who edited the paper for twelve years and was the chief editorial manager even after Watson took charge. Joseph Winans wrote editorials, and some of the most brilliant articles it ever contained were from his pen.



HENRY CLAY WATSON.

But the war editorials, as directed by the policy of the proprietors, Morrill, Anthony and Larkin, and which gave the Sacramento *Union* its greatest glory, were mostly written by Henry Clay Watson, a finished scholar and brilliant writer.

The special time of facing the problem when it was a toss-up as to whether California would come under the dominance of Southern rule or not, was during the battles of Malvern Hill, when powerful strokes were being dealt by the journal in question to save the State to the Union. It is said by old-timers, who remember the effect of these editorials, "I tell you, Watson was red-hot on McClellan, and that, too, before the situation was understood as it is now."

He seems to have had a sort of prophetic instinct or insight into "the situation" and a gift of making the proper inferences, which are now corroborated by the great historical writers of the present regarding that struggle between the North and South. This quality in itself bespeaks great power in an editorial writer. A great admirer of Watson is William H. Mills, who took charge of the *Union* after its mergence into the *Record*. In beautiful language, but too elusive to capture, he pays tribute to his powers in this regard. In a comparison between Watson and Seabough (who took Watson's place upon his death in May, 1867), he gives expression to the following ideas:

> "Watson's style was finished, distinguished by lucidity—adapted to political, historical and national themes, with a full appreciation of their bearing on future events and epochs. In writing of a Pope, for instance, it would all have a tendency and bearing toward the effect upon future Papal rule. It is true that Seabough was very effective, presenting a great deal of data in a small space, and especially gifted with a full appreciation of current events. But with him the great point was the relation of forces and direction of events in the process of making contemporaneous power—the politics of the hour that surrounded him. All things ephemerous—not destined for to-morrow—belong to the offices of the daily newspaper. It is to live in the day that it is issued—the effect desired is produced in the time in which it lives. In these things was Seabough especially gifted, but in writing up the death of a Pope, it would be found to relate only to contemporaneous history, and, indeed, with a very little alteration, such as date, etc., might be reset to serve for the life of any Pope."

There are those, however, who will resent this analysis in favor of Henry Clay Watson as against the genius of Samuel Seabough. For Seabough was a man with a personality vivid and strong, and who has, probably, to-day, the greatest fame of any of the journalists of the past. An ardent admirer of his is George H. Fitch of the *Chronicle*, who writes of him as follows:

> "Samuel Seabough, in the opinion of many well-qualified critics the ablest editorial writer the Pacific Coast has ever seen, came of good New England stock. At an early age he removed to the West, and when a boy of 16 he had the good fortune to please a rich old planter near St. Louis. This man gave young Seabough a good education, and, what was equally valuable to him, allowed the youth free range in an excellent library. When Seabough left his patron to come to California in the early fifties, he was master of English literature as are few professors of that branch; knew the intricacies of English political history as well as an Englishman in public life knows it, and also had a good knowledge of

> land. He tried mining in Eldorado County but failed. Then he went into journalism, and, from a small paper in Placerville, achieved quite a fame with the San Andreas *Independent*, which he brought to Stockton and established there, and then was called to the editorial desk of the Sacramento *Union* in 1867, then the most influential paper in the State. Seabough established his reputation on the *Union*. When the *Union* lost its independence Seabough transferred his allegiance to the San Francisco *Chronicle*. For more than ten years he was leading editorial writer on the *Chronicle* and made his influence felt throughout the State. He had the rare faculty of reducing a long argument into half a column. His logic was clear, his style forcible, and when he attacked any abuse he delivered sledge-hammer blows. Always a wide reader and endowed with a tenacious memory, he accumulated a mass of information that made him a walking encyclopedia in regard to the coast—its history, politics, natural history, curiosities, etc. Much of his information he obtained from miners and others, who never considered a visit "to the Bay" as complete without a call on Seabough. Much of his best work was in the form of Sunday editorials that embodied his experience and observations in California. He wrote with great facility, and his MS. rarely showed a correction. His habit was to tilt his chair back, think out a sentence and then put it down. He always followed this method, and in a surprisingly short time would produce several columns.
>
> "Like many newspaper men, he was fond of recourse to stimulants when suffering from depression that always follows hard mental work, but though he went on "periodicals," he never appeared at the office except when perfectly sober, nor was he ever other than dignified and courteous. He was a charming conversationalist and one of the best of story tellers. He died in the winter of '83-'84—died in harness, as he always wished to die."

SAMUEL SEABOUGH.

There were many interesting things about Seabough, not the least of which was a half-guessed romance in his past life. He had married early, but never mentioned his wife—but the little boy, growing to manhood, and occasionally writing a letter to his absent and hardly known father, often caused him to break through his reserve, and speak. But these confidences were followed by spells of gloominess and refuge in the bitter cup of Lethe.

He always took a kindly interest in the young men about him, giving them good advice in practical matters. Nicholas E. White of the present *Record-Union* of Sacramento, treasures a letter received from Seabough in 1868, warning him against striving for or accepting a political appointment which had been promised to him and which advice he took to heart, abandoning the pursuit of the position he was after and returning to Sacramento. "If I haven't got rich, I am at least better off financially than if I had wasted several years in the Custom House, and I feel I am better fitted for the legitimate pursuits of life. I owe a great deal to this letter, and regard it as good advice to all young men." The letter reads:

"SACRAMENTO, October 24, 1868.

"*My Dear Friend*—I received yours of the 23d inst. You will speak of "that office" in expectancy, as if you could not get over the idea of taking it. I am sorry for this. Without knowing exactly what office you are promised, I now venture to say to you that even if you get the very best one in the power of General Miller to offer, it will prove an injury to you in the long run. It will bring you in no direct compensation in money for the inevitable habits of indolence (not to say dissipation, from which I believe you have far above the average of exemption) you will contract there; and when you leave you will be really far less qualified to earn a living at any regular business than now.

"No young man at your age can afford such a waste of time for preparation for future action in life. I have noted a good many of my former friends who have put themselves to much trouble in securing such appointments, and in no single instance has the office obtained failed to work them a serious inconvenience, if not a positive injury.

"I speak of this matter with a pretty full knowledge of what I am talking about. Colonel James informed me once, after he had been Collector for four years, that he never made an appointment which resulted in a benefit to the appointee, nor ever discharged an incumbent who did not afterward come and thank him sincerely for relieving him of a place that was far more in the nature of a curse than a blessing. He said they were all dissatisfied, save only those who could not do anything else, and had already, of course, run pretty far along the descending scale of life.

"You will probably think it strange that I should take upon myself the duty of writing this way to you; and in truth I should not trouble to do so if I did not like you, and think it worth while to warn you against yielding to persuasions which I am convinced you should resist as firmly as you would bad company or intemperance. As a general rule all offices not held directly from and directly responsible to the people, are a curse to those who hold them.

"If you want to work at your business and can't get employment in San Francisco, come right up here. J——s says he has a place for you. This city is becoming an exceedingly lively, pleasant and beautiful place, and I am sure that you would better situate yourself with reference to those in part dependent upon your exertions, as well as with yourself alone, by coming up here than by accepting the best Custom House office General Miller can tender you. In after years you will regret the fact, should you now conclude to reject this advice. Faithfully and truly your friend, SAMUEL SEABOUGH."

Another enthusiastic admirer of this journalist of the past is Lauren E. Crane, who writes of him as follows:

"Seabough was born in Pennsylvania. He lived in Missouri, married there (and his grown-up son, I think, is living still), and came to California in 1850. The mystery of his wife he never would unfold to me, although he once began the story. He settled in Calaveras County, was a miner there, also a Justice of the Peace, and editor (and typo) of the San Andreas *Gazette*; was afterward editor of the Stockton *Independent*, wherein his powerful, incisive and thoughtful articles attracted the attention of all California and made Anthony and Morrill anxious to secure his services, which they succeeded in doing in the middle sixties.

"For about a year I was his associate editor on the *Union*, and after that was with him in the same capacity on the *Post* and on the *Chronicle*. Few men in the United States, and none in California, did such constant, unremitting editorial writing of the highest and best order as Samuel Seabrough did in the columns of the Sacramento *Union* for nearly a decade of years. He worked while others slept, marking and pointing out political dangers, scoring corruption without hesitation or fear, and inviting calumny from the lips and pens of those who feared and hated the man and his work.

"He was a trifle more than six feet tall, of splendid physique, dignity of carriage, grave and impressive in demeanor, yet as sympathetic as a child and full to overflowing with subtle, humane and generous wit. In his lighter moods his hazel eyes were bright and roving in their glances. In his sterner moments they appeared the deepest black, and they seemed to retreat into caverns, which they illuminated with a steady glare. In the presence of grief or distress he was easily swayed to emotion and kind action; in the face of a threat he was contemptuous, immovable, imperturbable.

"His knowledge of ancient and modern history and nations was marvellous, so much so that he seldom had occasion to pause with pen in hand or to consult any other authority than his own retentive memory. Perfunctory writing he fairly abhorred, yet the exigencies of his profession sometimes required him to do it. On one occasion he remarked to a friend, smiling the while with a sort of sad humor, 'I was with the old *Alta* once for about eight months. During that time I wrote only one leader that was fit to appear in an able journal. The proprietors held an alarmed consultation over it, and suppressed it. I did not repeat the experiment.'

"While he was not in any respect a vain man, he was essentially a proud one. Leaving no estate, neither did he leave any debts. He had told me years before that he had laid aside money enough to provide a decent funeral, that it was in bank and the bank-book was at the *Chronicle* office, and had me promise to see him properly buried with these funds, which he never touched, though often tempted to do so. When he died I kept my promise—the bills for the funeral were paid from the money thus long before dedicated to the purpose. For many years there were men who complacently imagined they were voicing their own thoughts and uttering their own ideas, when they were really thinking and speaking from the inspiration of the pen of Samuel Seabough."

Among the editorials of Seabough, now to be found in scrap-books by those who treasure his writings, are such subjects as "Satan in Congress," "A Strangled State," referring to the rail-road discrimination against Nevada, "The National Prosperity," etc. An extract is taken from a typical leader, which gives an excellent idea of his style by its vigor, terseness and command of epithet, never becoming commonplace :

THE EXODUS OF STOCK OPERATORS.

"Some of the New York papers are borrowing a good deal of trouble on California's account. The prophetic soul of Cassandra was not apparently more deeply troubled about the fate of Illium than some of our Eastern contemporaries have recently been about San Francisco. What troubles them is the fact that some of our heavy stock operators have set up shop in Gotham, and a fair prospect that others will follow them, leaving this city lonely and forlorn and the coast mourning. * * * It is wasting time and space to describe the personnel and methods of the stock gambling fraternity. * * * Gambling with cards never demoralizes a whole community. Respectability, the church, the law condemn it, and people of settled moral principles avoid it. Not so with the stock gambling blight, as it sprouted and grew into a full-blown plant here. It stretched the dark shadows of its upas growth all over our society. * * * It has bankrupted its hundreds, thousands, nay, tens of thousands, including the great and the small, farmers, mechanics, laborers, house-maids, officials, widows and the guardians of orphan children, who were thought to be above the suspicion of dishonesty or dishonor, and were so, too, till assailed by this Mephistophelian temptation.

* * * Let them go and in haste. Their capital has never contributed but to our distress and general poverty. With them will go the spirit of gambling, fraud and false policy. Thrift will speedily follow upon the beaten roads of frugality and honest work, and we shall, in a year or two, get back some of the millions which have been filched from the people by their departing cormorants. Their reign is at an end and we are glad of it. Our mines, our lands, our hard-fisted population will remain with us, and the State and city will get along all the better for its riddance of the stock-gamblers."

Closely connected with the history of the *Union* is the political career of the Hon. Newton Booth, ex-Governor and ex-Senator, who represented in these positions the constituency of the *Union*. He was a man of education and much eloquence, with a polished and literary style of writing, being connected with the *Union* as early as 1862. He first made his appearance before the people of Sacramento and charmed them with a masterly and eloquent lecture upon "Swedenborg," still remembered as a wonderful occasion. While his political career was closely connected with historical events in party strife between the opposing factions, yet it is as a literary man that he is of interest in this connection. Of later years he lived very quietly in his home in Sacramento. He was a native of Salem, Indiana, and died in 1892, 66 years of age. But in his writings he speaks out with living force to-day—strong, vivid and impassioned. From a noble volume, Oscar Schuck's "Californian Anthology," issued in 1880, the following extract is culled:

NEWTON BOOTH.

> "What is our conntry? Not alone the land and the sea, the lakes, the rivers and the mountains and valleys—not alone the people, their customs and laws—not alone the memories of the past, the hopes of the future. It is something more than all these combined. *It is a Divine abstraction.* You cannot tell what it is—but let your flag rustle above your head and you feel its living presence in your heart. * * * Not yet, not yet shall the Republic die. Baptized anew, it shall live a thousand years to come, the Colossus of the nations—its feet upon the continents, its scepter over the seas—its forehead among the stars."

Henry George, the now famous author of "Progress and Poverty," had a case on the *Union* at one time, and was always recognized by his fellow printers as a bright man, and afterward had an opportunity of displaying his ability when he became editor of the *State Capitol Reporter*, before his connection with the San Francisco *Post*.

Among the most distinguished contributors were three who have since made names for themselves in the East. Charles Henry Webb, who wrote charmingly under the name of "John Paul," and was editor at one time of the *Weekly Californian*, a distinctly literary paper, in the early sixties, was one of them. Mark Twain and Noah Brooks have since risen to the dignity of authors, whose books are known to fame.

In the early times of the fifties and the sixties, with Upson as editor-in-chief, was William Bausman, assistant editor and local writer, from whom much of the very early history of the *Union* has been obtained. Like many of the other *Union* writers, he has been identified since with a number of the San Francisco newspapers, being a journalist ever and always, but with a taste for verse writing which has caused him to be classed with the "Poets of the Pacific." The poem of "The Dead Wife" contains some beautiful lines, but "The Christmas Doll" awakens more cheerful thoughts.

"Could it be real, with its stately mien
And flowing robe and wealth of golden hair?
Its vermeil cheeks and polonaise of green,
Its waxen arms so beautifully fair?
And what to her seemed even far more rare—
From its white neck a string of beads depending,
And a golden girdle with its laces blending.

"'Give me,' she cried, impatient to caress
And hold the image to her swelling heart,
Her face the type of pictured happiness,
Free from dissimulation, such as art
Suggests to older actors in a part.
In Fortune's gifts there dwelt no greater joy
Than she beheld in this bespangled toy.

O sacred passion! If the little child,
Intuitive, so much of love can show,
And keep it in her bosom undefiled,
In after years its tender charm to throw
With arching splendor, like the heavenly bow,
Across the chasms of the troubled mind,
Her destiny will be to bless mankind.—*Bausman*.

Another writer on the *Union*, who is known for his verse, is Lauren Elliott Crane, a native of New York, who came to California in 1853, when a boy. At different times he was employed as editorial writer on the San Francisco *Post* and the *Chronicle*, as well as the *Union*. Among newspaper men he ranks as one of marked ability. He has also held public positions, having been secretary to both Governors Booth and Pacheco, and having been nominated for State Controller and Secretary of State upon different occasions. He arranged and threw open for the circulation of books the Free Public Library of San Francisco.

LAUREN E. CRANE.

Much of his work has been done editorially and without public recognition. In purely literary efforts he has pleased and gratified many, anonymously, and over adopted signatures. His story of "Dick Doone —a California Gambler," is one of the best dialect poems ever written. His poem of "Juanita" is often republished, the lover's song which it contains being as curious a bit of rhyming as our literature affords. The lines rhyme at both ends and in the middle—in fact all through—making music out of the words. The fact has escaped notice, probably, because there is no paraded effort in it.

THE SONG.

To-night the stars are flowing gold;
The light south wind is blowing cold,
Esta es mi lucha!
The bright, bent moon is growing old,
Escucha!

Now, test thy pride, and fearless prove,
Now blest—my bride—my peerless dove,
Juanita.
Come rest beside me here sweet love,
Eres bendita!

Through tall and silent trees there seems
To fall the promise of fair dreams.
Querida!
How all the starry white air gleams
Mi vida!

What dream, Juanita—fancied bliss—
Could seem so sweet a trance as this?
Dulcura,
Or beam warm as thy glance or kiss?
Alma pura!

What bliss to hold my fairy prize,
One kiss! yon star-gold, wary eyes,
Que gloria!
Saw this in far-old Paradise,
Memoria!

But Eden held no face like thine;
Nor creed in perfect grace like mine.
Que pascion!
To read thy tender ways divine,
Es mi adoracion!

Adieu! I linger here too long;
For you my fingers sweep too strong
Que Diosa!
Be true to singer and to song!
Adios! Hermosa!

One of the features of the *Union* was a letter each week from San Francisco on social matters by a lady correspondent called "Ridinghood." This was rather a new departure, for it was before the days of the peaceful invasion of women into the realm of man. More from its innovation than aught else, though it was bright and interesting, it attracted much attention, and the name of "Ridinghood" was a household word among the families up in the mining centers of California and Nevada, receiving also favorable notice from the New York *Tribune* and the Springfield *Republican.*

It is as "Ridinghood," her pen name, that Mrs. Mary V. Laurence is best known. She has done able work, however, in many journalistic fields—*Alta*, *Chronicle*, *Examiner*, *Evening Bulletin* and *Argonaut*—as well as in her sketches for the old *Overland* on a "Summer With a Countess," relating to Theresa Yelverton or Lady Avonmore, "A Mountain Posy," "College Charlemagne," and others. She has also traveled in the East as correspondent for different California journals, and has had, in addition to her regular writing for the press for the past twenty-five years, the courage and hope to write a novel, as yet unpublished.

Amid all the temptations and inducements to write personals of a very spicy or acrid nature, she takes pleasure in thinking that "she never wrote a line in her life that made a heart ache." Probably the best known to the libraries is her name in connection with the collection of the poems by early Californian writers known as "Outcroppings."

She is a native of Indiana, and came to California in the early fifties; the daughter of Col. George B. Tingley of Kentucky, a pioneer and wife of Hon. James H. Laurence. Mrs. Laurence is of a romantic, optimistic turn of mind.

MARY V. LAURENCE.

Among those well known in their day who acted as editor or local writer or contributor to the *Union* at different periods, were Lauren Upson, characterized by "strong, business-like articles," Joseph Winans, Dr. Morse, Paschal Coggins, who all belong to the "Passed Away," who know not, neither do they care, whether their names remain with us or not. Others, still among us, are E. G. Waite, Secretary of State, Lauren F. Crane, James E. P. Weeks, A. P. Catlin, Capt. J. D. Young, James T. Watkins, C. C. Goodwin, and many others, some of whom were afterward connected with the *Record-Union*.

The following letter received by the *Wasp* during the initial publication of these sketches, is here reprinted :

‘Editors *Wasp*—

Gentlemen: In your January number your pictures of Paul Morrill and James Anthony brought back from the "newspaporial dust" two familiar faces. They are excellent pictures, and if Jim and Paul could see them they would say "true to life." I notice you speak of Paschal Coggins as one of the later editors. The *Union* had but three local writers during its lifetime—first, Frank Folger; second, A. S. Smith; third, Paschal Coggins. It is remarkable that while it had a dozen editorial writers, and that all of them are dead, it had but three local writers during its existence. I believe I am the only survivor. The three publishers and its able corps of editorial writers are on the "other side." I am saved to be pestered with a Postoffice. Very respectfully,

A. S. Smith."

RECORD-UNION.

1867-1893.

PUBLISHERS, EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

William F. Mills, John L Sickler, J. F. Sheehan, James J. Keegan, James B. McQuillan, George Frederick Parsons, James F. Bowman, B. B. Redding, E. P. Willis, J. A. Woodson, C. F. McGlashan, N. E. White, Isabel Saxon, Kate Heath, (pen name of Julia B. Foster), Philip Shirley (pen name of Annie Lake Townsend), Sterling (pen name of Ella Sterling Cummins), Eliza Keith, Leila Lindley and many others.

The Sacramento *Record* was the first opposition paper to the old *Union* which survived. The *Record* was first issued in February, 1867, and soon became a stalwart Republican paper. The regular Republicans and friends of George C. Gorham, whom the *Union* defeated for Governor, rallied to its support, and in the Presidential campaign of 1868, it became a power in Northern California. This paper was conducted for five years by John F. Sickler, J. F. Sheehan and James J. Keegan. In 1872 W. H. Mills secured control of the paper, and later on it was consolidated with the *Union* and is now known as the *Record-Union.*

When, in 1875, the *Record-Union* passed into the hands of William H. Mills, he was a young man endowed with tireless energy and a tendency toward the analytical in writing. But it is not so much in what he has written that Mr. Mills excels. His gift is in speaking English as few men do—even his ordinary conversation sparkles with epigram, metaphor, delicate and acute analysis and curious collocations of words—new, fresh and vivid. It is impossible for the writer to find anything of his in print equal to the unconscious eloquence which ordinarily slips into his conversational monologues. And anything else would not properly represent the bent of mind or literary style peculiar to Mr. Mills, whose part in life has been to give ideas and inspire other writers upon all themes—practical, poetical and timely—

from the fertility of his own brain. He retired from the *Record-Union* to take the position of land agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad, left vacant by the death of B. B. Redding in 1882; but up to the present he is still engaged upon writings of a more or less practical nature or scientific value, and meanwhile dispenses his very best thoughts to those who come to him for literary assistance. Many an attractive article which appears in public print has been inspired by Mr. Mills, without even quotation marks in the proper places.

In answer to the question, why editors discourage young writers from indulging in figures of speech, Mr. Mills responds as follows:

> "It is because the ornate is more liable to abuse than the sober; ornament construction and do not construct ornamentation. A house must have walls. Simplicity of construction would be four walls with partitions. Angles are made for the purpose of relieving monotony—clouds break up the monotony of the sky. The stars give brilliancy, light and ornamentation to the midnight firmament. It is night that gives light and joy to day. Thought intensifies emotion; the emotion which comes from intensity of thought is true emotion. Emotion unsupported by thought is merely the wings without the bird, the soul without the personality, spirit that was not evolved from matter. The earth must have warmth, but not melting fervor. There is a grandeur in eloquence when it lifts the mind to a lofty summit, but the summit on which it stands must be somber and substantial. The difference between thoughtful work and merely poetic fancy is the difference between a fire in the house and a house on fire."

As in the case with the successful daily paper of a town or city, as was the *Record-Union* in Sacramento under these encouraging influences, many bright minds clustered around it, producing a certain kind of literature peculiar to itself.

Of the writers on the *Record-Union* one, George Frederick Parsons, has since achieved fame in the East. He is chiefly remembered as having a special gift for metaphysics, quite bewildering Sacramentans with a series of wonderful articles on a new system of religious belief, entitled "Theosophy," almost before it was heard of in this country. He was a gifted writer outside of this field, however, and, since his connection with the New York *Tribune*, has edited many translations in addition to his editorial work, notably writing introductions of a high order to the novels of Balzac, as presented in America. His name appears where few of our Californian writers are allowed to enter, and that is in the "American Author's Encyclopedia," as published by Edmund Clarence Stedman. Mr. Parsons is specially remarkable for his handwriting, specimens of which are prized highly by autograph hunters. It is almost microscopic in fineness, and yet legible. In 1871 that prince of Bohemians, the late James F. Bowman, was associated with Parsons on the *Record*, and has since left an indelible impression by his exquisite poems, some of which have been boldly though not successfully appropriated by literary purloiners.

Although brought up in a newspaper office, John F. Sheehan says he makes no claim to literary talent. He has been a working journalist and manager rather than a writer. He was city editor of the original *Record*, afterward had a controlling interest in the *Bee*, and then became owner and managing editor of the San Francisco *Evening Post*. It is rather a matter of pride with him that he worked side by side with Henry George upon the old *Union* in 1864. Mr. Sheehan has the keen insight of the journalist who is also a politician, and has a thousand reminiscences to tell of the battles of forces that have taken place in the political warfare of California. Being also a veteran member of the Grand Army of the Republic and a member of the Bohemian and Union League clubs, he is a representative man in other lines as well as journalism.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN.

Among the noted writers employed on the *Record* was James B. McQuillan, who was a native of Washington, D. C. He was a forcible political writer, but like many who preceded, and like many who have come after, he indulged in too much geniality, which led him to an early grave. John F. Sickler has passed away, and Keegan is now secretary of the Board of State Harbor Commissioners, while John F. Sheehan is Registrar of the United States Land Office.

No better descriptive articles have been written for any Californian journal than those written under the encouragement of W. H. Mills for the *Record-Union* by C. F. McGlashan. He is well known in connection with the Truckee *Republican*, with which he has been connected more or less for the past fifteen years; and also for the remarkable correspondence contributed to the *Record-Union* on the Mountain Meadows massacre and other historical chapters of our past, in which he obtained his information by almost detective work among the Mormons, securing his facts at first hand. As a result of his discoveries, thus made known to the government authorities through the columns of the *Record-Union*, an investigation was made and the chief instigator of the Mountain Meadows massacre was apprehended and finally, after due trial, executed, though so many years had elapsed that the atrocity was almost forgotten. In addition to these articles Mr. McGlashan has written a most singular book, one which is more celebrated to the outside world than at home. It is entitled the "History of the Donner Party; a Tragedy of the Sierras," and was first published in 1879. Six editions have been published and sold, with continual increasing demand. The author, Charles Fayette McGlashan, was born near Janesville, Wis., August 12, 1847. He came across the plains when but 7 years of age, and early gave evidence of aptitude with the pen.

C. F. McGLASHAN.

Simplicity and earnestness characterize Mr. McGlashan's literary style. The book in question is the most powerful portraiture of the people in the Donner party that has ever been given, excepting none. In the efforts not to exaggerate the sufferings and suspicions of that awful experience, there is a certain degree of inadequateness of expression that is the height of art, and only serves to make more vivid and powerful the impression of horror that creeps in while reading page after page. With the detective instinct of the reporter the facts were obtained from eye-witnesses, most of whom are now dead, so that Mr. McGlashan has presented a tale absolutely truthful. The following is a scrap from the book, characteristic of the simplicity and earnestness of the story :

> "When the June sunshine gladdened the Sacramento Valley, three little bare-footed girls walked here and there among the houses and tents of Sutter's Fort. They were scantily clothed, and one carried a thin blanket. At night they said their prayers, lay down in whatever tent they happened to be, and, folding the blanket about them, fell asleep in each other's arms. When they were hungry they asked food of whomsoever they met. If any one inquired who they were, they answered as their mother had taught them: 'We are the children of Mr. and Mrs. George Donner.' But they added something which they had learned since. It was: 'And our parents are dead.' "

Among the good old stand-bys of the *Record-Union* are E. P. Willis, J. A. Woodson and N. E. White, who have been employed variously as reporters, editors and chiefs for the past twenty years.

Among the names of women who have written stories and correspondence for the *Record-Union* are Isabel Saxon, Kate Heath (pen name of Julia B. Foster), "Sterling," the pen name of Ella Sterling Cummins; "Philip Shirley," the pen name of Annie Lake Townsend; Eliza Keith, Leila Lindley and others. Some of the stories have been excellent, notably one by Isabel Saxon, entitled "Kath."

* * *

THE HESPERIAN.

1858–1862.

EDITORS:

Mrs. F. H. Day, Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Strong.

CONTRIBUTORS,

"Old Block," "Caxton," G. T. Sproat, W. Wadsworth, Frank Soule, Calvin B. McDonald, Anna M. Fitch and others.

"Like her nice little magazine, Mrs. Day is dead." So says Calvin B. McDonald regarding the *Hesperian*, an earnest literary periodical which was issued in San Francisco in 1859 by women. It was evidently not the first attempt of the kind, for in the editorial department there is a gentle little pluming of wings over the success of the *Hesperian* as compared with some periodical of the same kind which preceded it.

> "Mrs. Day commenced her career editorial, as we thought, under rather unfavorable auspices. It was at a time when California confidence was not unbounded in *editresses*, one of the results of the short and *week* reign of the *Athenaeum*"

It appears also that the jealousy now existing between Los Angeles and San Francisco (and which the latter city cannot be made to comprehend even to this day) was in full force in 1858. A slap at the fogs and winds and the scrub oaks of San Francisco is given by a Los Angeles paper in order to show why "the tender plants of feminine literature could not be expected to flourish in such an atmosphere."

There are some good prints and sketches given of "Early Settlers of California," including George C. Yount of Yountville, Thomas O. Larkin, Mrs. T. O. Larkin, Jacob T. Leese, Isaac J. Sparks, Peter Lassen and others.

The contents vary from sublime thoughts upon "Milton" to the best method of making muffins and embroidering flannel skirts. Some of "Caxton's" sketches appear here—he who afterward wrote successful hoax stories and became known under his own name, that of W. H. Rhodes. Calvin B. McDonald takes up the lance in favor of the women of California, protesting against the popular writing of that day in which they were represented as lacking in the cardinal virtues of the women of the East.

> "What, if here and there a woman discouraged, neglected and despairing, goes forth under maledictions, thick and unsparing as Arctic hail? Should one of the Pleiades, abandoning the bright society of her sisters, fall, rayless, forever, down the infinite depths of space, should we the less admire the steadfastness of the six remaining Vergiliæ, that, unspotted in lustre, and in meek obedience to the Creator, tread their eternal orbits, sorrowing and unsinning?"

A curious tale is that by W. Wadsworth on "The Earliest Pioneer of All—A Digger Woman of the Olden Time." She is described as being two hundred years old, her nearest of kin descendant as ninety, and as telling freely of the great river to the north—the Columbia—and of the snowy mountains whose ashes fell like rain, and of convulsions of nature where rivers were driven from their beds by the mountains. But among the members of her tribe who have no knowledge of the land of the north from whence she came, she was given the charming title of the "Old Lying Mother."

As a whole, there is much more local color in the *Hesperian* than in any of the other early magazines.

WRITERS OF THE SAGEBRUSH SCHOOL.

1858-1893.

Joseph T. Goodman, Mark Twain, Fred H. Hart, Henry R. Mighels, Dan de Quille(William Wright) Sam Davis, John Franklin Swift, C. C. Goodwin, Joseph Wasson, Rollin M. Daggett and others.

Sagebrush school? Why not? Nothing in all our Western literature so distinctly savors of the soil as the characteristic books written by the men of Nevada and that interior part of the State where the sagebrush grows.

There is something in that region of high altitudes, grey alkali, grey sagebrush, grey rocks, spring freshets and glorious sunsets that has always precluded the possibility of taking up the pen to write of dukes, duchesses, heather-blooms and English uplands, or ot scenes of New England, or anywhere else under the sun's shining save of that weird, fascinating, ugly land in which they dwelled.

The inspiration of that literary movement began with the Virginia *Territorial Enterprise*, in the early sixties, under the management of Joseph T. Goodman, editor, literateur and poet, whose name is embroidered as with a golden thread all over the history of our Californian literature. The *Enterprise* was as a great success in its way—twining itself about the hearts of the people—as the Sacramento *Union*. These two journals represent a phase in public feeling and occupy a place in public affection that can never be repeated in our history.

The files of the old *Enterprise* may be found at the Merchants' Exchange in this city, on California street, near Montgomery. It is rich with vivid picture and stirring editorial, odd stories and racy correspondence and delicate poems. Here are to be found Mark Twain's lucubrations before he became famous to the rest of the world, but was a welcome and familiar jester with cap and bells to the people of Nevada.

It was during this time that Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens) laid away the experiences and pictures for his inimitable "Roughing It," which contains some of his cleverest work in the way of description. It will be remembered that he was a millionaire for ten days in the town of Aurora, Nevada, having, with a friend, located a mine, "The Wide West." His friend went off for a trip somewhere out of town, and *he* fell sick, each thinking the other could make the proper record of the location in the land-office. But the time expired, and as each appeared on the scene some ten days after, a horde of hungry miners was found in possession of the celebrated mine. Thus fell his hopes, and, instead of a mining millionaire, a humorist was spared to the world. Although no one need fear that he ran any chance of being a millionaire over the "Wide West" mine, for the writer, as a child, played over the historic spot and saw only a shut-down mill and desolate hole in the ground to mark the spot where over-hopeful men had sunk thousands and thousands that they never recovered. It was just the same old fraud that every other mine is.

But his description of Mono Lake—the Dead Sea of the West, a few miles from Aurora, is perfect in detail and picturing. His view of the coyote is based on the genuine prowler of those regions and you can almost smell the sagebrush and taste the alkali after reading "Roughing It."

In his work upon the *Enterprise* was a bit of literary criticism which has passed into a familiar saying, to be handed down from father to son and mother to daughter. Upon the death of Lincoln many obituary poems sprang into print, among them, one which took the fancy of Mark Twain, who set it off thus:

"Gone, gone, gone,
Gone to his endeavor;
Gone, gone, gone,
Forever and forever."

"This is a very nice refrain to this little poem. But if there *is* any criticism to make upon it, I should say that there was a little too much 'gone' and not enough 'forever.'" And to this day it is used as a case in point relating to a superfluity of any kind.

In the correspondence of Joseph T. Goodman from Europe to the *Enterprise*, he gives a pen picture of the throne room of the Napoleons and the French kings, where by some strange chance he entered and found no one in keeping. He wandered about, and, finally, with the coolness that marks the Western American, he went up and tried the throne to see how it felt to occupy so distinguished a position. Suddenly the officials appeared on the scene with a procession of courtiers and ladies, and the cool man from Nevada was ignominously hustled out of the spot sacred to royalty. This story is told from memory, but the words of Mr. Goodman upon the situation are remembered distinctly:

> "Some people might have felt hurt at such an incident, but I reflected that I was not the first man to have been kicked off that throne; in fact, that I was in royal company, and, further, I felt sustained by thinking it was very likely that I would not be the last one, either."

It gives historic point to the story to add that before the year was out Mr. Goodman's prophecy was fulfilled, for Louis Napoleon entered upon the war with Prussia, and the French throne vanished into air.

One of the typical books of this school is that of the "Sazerac Lying Club." This was published by Fred H. Hart, editor of the Reese River *Reveille*, and contains many felicitous scraps and yarns from that journal. Humor, grotesque and characteristic, play over the pages. Local color is laid on unsparingly, well known individuals are here cartooned and immortalized. The atmosphere of Nevada, the glory of the sunsets, pictures of the mining town and its people, customs and manners, all are here so vividly portrayed that it is almost panoramic. To one who has ever lived in these climes the volume is a source of unfailing amusement.

"Sagebrush Leaves" is a volume which was published in 1879, written by Henry R. Mighels under peculiar circumstances. He was editor and proprietor of the Carson *Appeal* from 1865, and occupied a position of great influence in the politics of the State, being a Republican.

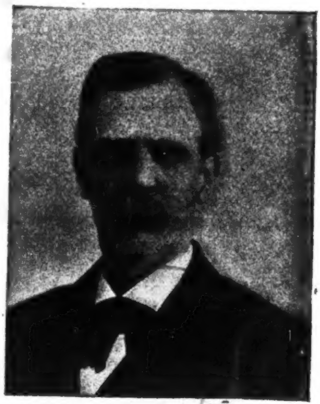
While often planning to write a book some day, it was not until his physician decided that the deadly foe of his life—which had reappeared despite the surgeon's knife— could not be removed, that he began the work, and then it was as a legacy to his wife and children. He maintained this astonishing nerve to the end. Just before he passed away he seemed to be relapsing into unconsciousness, and his wife, rousing him a little, said: "Do you know me, Harry?"

He opened his eyes, and, looking up with a smile, replied: "I think we have met before."

In a few moments he was dead.

The following sketch is contributed by his son, Philip Verrill Mighels:

"Henry Rust Mighels combined the chivalry of a soldier and the talent of a pure and simple artist, with a streak of lively humor and a vein of refined and sympathetic poetry which always permeated his journalistic utterances. He was a true lover of nature, finding in the mere rustle of the trees a sublime melody that often soothed him in the endless succession of days when agony made its fatal inroad to his soul. He was born at Norway, Me., November 5, 1830, and died at Carson, Nev., May 28, 1879.


HENRY RUST MIGHELS.

In the war of the rebellion Mr. Mighels served in his rank of assistant adjutant-general, with rank of captain, with the same ardor that characterized everything that he undertook. When honorably discharged, because of inability longer to serve, he laid aside epaulets and a well-worn sword for the quieter pursuits of a pen, with never a single display of what he had done for his country. He was bitterly opposed to ostentatious show, even of patriotism, and would never join the order of the Grand Army of the Republic because, he said, so many impostors paraded in its ranks. Whenever asked by his children how many rebels he had killed, his invariable answer was: 'I killed as many of them as they did of me.' At Petersburg, June 16, 1864, however, he was severely wounded through both thighs. Mr. Mighels never posed as an artist, but his many friends hung his pictures upon their walls whenever they got a chance. Once he painted a drop curtain. He enjoyed to tell the story that it was valued more for its avoirdupois than its merit as a gem of art. He delighted to paint from still life or from nature, and whether his subject was his childrens' lead soldiers, strewn about the ruins of dismantled toy cannon and bursted firecrackers, or the calm majesty of Mount Tallac, mirrored in the transparent depths of Lake Tahoe, he worked with the same tireless enthusiasm Lake Tahoe possessed a picturesque and poetic charm for Mr. Mighels, which was reflected in some of his subsequent muses of pen and brush.

"In his home life Harry Mighels was happy, bright and cheerful always. Engaged in "tinkering," in which he delighted, he always sang at his work While painting in his studio, which he built, he always insisted upon solitude, frequently calling in his wife, whom he regarded as his best critic, to note effects and make suggestions. The books that he loved most—Thoreau, Macaulay, Ruskin and others—still bear the marks of his repeated perusals, and indications at passages that he most keenly admired. His "Sagebrush Leaves" is a collection of his quaint addresses to his dearest friends through the columns of the *Appeal*. It was compiled upon his death bed. He never even saw the proof-sheets.

"Much as Mr. Mighels dreaded physical pain, he met a painful, lingering death with marvelous fortitude. To the last his bright smile and flashes of ready wit defied the approaching end. When death claimed him a brave, fearless soul went free. He rests as he could have wished—under a green sod, beneath tall, whispering poplar trees."

There is sweetness, crispness and shy humor in the sketches, some of which are exquisite in their tinting, especially one entitled "Mountain Lights and Shadows."

In 1876 was published the "Big Bonanza" by Wm. Wright, better known as Dan de Quille, one of the most consecutive writers, year in and out, from the early days to the present time.

He carried the manuscript East and it was published by his old friend, Mark Twain, and sold by subscription. Possibly this excellent introduction of the book is the reason it is to be found in all the libraries.

The history of the "Big Bonanza" includes an account of the discovery, history and working of the world-renowned Comstock silver-lode of Nevada, and also incidents and adventures, and an exposition of the production of pure silver and copious illustrations of the scenes presented. There is no doubt that this is a work of historical value and at the same time a vivid picture of that wonderful epoch. It is all presented with such sincerity and simplicity that it makes an interesting story from beginning to end.

In the light of the next forty years, over in the Twentieth Century, these pages will read more like the portraiture of some strange people of some other star than our own, and eyes not now in existence will open with wonder over these Indian wars, silver discoveries, strange happenings and pictures of the dark underground world in which the miners lived. It is too soon for us to appreciate the exactness and faithfulness with which this story has been told. Dan de Quille has an able pen, a correct eye, a lucid style, and in his short stories from time to time, have always presented scenes of local color and given them a quality of sincerity.

Another writer of considerable fame at home is Sam Davis, editor of the Carson *Appeal* and contributor to several publications in San Francisco of clever short stories. A number of these were published in 1885 by the *Golden Era* Publishing Company, and revealed some work as fine as a cameo.

SAM. DAVIS.

Notably graphic is the story of the "Pocket Miner," the man who is sent to the Insane Asylum at Stockton. One day, suddenly, he mounts a table and begins to sell imaginary shares of familiar mining-stock, as if in the Stock Exchange. All at once at the familiar sounds the other harmless lunatics cease their wanderings, look up, become interested, and then suddenly awaken to their old-time fascination and one and all bid against the other for the possession of the maddening treasure-trove. It is told so deftly and yet in such simple style that the picture becomes real and the heart is touched and the tears spring for the poor wrecks who have filled the asylums because of this awful fascination of the past.

In this story Mr. Davis achieves the desire of his heart—for he prefers to be known as a pathetic writer rather than as a humorist. For, as he says, "I would rather bring a tear to the eye than make the whole world laugh." Among the treasures found in the usual net cast at Christmas time for Christmas stories by the many literary journals for their holiday numbers, the story contributed by Mr. Davis for the occasion is generally based on some deep feeling that touches the heart. And yet he is considered to be a humorist, and is smiled at among the fraternity regarding his claims as a pathetic writer. He unites the two qualities, however, and can be jocose or serious and sincere, just as he chooses.

Of all the books written about the sagebrush country, there has been none to play such an important part in California politics as John Franklin Swift's novel of "Robert Greathouse." And none has so insisted on being preserved to fame, against the desire of the author, as this one volume—for it is well known that Swift endeavored to call in and destroy the copies; but like all such efforts, it only resulted in giving the novel renewed vitality, so that it still lives, though the author has passed away.

Indeed, the story of "Robert Greathouse" is remarkable for more reasons than one. It has a certain value in presenting types of character, historically correct, of that time and place. In spite of a certain degree of exaggeration that encompasses the entire idea, yet the relative distinctions are nicely adjusted. Jack Gowdy, the stage-driver, who always refers to himself as "a gentleman," is the real hero of the book, and would be called "a creation" only that it is the crystalization of the Nevada stage-driver himself, and was merely transferred from actual existence into the covers of a book. A similar transference is the type drawn under the name of Robert Greathouse, the Southerner, who is celebrated for having killed five or six men,

JOHN FRANKLIN SWIFT.

and yet, whose every word rings out with genuine feeling and caustic humor.

The women of the book are merely types of what men most admire—sweetness and refinement of manner. In this later day we should call them very weak, but that they exist there is no doubt. There is not a figure in the play of the drama that does not bear marks of having been copied from real personages. The fact of the matter is, that these characters recognized themselves and resented the pictures drawn. This resentment came to be a real force years after, when the author, John F. Swift, came up for political honors. Chapters from his novel were reprinted and quotations used in speeches and open letters against him. And this was why, when Swift was consumed with ambitious fires, he tried to recall and destroy the book he had written in all the honesty of his heart in more youthful days—in the youthful days when he did not fear to tell the truth. For this book is historically true, in the main, and the writer does not fear to say that, as a whole, it is more vivid and stirring in its play upon the nobler feelings of the heart than any other novel written by a Californian.

AN EXTRACT.

"'The damned redskins have killed me,' he shouted, 'but they did not get the woman and her blue-eyed babies this trip, by G——d.'

"Then there was a fall, and the driver was seen stretched in the road in front of the coach wheels. They picked him up and bore him into the station. The little blue-eyed girl followed her friend inside and looked in his face. For a minute she thought she saw a smile of recognition dwell for a moment upon the weather-beaten visage of the stage-driver, and then all was fixed and vacant. * * * The bullets of the Apaches had plunged through his body in half a score of places. The rude skill of the backwoodsmen knew no balsam that could heal such injuries. All the science known to the sons of men could not have produced one single pulsation in the brave heart that now was stilled. The number of gentlemen in the world was reduced by one. Jack Gowdy was dead."

"Going to Jerico" is the title of a volume containing the account of Swift's trip to Palestine, which account is very readable and enjoyable. John Franklin Swift was known better as a politician than an author, and filled many positions of prominence. He died in Japan March 16, 1891, while representing the United

States as Minister to that country, and was buried with military honors in the cemetery of Lone Mountain, San Francisco.

Well known to journalists and pioneers, but not so well to the later generation, is Judge C. C. Goodwin. He was formerly connected with Joseph T. Goodman in the *Territorial Enterprise* in Virginia City, but is now, and has been for many years, proprietor and editor of the Salt Lake *Tribune*. In this position it is said that he has done more than any other one man in successfully combating and limiting the power of the Mormons in Utah. Hated and feared by them, yet as a brave man he has never quailed when duty and justice pointed the way though his life was at stake. Some of his editorials have glistened with epigram and then revealed that strange power that brings the tears. Some of these have made an indelible impression upon men's minds. One of these has come to the writer merely by word of mouth, having passed into history. It was upon the occasion of fighting the bill in Congress against polygamy, and a certain editorial appeared with the following:

> "The apostles of the Mormon Church still claim and assert that the women of Utah are in favor of polygamy—that they believe it ordained of God. Against this assertion and claim put this bit of conversation, overheard between one Mormon woman and another:
>
> "'Brother Taylor has taken a new wife.'
> "'You don't say—who told you?'
> "'No one.'
> "'How, then, do you know?'
> "'*I saw it in the first wife's eyes.*'
> "And they both sighed."

Judge Goodwin has added to the literature of the coast by a book entitled "The Comstock Club." Upon the title page appears the sentence, "*Neither radiant angels nor magnified monsters, but just plain, true men*," which is the key-note to the story of seven miners of the Comstock lode who keep house together, with Yap Sing for a cook. This is the slender thread upon which is hung a number of stories, incidents, bits of humor, epigrams and odd experiences. The description of the mirage, by one of their number, is a wonderful piece of word-painting, and the story of Sister Celeste a pearl upon the string. Throughout the entire book the spirit of magnanimity and genuine right feeling so prevails that its tone is uplifting and heroic, while, at the same time, the spirit of sweet humor so pervades the whole that it never becomes sententious or heavy.

Perhaps the ending of the book is rather anti-climax in its impression, amid the solemnity of the burial of the dead miner. But as the author has entrusted the thread of the story to women at the close, he probably thought it had to be told trivially. The cost of the mourning dresses and the fine quality of the material and its becomingness to the young lady mourners at the funeral, as told by their aunt, strikes rather unpleasantly after all the grandeur of the thoughts expressed by the Comstock Club in the presence of death. As they are Eastern women, it is all right. The author evidently did not care to deviate from the custom of the sagebrush writers in depicting the ideal woman as a race separate and distinct from man, differentiated solely by her mere beauty and weakness of mind. But we all know, we who have lived in that land, that there were women there as well as men—brave Parthenias of the sagebrush as well as Ingomars—women whose charms were not impaired by the fact that they developed courage and fortitude and helped to redeem those Ingomars and make judges and statesmen of them, even though they remained in the shadows of the mighty figures that they themselves exalted. Some day there will come a writer bold enough and keen enough to portray the lives of both, and then will the true history be written. With this exception, Judge Goodwin's book is admirable. Among the stories told by the Comstock Club are several of Harry Mighels', which not even repetition can cause to lose their flavor and crispness of humor.

One of the cleverest of our early writers, one whose literary work speaks for itself, is Rollin Mallory Daggett, the editor of the old *Golden Era*. He never ceases producing something of literary value, articles, poems or volumes, even though he has time to stop and play at politics meanwhile.

He was born at Richville, New York, February 22, 1831. Coming to California, when but a boy, he had many strange experiences. A legend connected with Mr. Daggett's name runs as follows:

"While crossing the plains he found a deserted camp in which the dead were lying unburied, and a cow and two living little children in the midst of them. He took pity on them, rigged up a kind of a cart, hitched the cow to it, and carried the children with him on his way to California. He kept the children alive upon the milk of the cow until he fell in with a party crossing the plains who gave them something to help them along. One morning he found the cow dead—but in its place, strangely convenient, stood a magnificent bull. Nothing loth he hitched it to the cart and took his children on to California. After many other remarkable experiences he arrived in Placerville. They were almost without clothing and penniless. He put his children to bed and went out to find a purchaser for the bull. With the money in hand he provided the things necessary—but when the purchaser went into the stable to lead home his fine animal he had vanished into air. The point of the story is that Mr. Daggett insists that he does not believe it was a real bull at all, but a mysterious guardian of the plains who came to his assistance. The addition is made to the tale that the children were soon after shipped back East to relatives who claimed them."

I present this tale merely as a legend which I obtained from Joseph T. Goodman.

Mr. Daggett has always been known in connection with Californian literature. His stories and poems brighten the pages of many of the files. His best known volume is entitled "Legends and Myths of Hawaii," written while filling the position of Minister to that interesting little kingdom. His novel, "Braxton's Bar," has had a large circulation. As an example of his literary style is here presented one of the very best local poems of California that has yet come to light. Notice is particularly drawn to the line "And hewed from a mighty ashlar the form of a sovereign State":

MY NEW YEAR'S GUESTS.

[SCENE—*A chamber in Virginia City, one of the pictures on the wall being the reduced photographs of over five hundred California pioneers of* 1849.

TIME—*Midnight, December* 31, 1881.

The winds come cold from the southward, with incense of fir and pine,
And the flying clouds grow darker as they halt and fall in line.
The valleys that reach the deserts, mountains that greet the clouds,
Lie bare in the arms of winter, which the prudish night enshrouds.
The leafless sage on the hillside, the willows low down the stream,
And the sentry rocks above us, have faded all as a dream.
The fall of the stamp grows fainter; the voices of night sink low;
And, spelled from labor, the miner toils home through the drifting snow.
As I sit alone in my chamber this last of the dying year,
Dim shades of the past surround me, and faint through the storm I hear

Old tales of the castles builded, under shelving rock and pine,
Of the bearded men and stalwart I greeted in forty-nine;
The giants with hopes audacious; the giants of iron limb;
The giants who journeyed westward when the trails were new and dim;
The giants who felled the forests, made pathways o'er the snows,
And planted the vine and fig tree where the manzanita grows;
Who swept down the mountain gorges, and painted their endless night
With their cabins, rudely fashioned, and their camp-fires' ruddy light;
Who builded great towns and cities, who swung back the Golden Gate,
And hewed from the mighty ashlar the form of a sovereign State;
Who came like a flood of waters to a thirsty desert plain,
And where there had been no reapers grew valleys of golden grain.

Nor wonder that this strange music sweeps in from the silent past,
And comes with the storm this evening, and blends its strains with the blast
Nor wonder that through the darkness should enter a spectral throng,
And gather around my table with the old-time smile and song;

For there on the wall before me, in a frame of gilt and brown,
With a chain of years suspended, old faces are looking down;
Five hundred all grouped together—five hundred old pioneers—
Now list as I raise the taper and trace the steps of the years:

Behold this face near the center; we met ere his locks were gray;
His purse like his heart was open; he struggles for bread to-day.

To this one the fates were cruel; but he bore his burden well,
And the willow bends in sorrow by the wayside where he fell.

Great losses and grief crazed this one; great riches turned this one's head;
And a faithless wife wrecked this one—he lives, but were better dead.

Now closer the light on this face; 'twas wrinkled when we were young;
His torch drew our footsteps westward; his name is on every tongue.

Rich was he in lands and kindness, but the human deluge came
And left him at last with nothing but death and a deathless fame.

'Twas a kindly hand that grouped them—these faces of other years—
The rich and the poor together—the hopes, and the smiles, and the tears
Of some of the fearless hundreds, who went like the knights of old,
The banner of empire bearing to the land of blue and gold.

For years have I watched these shadows, as others I know have done;
As death touched their lips with silence, I have draped them one by one,
'Till, seen where the dark-plumed Angel has mingled them here and there,
The brows I have flecked with sable the living cloud everywhere.

Darker and darker and darker these shadows will yearly grow,
As, changing, the seasons bring us the bud and the falling snow;
And soon—let me not invoke it!—the final prayer will be said,
And strangers will write the record: "The last of the group is dead."

And then—but why stand here gazing? A gathering storm in my eyes
Is mocking the weeping tempest that billows the midnight skies;
And, stranger still—is it fancy?—are my senses dazed and weak?—
The shadowy lips are moving as if they would ope and speak;
And I seem to hear low whispers, and catch the echo of strains
That rose from the golden gulches and followed the moving trains.

The scent of the sage and desert, the path o'er the rocky height,
The shallow graves by the roadside—all, all have come back to-night;
And the mildewed years, like stubble, I trample under my feet,
And drink again at the fountain when the wine of life was sweet;

And I stand once more exalted where the white pine frets the skies,
And dream in the winding canyon where early the twilight dies.
Now the eyes look down in sadness. The pulse of the year beats low;
The storm has been awed to silence; the muffled hands of the snow,
Like the noiseless feet of mourners, are spreading a pallid sheet
O'er the breast of dead December and glazing the shroud with sleet.

Hark! the bells are chiming midnight; the storm bends its list'ning ear,
While the moon looks through the cloud-rifts and blesses the new-born year.

And now the faces are smiling. What augury can it be?
No matter; the hours in passing will fashion the years for me.

Bar closely the curtained windows; shut the light from every pane,
While, free from the world's intrusion and curious eyes profane,
I take from its leathern casket, a dinted old cup of tin,
More precious to me than silver, and blessing the draught within,
I drink alone in silence to the Builders of the West—
"Long life to the hearts still beating, and peace to the hearts at rest."

—*R. M. Daggett.*

Joseph Wasson's great work has been in the establishing of the State Mining and Mineral Bureau of San Francisco while in the Legislature from Mono County. In recognition of his great services a handsome oil-painting hangs in the place of honor in that department, and it is as "Father of the Mining Bureau" that he will be known to posterity. But it is as a journalist that he is best known to the people who are now passing away.

He was born in Worcester, O., coming to California when but 19 years of age. He was a printer by trade, and was always connected with some journal as editor or proprietor, in Nevada and Arizona, founding the Winnemucca *Argent* and the Arizona *Citizen*. After the seventies he went to Europe several times and became a special correspondent for many papers East and West. He was in the Custer war and corresponded for the San Francisco *Chronicle*. Forney, editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, wrote of Joseph Wasson that he was one of the best newspaper correspondents he had ever known. Among other things he studied up Creole life in Louisiana for the New York papers. He then returned to Mono County, Cal., and was sent to the Legislature, where he passed the bill referred to. Afterward, being in ill-health, he was offered and accepted the position of Consul to Mexico, and a year or so after. died in April, 1883, at San Blas.

He was a man of the oddest mixture of qualities, being quiet and yet full of dry humor, being cynical and yet full of good-heartedness at the same time. A quaint kind of crisp humor pervaded all his writings, a few brief extracts being given, merely as indicative of his style:

> "There never was on the face of the earth so much salvation and so little soap in one place as at Rome."
>
> "When coming up the river Lee, from Queenstown to Cork, I thought I would like to buy up the whole country, send the people to America to help out the Democratic ticket, and live on the Emerald Isle forever."

JOSEPH WASSON.

As this form of the volume goes to press the announcement is made of the suspension of the old *Territorial Enterprise*. Founded in 1858, it continued in existence until January, 1893. In the columns of the San Francisco *Examiner* appears a timely symposium on the subject, including personal sketches from Dan De Quille, Rollin M. Dagget, Sam Davis and others. Nothing can be better as a picture of the old *Enterprise* than the part contributed by Arthur McEwen, which is here quoted:

IN THE HEROIC DAYS.

ARTHUR MCEWEN PAINTS THE COMSTOCK WHEN THE "ENTERPRISE" WAS YOUNG.

"The life of the Comstock in the old days never has been written so that those who did not share it can understand; it never can be so written, for to be like all would have to be set down, and that's a feat beyond mortal pen. Many have tried, and all have failed. Mark Twain has come nearest the reality—not so much in what he has told, but in the spirit of his work. It was there that Mark got his point of view—that shrewd, graceless, good-humored, cynical way of looking at things as they in fact are—unbullied by authority and indifferent to traditions—which has made the world laugh.

"You have heard a stranger telling a story to friends of his who were strangers to you of some drunken freak of a person known to them, and wondered why they roared. To you the story was simply that of a blackguard performance, eccentric, perhaps, but shameful. But you see these strangers were in possession of knowledge of the drunkard's sober, decorous life, and that served as a background against which the inebriate folly showed grotesquely and made mirth irresistible.

"I think the illustration helps to explain why only a Comstocker can thoroughly understand and enjoy stories about the Comstock.

"There was a deal of drinking in Virginia when the *Enterprise* and the town were new, but it wasn't all drinking. Some of the brightest men of the country were working as well as having fun there. Lawyers, I understand, admit that the bar was about the brainiest ever gathered together in one town of the size, or ten times the size. Adventurers, with keen wits and empty pockets, were drawn there as naturally as gamblers seek a faro room. Rolling stones of every kind obeyed the moral law of gravitation by rolling up Mount Davidson. It was a city of men. If any of them were poor, that troubled them not at all, for they expected to be rich next week, and had good ground for the expectation. Those who were rich had so recently been poor that they had not forgotten it, and the circumstance was not so unusual as to be deemed a title to others' deference. Everybody was rated for what he was, not for what he had. There were no classes, only individuals. Pretension was out of order. Not to be a man of sense, frank, free-handed and without prejudices, was to find one's self a second or third grader. The men most distinguished for ability were the best fellows, the heartiest roysterers, the most democratic. Money was no object. There were oceans of it underground. Writing, years later, when a proportion of the lucky had set up their carriages and become respectable, Henry Mighels—that man of talent, whose life was wasted on the frontier—said, in his "Sagebrush Leaves":

"'Somehow we are all of us too well known to one another—we fortune hunters and soldiers of fortune of the earlier days—to be safe is the assumption of any very superior virtues. It is not so many years since we were strangers to all banks and bank accounts, all the pretentiousness and all the glamour of "society," all the assumptions and requirements of polished intercourse; it is only too well within the memory of your castaway when he was the open-handed Robin Goodfellow, and the now more fortunate Sir Kassimere Broadcloth served him his bacon and potatoes, and was not too high-spirited to render him the nimble obsequiousness of his very humble servant—though the sycophancy never was asked. We are all of the same household, as it were, and are known to one another for what we are worth, and stand upon our merits and not our pretensions. Moreover, your "flint mill" is not without its value as a school. It has great virtue in that it shakes the snob out of a man and makes the manners of the parvenu sit awkwardly upon him.'

"But if any one had the native disposition to be a snob while the Comstock was roaring in its fiery young vigor he took care not to show it. That was no time for airs; there was no one who would stand them, no one who wasn't as good as his neighbor and had his right acknowledged. It was a republic in which the ablest were first. If a man lost his money he set about making more in the stock market. Between times he attended to whatever other business he might have, played poker and things and joined any other of the boys who were having a good time in their simple, sinful way.

"Of this life of audacious gayety and gambling the *Enterprise* was the mirror, and a participant. It was a Comstocker to the backbone. Money poured into its safe, and the owners of that safe were gentlemen who knew how to spend its contents for their own delectation and the good of the town. Joseph T. Goodman, the principal proprietor and controlling editor, was a young man of distinct gifts. A poet of imagination, a scholar, a dramatic critic, a playwright and a writer of leaders that had the charm of entire freedom from every restriction save his own judgment of what ought not to be said. Everything from his pen possessed the literary quality. Original, forcible, confident, mocking and alive with the impulses of an abounding and generous youth, the *Enterprise* was to Goodman a safety-valve for his ideas rather than a daily burden of responsibility. He hired Rollin M. Daggett to do the editorial drudgery—Daggett, famous then for scissors and seven-up, and since Congressman and Minister to Hawaii. To Daggett was left the solemn duty of writing or stealing the necessary, the perfunctory editorials, while Editor Goodman was off criticising the show, and banqueting the actors afterward, or constructing a poem, or sharing in the easy converse of the Washoe Club. But if Editor Goodman became seized of an idea that needed expression, if somebody must be roasted, a corrupt judge driven from the bench, the Republican party ordered to adopt or abandon a policy, Editor Goodman attended to the agreeable function himself. There never has been a paper like the *Enterprise* on the Coast since and never can be again—never one so entirely human, so completely the reflex of a splendid personality and a mining camp's buoyant life.

"An unknown nobody of a miner over at Aurora sent in items occasionally. He had humor in him, and Goodman offered him a salary to come over and assist Dan de Quille as a reporter. He came. It was Clemens—Mark Twain.

"Than Goodman and Twain no men could be more unlike outwardly. The first was handsome, gallant, self-reliant, but not self-conscious, vehement of speech and swift in action. (He called out the silver-tongued Tom Fitch, then an editor, and shattered his knee with a pistol ball, for instance, in return for an unpleasant article that appeared in the course of a controversy.) Clemens was sloth-like in movement, had an intolerable drawl, and punished those who offended him by long-drawn sneering speech. But the two were alike at bottom in one thing—both were genuine, and had the quality of brain that enables one man to understand another of opposite temperament and manner. They soon became friends.

"Not many people liked Mark Twain, if one may judge by the tone of deprecation in which he is spoken of on the Comstock to this day. But go to any small place from which a celebrated man has sprung and the same phenomenon appears. It is the villager's way of impressing upon the stranger the villager's superior, intimate knowledge of the great man. They say that Mark was mean—that he would join in revels and not pay his share, and so on. Those who knew him well, who had the requisite intelligence to be more than surface companions, tell a different story. His salary was not large, and he sent a good part of it back to Missouri, where it was needed, instead of "spending it like a man" on his own pleasures. In brief, Mr. Clemens, while he enjoyed the rough-and-tumble, devil-may-care Comstock life, wasn't carried away by it. He knew there was a world outside. The first work that showed the stuff of which he was made was done on the *Enterprise*.

"The local department of the *Enterprise*, for which Mark Twain and Dan de Quille were responsible, was as unlike the local department of a city newspaper of the present as the town and time were unlike the San Francisco of to-day. The indifference to "news" was noble—none the less so because it was so blissfully unconscious. Editor Mark or Dan would dismiss a murder with a couple of inches, and sit down and fill up a column with a fancy sketch. They were about equally good in the sort of invention required for such efforts, and Dan very often did the better work. But the one had reach and ambition; the other lived for the moment. Dan de Quille remains still on the old lode, outlasting the *Enterprise*. He is not soured at his fate, and no man has heard him utter a word of envy of his more fortunate worker of the past. Indeed, no man ever knew Dan de Quille to say or do a mean thing. A bright-minded, sweet-spirited, loyal and unaffected old philosopher he, with a love for the lode and a faith in it that neither years or disappointment can quench.

"But I didn't set out to write of all the men who made the *Enterprise* the unique paper that it was—a paper with a soul in it. That soul departed when in 1874 Mr. Goodman sold it to Senator Sharon and came away to be a Californian, with other than journalistic ambitions. For some years its prestige and the talents of Judge Goodwin kept it up, but in 1880 he, too, departed, and since then the fate of the *Enterprise* has been the fate of the camp—to dwindle.

"Not for what it has been during recent years, but for what it was when the paper and they were young does the death of the *Enterprise* give old Comstockers a shock. It revives memories. The belated tragedy brings it home to them that they are growing old—and that's the deuce."—*Arthur McEwen.*

OLIVE HARPER.

1871.

Many beautiful things were written by Olive Harper in the earlier days of our literature, and floating through the daily press they found lodgment in the family scrap-books of Californian homes. When the *Argonaut* printed a number of poems upon the theme "Cleopatra," Olive Harper's lines were included among the rest, and her name preserved. But outside of this recognition she is little known, and not to be classified otherwise, as her writings were scattered hither and yon in the daily press, and not to be collected under the head of any one literary journal.

Who was Olive Harper?

One day a little girl came to the office of the Oakland *News* and handed in a manuscript to the editor, who happened to be Calvin B. McDonald. "My mamma sent it," she explained.

The editor laid it to one side, thinking it was the usual "not available," which was always arriving. But when finally he found time to open the bundle, he was surprised. In his own words, "It was one of the comicalest things I ever came across." He sought out the writer of the article and found her to be Mrs. Ellen Gibson, a widow with two little children, and condemned to the use of crutches to get about. Straightway he interested the proprietors of the *Alta* in the new writer, and in a little while the St. Louis *Globe*, and for her letters she was soon receiving $60 a week. She went to Yo Semite and wrote up the valley with a truly poetical spirit. Then the two papers combined and sent her to Europe. . For three years she traveled everywhere, visiting Egypt and Turkey especially, making her way into the harems and writing up the scenes in that oriental land for both the St. Louis *Globe* and the San Francisco *Alta*. It is said that her sketches became rather lurid—too much so, in fact, for the *Alta*, who discontinued them after a certain time.

She is said to have returned to San Francisco once since then and back to Europe, where, at the Berlin Exposition, she met a member of the Turkish legation (a relation of the Sultan) and whom she married and with whom she has lived happily since.

She was gifted with imagination to the extreme degree, so much so, that it is said it sometimes ran away with her. She had richness and warmth of nature, and in spite of her crutches was a woman of great attraction. Cleopatra was her favorite in all romance and history and she never wearied talking of the great queen. But her very best work was that on the Yo Semite, from which an extract is given.

"In Yo Semite Valley, in the grand old forests near the eternal rocky cliffs where the thunderous waters of the river fall in everlasting foam, are multitudes of brown-coated mocking birds whose sweet voices are lifted up in worship and songs of praise, as if they were the choristers in this vast temple of the handi work of God.

"When the Bridal Veil rushes like a silvery avalanche over the top of the granite cliff and plunges headlong into the huge, seething caldron, with a reverberation like a tremendous salvo of artillery, making the cliffs resound with its awful echo, the birds are silent, as though the mighty sound were the response of terrific genii to their song of praise.

"But, as the wind sways the water, like a misty floating veil, silently to the other side, then with a wild exultant burst of sweetness never equalled on earth, the birds open their throats and pour forth such thrilling melody that the woods, the very air, the heart and senses, all pulsate in unison with the song. The soul seems to burst asunder its earthly mould and soar on the grateful song to God, the maker, the mighty architect of the wondrous temple.

"The song is not one, sweet but far away, like angel choirs in the vault of heaven, but near you, around you, in your very soul, till you feel as if the birds held you enchanted, and you almost lose consciousness in the overpowering melody, your heart throbs painfully and you are strung to the highest tension of a sublime worship almost insufferable; when with a mighty thundering echo the waters strike the cauldron and the song of the birds is hushed again. Thus it goes on ever, and has for how long the Creator alone knows. Alternate the thunder of the mighty cateract and the melodious pæan of the birds."—*Olive Harper*.

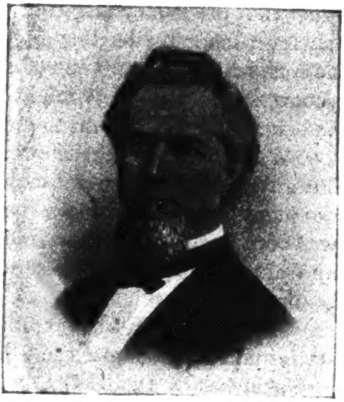
* * *

"CAXTON."

1869.

SKETCH OF W. H. RHODES.

One of the story writers who has more than a local reputation, and yet cannot be classified under the heading of any especially literary journal or magazine, is W. H. Rhodes, who wrote under the pen name of "Caxton." For some reason or other it is said that Bret Harte barred his way to the *Overland*, as he is reported to have done with the poet Sill; but, nevertheless, Rhodes' stories appeared in print through the medium of the daily papers and achieved instant recognition.



WILLIAM H. RHODES.

Seldom has a single short story caused so great a sensation in California as that entitled "The Case of Summerfield," which appeared in 1871 in a San Francisco daily, and was afterward discovered to be a hoax tale by William H. Rhodes, an attorney-at-law of that city. People were stirred and aroused by the dangers which it seemed to proclaim as possible, and it became the topic of the hour. To this day this tale is cited in the experiments in chemistry classes as utilizing for a dramatic purpose the curious fact that by the use of potassium, water may be set on fire, and how, in the tale, the ocean was to be the scene of a grand conflagration, and thereby the entire earth was to be destroyed. I remember distinctly that when the story appeared there was an ill-defined uneasiness throughout the community lest there should be some truth in the matter, and all agreed that under the circumstances if a man meditated such a scheme that it was just as well to put him out of the way quietly, as the author of the story confessed he had done, by pushing him off a train while crossing a trestlework bridge. It seemed to meet every one's approval.

Several years after, in the *Evening Post*, appeared another contribution from "Caxton" entitled "The Telescopic Eye," which also made a great impression. Most vivid of all, however, in horror, was the tale of "John Pollexfen." This gentleman was a photographer who had a playful little habit of experimenting with living eyes for the purpose of discovering a certain kind of lens to be used in his photography. His cat, his dog and his parrot and other pet animals each had an eye missing in order to contribute to this passion of his, and finally his young lady assistant parted with one of her bright orbs for the price of $7,000, in order that the money might help her lover to success. And when her lover made the terrible discovery, he nobly went, like the man he was, and yielded up one of his eyes also to the only too willing photographer, that there might be perfect equality between them, and she no longer refused to marry him.

William Henry Rhodes was an attorney-at-law by profession but gifted with a singular fancy and imagination that no briefs nor legal papers could make weary or less light of wing. He was born in South Carolina and educated at Princeton College, and afterward passed through Harvard Law School, in 1850 coming to California.

After his death in 1875, his widow published a volume of his stories and poems under the title of "Caxton's Book," containing also sketches by Daniel O'Connell and W. H. L. Barnes. Of him the latter says:

> "He will long be remembered by his contemporaries at the Bar of California as a man of rare genius, exemplary habits, high honor and gentle manners, with wit and humor unexcelled. His writings are illumined by a powerful fancy, scientific knowledge and a reasoning power which gave to his most weird imaginations the similitude of truth and the apparel of facts. These writings, however, cannot do justice to the gifts of his mind. They are only the faint echo, the unfulfilled promise of what might have been."

THE INCOMPARABLE THREE.

1858–1893.

BRET HARTE, MARK TWAIN, JOAQUIN MILLER.

"The Incomparable Three?" Certainly. There are no writers, whose careers have begun in California, who can approach Bret Harte, Mark Twain and Joaquin Miller for genuine literary skill, which has been so universally acknowledged. While we have had many writers who in a single poem or story or work may have equalled them, yet for consecutiveness, variety and quantity as well as quality of material produced, they stand unapproached.

Regarding the popularity of the three with the reading public, it is the record of the libraries that the works of Mark Twain are the most called for. This is not surprising, for the humorist, like the name of Ben Adhem, who loved his fellow-man, must, perforce, lead all the rest—this being a world where we must borrow our fun. But Samuel Clemens, rarely known by his real name, has his hold upon the public not alone from the fact of being a humorist. He combines with his fantastic sense of caricature, a depth of meaning that never fails to yield a certain amount of genuine information to the reader. His discourse on the difficulties encountered in learning the German language, while apparently an absurd disquisition, is in reality an excellent study for any one interested in that language. This is from the fact that it is in the main

MARK TWAIN.

true. Everything he writes is historically correct. He never spares himself in building a substantial foundation upon which to base his ærial edifice with all its fantastic gargoyles and decorations. He presents the truth fantastically attired, there is no doubt, but we know and feel it is the truth.

Samuel Clemens is a native of Missouri. His complete history is told in detail by his nephew, Will M. Clemens, in a volume entitled "The Life of Mark Twain."

Samuel Clemens' own story of how he entered the war upon the Confederate side is one of the most common-sense statements regarding the horrors of killing one's fellow-men in warfare, ever published. Indeed, the genius of good common-sense distinguishes all that Mark Twain touches or elucidates. He sickened of war and came West, still a very young man, and applied his analytical faculties to "sizing up" the sagebrush country. This story of his personal misadventures has been unsparingly told by himself. He experienced hunger and manifold miseries in San Francisco while endeavoring to subsist by his pen, with streaks of luck between. One of these was his trip to the Sandwich Islands, a place not then so well known as now, and his letters as correspondent were vivid and sparkling. Upon his return he delivered a lecture, the story of which has since become historical. Waggishly he engaged a certain coterie to go and hear him and clap at the jokes when he gave them the cue. At least, that is his story. But at the most solemn part they broke out in guffaws, and, to his great surprise, the entire audience joined in and laughed him out of countenance from beginning to end. This was the initial part of his good fortune which thereafter came to dwell with him.

His book of sketches entitled "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras" was pleasantly received. But his trip to Europe resulted in the book "Innocents Abroad," which not only endeared him at home but gave him fame elsewhere. "Roughing It," (reviewed in the literature of the Sagebrush School) also was well received. The creation of the immortal Mulberry Sellers in the "Gilded Age" and "The Pilots of the Mississippi" soon followed, and "Tom Sawyer," which was a wonderful commentary on the life of a real boy, told by the boy himself. It was a complete reaction from the goody-goody school of literature for children. Perhaps it was strong meat, but not quite so irreverent as "Huckleberry Finn," which many good people resented as a book for the young.

Then came a distinct stepping forward with his charming and exquisite "Prince and Pauper"—since dramatized—and, later, "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court," which last is declared by many of the old Californians to be his very best book. "The American Claimant" was run as a serial under the newspaper syndicate.

The business success of Mr. Clemens, not only with his own works, but with his publishing house, which has successfully placed many of the most notable books of later years, by subscription, is too well known to require repetition. That genius of good common-sense with which he was endowed by the fairies as he lay in his cradle, has never failed him. He is not particularly amiable nor generous personally, but he is endowed with a sense of justice, and he knows exactly what he is about. And, though he has traveled North and South and taken trips abroad, yet he has never returned to the West for so much as a brief sojourn. Possibly in this he still shows his good sense. And yet he is admired, his writings enjoyed, and more purchased in homes and frequently read than almost any other writer—Californian or otherwise. There is a loyalty in these old pioneers that makes them plank out their five dollars a volume for a new book by Mark Twain, where they would not give half a dollar to any other author, living or dead. While Samuel Clemens is now independent of their good will, yet he should not forget that the loyalty of the friends he made in the sagebrush country has helped him very materially in his success.

From the day that a certain unknown compositor in the *Golden Era* office sent in a delicate little sketch on a "Flag Raising" in the public square, to the present, the career of Francis Bret Harte has been upward and onward. For fineness of touch, accuracy of detail and command of English, Bret Harte has no superior among English or American literateurs. Everything he touches he illuminates.

Nothing is more delicious than the choice of words which he applies to convey to the sight and mind some little unfolding of nature. "A brief but ineffectual radiance" he applies to the setting sun, which leaves the earth grey and cold, in the story of "An Apostle of the Tules," A thousand felicitous expressions might be quoted without doing justice to the effect produced upon the mind in coming upon these sparkling jewels in their proper setting. And yet this gift is not one that has been developed alone with years. It was as much a part of Bret Harte's very earliest work as it is to-day. The story or sketch of "M'liss" fairly shines with these glints of brightness.

The tale of Bret Harte's discovery by the world of letters has become a part of the history of literature. With the organizing of the *Overland* magazine he found his stepping-stone to fame, which history will be told in detail in the sketch on the "Overland School." It is in comparison as a writer and man with Mark Twain and Joaquin Miller that he is here considered.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

Upon leaving the coast with such a blaze of glory about his head as never will fall to the lot of any other writer (for the times have changed), Bret Harte had many curious ups and downs. It would seem as if prosperity had dazed him, for the tale is told and vouched for, that though he was engaged at the price of $10,000 a year, partly paid in advance, in return for which the publishers of the *Atlantic* were to receive all he should write, the tale is told that he absolutely gave them not one story in that year's time, nor in return for that $10,000. This statement is almost unbelievable, but it has been repeated so often that at last people begin to accept it as truthful.

It is said on good authority that Mr. Harte was handicapped by a jealous spouse—jealous of his fame and jealous of the attention he attracted. She was not willing to accept submissively the position of being the wife of a genius nor to be absorbed in his greater light. Because she had not been included in an invitation to dinner, or because a carriage had not been sent for her, she frequently prevented him from keeping his engagements with the social world—once with disastrous results. A check for ten thousand dollars, made up by a joint stock company to organize a new magazine under Harte's editorship, was lying under his plate at a banquet waiting for him, as were also the guests. He never came. The company took back its money and dissolved into thin air. It is possible that there was some little basis of truth under all these legends, and that this was the cause of Bret Harte's not doing any literary work of any consequence for the first few years after leaving California, and, indeed, until he received the appointment of Consul to Dusseldorf, Germany, and afterwards Glasgow, Scotland.

It is said, however, by a compatriot of Harte's, Gilbert Densmore, formerly of the *Golden Era*, now of the *Bulletin* for many years, and who dramatized Harte's "M'liss" and Twain's "Gilded Age," that Harte worked slowly; that he would look at his desk and think it all out, and write a paragraph while others were pouring out columns, and then with complimentary acknowledgment he adds, "But that paragraph was worth more than all our columns."

In new scenes and surrounded by unfamiliar faces, it is possible that Harte lost his adjustment. While his Eastern sketches and poems were equally choice and fine, they had not the surprise of novelty that his pictures of California presented, and he finally returned to the memories that he had laid away, like faint ambrotypes of the past, to be retinted and retouched for his future work.

But he has remembered things rather strangely, so Californians think. He has a wonderful "Bret-Harte" world of his own that he draws on and amplifies and turns and twists to suit his literary purpose. If he would only come and sojourn here for a year possibly he might get a series of kodaks to lay away that would give him an entirely new world to present, much more agreeable, much more faithful than his old supply, which never were in quite the right focus.

Ordinarily, Californians do not like Bret Harte and Bret Harte returns the compliment. They do not like the wrong impressions that people get abroad from these queer, foreshortened, out-of-focus pictures of our land. They resent having the outside world believe that California has not changed in forty years— that we are still in the days of '49. Women, particularly, are not admirers of Bret Harte's books. These volumes are rarely found upon the table or in the library, save of men who admire genius wherever found. They are rarely bought save in public libraries, or else in the case of people who have outlived their prejudices, and then they are prized as works from a master hand. There seems to be a feeling that while Bret Harte has an exquisite felicity in unfolding and painting—that outside of his literary art in expressing himself—that his plots are all wrong. There seems to be lack of knowledge as to what rational people really do upon certain occasions, an uncouthness and absurdity and unpleasantness which no one but the people in Bret Harte's world would ever think of doing as a climax to the preceding action.

There is a sense of disappointment which steals over one in reading the latter part of "Gabriel Conroy," which begins with so much vigor and fascination. The hero turns out a fool, his sister, an improbable weakling, the villain, a nameless nonentity. It would seem that he had a grudge against his own characters and administered a soothing syrup to reduce them to idiocy as promptly as possible. Meanwhile the unfolding of nature goes on as beautifully and as exquisitely as before, until in the reader the sense of taste and the sense of justice are in arms against each other. One of his latest stories, "A First Family of Tassajara," is much more human in plot and rational in action. It seems that he is becoming better adjusted to the ways of men and women. His women are generally clever and beautiful, as in this instance, which makes them interesting, but there are few heroines he has called into existence who touch the heart or cause a thrill of responsive affection, like the character of Thankful Blossom, which is exceptionally sympathetic. Felicitous, however, is the close of his last story to date, "Susy." The hero loves a lady, who, though beautiful and fascinating, is much older than himself. She refuses him very gently. The next morning he is about to take his departure.

"He crept down stairs in the gray twilight of the scarce-awakened house and made his way to the stables. Saddling his horse and mounting, he paced forth into the crisp morning air. The sun, just risen, was everywhere bringing out the fresh color of the flower-strewn terraces, as the last night-shadows which had hidden them were slowly beaten back. He cast a last look at the brown adobe quadrangle of the quiet house, just touched with the bronzing of the sun, and then turned his face toward the highway. As he passed the angle of the old garden he hesitated, but, strong in his resolution, he put the recollection of last night behind him and rode by without raising his eyes.

"'Clarence!"

"It was her voice. He wheeled his horse. She was standing behind the grille in the wall as he had seen her standing on the day he had ridden to his rendezvous with Susy. A Spanish manta was thrown over her head and shoulders, as if she had dressed hastily and had run out to intercept him while he was still in the stable. Her beautiful face was pale in its black-hooded recess and there were faint circles around her lovely eyes.

"'You were going without saying good-by," she said, softly.

"She passed her slim white hand behind the grating. Clarence leaned to the ground, caught it and pressed it to his lips. But he did not let go.

"'No! No!" she said, struggling to withdraw it. 'It is better as it is—as—you have decided it to be. Only I could not let you go thus—without a word. There, now—go, Clarence—go! Please. Don't you see I am behind these bars? Think of them as the years that separate us, my poor dear foolish boy; think of them as standing between us—growing closer, heavier and more cruel and hopeless as the years go on.'

"They had been good old bars a hundred and fifty years ago, when it was thought as necessary to repress the innocence that was behind them as the wickedness that was without. They had done duty in the convent at Santa Inez and the monastery at Santa Barbara, and had been brought hither in Governor Micheltorrena's time to keep the daughters of Robles from the insidious contact of the outer world when they took [illegible] air in that cloistered pleasaunce. Guitars had tinkled against them in vain and they had withstood the stress and siege of love-shafts. But like many other things that had had their day and time, they had retained a semblance of power even while rattling loosely in their sockets, only because no one had ever thought of putting them to the test, and that morning in the strong hand of Clarence, assisted perhaps by the leaning figure of Mrs. Peyton, I grieve to say that the whole grille suddenly collapsed, became a string of tinkling iron, and then clanked, bar by bar, into the road. Mrs. Peyton uttered a little cry and drew back, and Clarence leaping the ruins caught her in his arms.

"For a moment only, for she quickly withdrew from them, and with the morning sunlight rosy on her cheeks, said gravely, pointing to the dismantled opening, 'I suppose you must stay now, for you never could leave me here alone and defenseless.'"

His style in presenting all these pictures and creations of his brain is inimitable and beautiful. Indeed, he is unapproachable and stands near the head of the masters of English literature. As a poet Bret Harte is equally at home in quaint, humorous or delicate sentiment. Whatever he touches he illuminates.

> "He is one of the most popular Americans in London to-day. And though it is fifteen years since he left for Europe, he is still a thorough and loyal American in every way, even to speech and mannerism and choice of scenes and characters in his literary work. Being asked by a Britisher why he did not write of English life, he gave his answer thus: 'Because I am American and know my own country best, and could not depict English characters truthfully.'
>
> "His 'Luck of Roaring Camp' has reached a sale of 30,000 volumes. The greatest sale for his work is found in Germany and the least in the United States. His income from his works is about $15,000."

In reading the introduction to Bret Harte's complete "Poetical Works" (lately issued), for the first time do we come face to face with the author. For many years has he continued on his way, laurel crowned, it is true, but silent, while resting under "a cloud of ingenious surmise, theory and misinterpretation." In this introduction he makes a statement, manly and dignified regarding his literary career and the motives which have actuated him. It is the first time he has unfolded himself to the public, and, though it is done with straightforwardness and sincerity, yet it is tinctured with a certain reserve born of good taste.

A quotation from this introduction is here included, that Bret Harte may be accorded justice and also as an offset to the "theory, surmise and misinterpretation" which may possibly prevail upon the other pages.

> "The opportunity here offered to give some account of the genesis of these Californian sketches and the conditions under which they were conceived is peculiarly tempting to an author who has been obliged to retain a decent professional reticence under a cloud of ingenious surmise, theory and misinterpretation.
>
> "It might seem hardly necessary to assure an intelligent English audience that the idea and invention of these stories was not due to the success of a satirical poem known as the "Heathen Chinee," or that the author obtained a hear-

ing for his prose writings through this happy local parable; yet it is within the past year that he has had the satisfaction of reading this ingenious theory in a literary review of no mean eminence. He very gladly seizes this opportunity to establish the chronology of the sketches, and incidentally to show that what are considered the "happy incidents" of literature are very apt to be the results of quite logical and prosaic processes."

He then proceeds to tell of the "Lost Galleon," his first volume of poetry, published in 1865, followed by the "Condensed Novels" and "Bohemian Papers," the first volume of prose, in the year 1867.

"And during this time, from 1862 to 1866, he produced 'The Society Upon the Stanislaus' and 'The Story of M'liss'—the first a dialectical poem, the second a Californian romance—his first efforts toward indicating a peculiarly characteristic Western American literature.

"He would like to offer these facts as evidence of his very early, half-boyish, but very enthusiastic belief in such a possibility—a belief which never deserted him, and which a few years later, from the better known pages of the *Overland Monthly*, he was able to demonstrate to a larger and more cosmopolitan audience in the story of 'The Luck of Roaring Camp' and the poem of the 'Heathen Chinee.'

"When the first number of the *Overland Monthly* appeared, the author, then its editor, called the publisher's attention to the lack of any distinctive Californian romance in its pages, and averred that, should no other contribution come in, he himself would supply the omission in the next number. No other contribution was offered, and the author, having the plot and general idea already in his mind, in a few days sent the manuscript of 'The Luck of Roaring Camp' to the printer.

"He had not yet received the proof-sheets when he was suddenly summoned to the office of the publisher, whom he found standing the picture of dismay and anxiety with the proof-sheets before him. The indignation and stupefaction of the author can be well understood when he was told that the printer, instead of returning the proofs to him, submitted them to the publisher, with the emphatic declaration that the matter thereof was so indecent, irreligious and improper that his proof-reader, a young lady, had with difficulty been induced to continue its perusal, and that he, as a friend of the publisher and a well-wisher of the magazine, was impelled to present to him personally this shameless evidence of the manner in which the editor was imperiling the future of that enterprise. It should be premised that the critic was a man of character and standing, the head of a large printing establishment, a church member, and, the author thinks, a deacon. In which circumstances the publisher frankly admitted to the author that, while he could not agree with all the printer's criticisms, he thought the story open to grave objections and its publication of doubtful expediency.

"Believing only that he was the victim of some extraordinary typographical blunder, the author at once sat down and read the proof. In its new dress, with the metamorphosis of type—that metamorphosis which every writer knows, changes his relations to it and makes it no longer seem a part of himself—he was able to read it with something of the freshness of an untold tale. As he read on he found himself affected, even as he had been affected in the conception and writing of it—a feeling so incompatible with the charges against it that he could only lay it down and declare emphatically, albeit hopelessly, that he could really see nothing objectionable in it.

"After other tests of its quality, each one decided rather against the author, it was finally suggested that a personal sacrifice would at this juncture be in the last degree heroic. This had the effect of ending all further discussion. The author at once informed the publisher that the question of the propriety of the story was no longer at issue; the only question was his capacity to exercise the proper editorial judgment, and that unless he was permitted to test that capacity by the publication of the story, and abide squarely by the result, he must resign his editorial position.

"The publisher, possibly struck with the author's confidence, possibly from kindliness of disposition to a younger man, yielded, and 'The Luck of Roaring Camp' was published in the current number of the magazine for which it was written, as it was written, without emendation, omission, alteration or apology. A no inconsiderable part of the grotesqueness of the situation was the feeling, which the author retained throughout the whole affair, of the perfect sincerity, good faith and seriousness of his friends—of the printer's—objection, and for many days thereafter he was haunted by a consideration of the sufferings of this conscientious man, obliged to assist in disseminating the dangerous and subversive doctrines contained in this baleful fiction. What solemn protests must have been laid, with the ink, on the rollers and impressed upon those wicked sheets; what pious warnings must have been secretly folded and stitched in that number of the *Overland Monthly*. Across the chasm of years and distance the author stretches forth the hand of sympathy and forgiveness, not forgetting the gentle proof-reader, that chaste and unknown nymph, whose mantling cheeks and downcast eyes gave the first indications of warning.

"But the troubles of the 'Luck' were far from ended. It had secured an entrance into the world, but, like its own hero, it was born with an evil reputation, and to a community that had yet to learn to love it. The secular press, with one or two exceptions, received it coldly, and referred to its 'singularity'; the religious press frantically excommunicated it, and anathematized it as the offspring of evil; the high promise of the *Overland Monthly* was said to have been ruined by its birth; Christians were cautioned against pollution by its contact; practical business men were gravely urged to condemn and frown upon this picture of Californian society that was not conducive to Eastern immigration; its hapless author was held up to obloquy as a man who had abused a sacred trust. If its life and reputation depended on its reception in California, this edition and explanation would alike have been needless.

> "But, fortunately, the young *Overland Monthly* had in its first number secured a hearing and position throughout the American Union, and the author awaited the larger verdict. The publisher, albeit his worst fears were confirmed, was not a man to weakly regret a position he had once taken, and waited also. The return mail from the East brought a letter addressed to the 'Editor of the *Overland Monthly*,' enclosing a letter from Fields, Osgood & Co., the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, addressed to the—to them unknown—author of 'The Luck of Roaring Camp.' This the author opened and found to be a request, upon the most flattering terms, for a story for the *Atlantic* similar to the "Luck." The same mail brought newspapers and reviews welcoming the little foundling of Californian literature with an enthusiasm that half frightened the author; but with the placing of that letter in the hands of the publisher, who chanced to be standing by his side, and who, during those dark days, had, without the author's faith, sustained the author's position, he felt that his compensation was full and complete.
>
> "Thus encouraged 'The Luck of Roaring Camp' was followed by 'The Outcasts of Poker Flat,' 'Miggles,' and 'Tennessee's Partner,' and those various other characters who had impressed the author when, a mere truant schoolboy, he had lived among them. It is hardly necessary to say to any observer of human nature that, at this time, he was advised by kind and well-meaning friends to content himself with the success of the 'Luck,' and not tempt criticism again; or that from that moment ever after he was in receipt of that equally sincere contemporaneous criticism which assured him gravely that each successive story was a falling off from the last."

After referring to the encouragement in America and England, which has since seemed to justify him in portraying "this picturesque passing civilization," Bret Harte continues as follows:

> "A few words regarding the peculiar conditions of life and society that are here rudely sketched. The author is aware that, partly from a habit of thought and expression, partly from the exigencies of brevity in his narrations and partly from the habit of addressing an audience familiar with the local scenery, he often assumes, as premises already granted by the reader, the existence of a peculiar and romantic state of civilization, the like of which few English readers are inclined to accept without corroborative facts and figures. These he could only give by referring to the ephemeral records of Californian journals of that date, and the testimony of far scattered witnesses, survivors of the exodus of 1849. He must beg the reader to bear in mind that this emigration was either across a continent almost unexplored or by the way of a long and dangerous voyage around Cape Horn, and that the promised land itself presented the singular spectacle of a patriarchal Latin race who had been left to themselves, forgotten by the world for nearly three hundred years.
>
> "After explaining that the only time that the author ever drew upon his imagination and fancy for a character and plot, he received a printed slip from

an old newspaper containing the minor details, as a correction for some of his facts, Bret Harte continues as follows: 'The author has been repeatedly cautioned, kindly and unkindly, intelligently and unintelligently, against his alleged tendency to confuse recognized standards of morality by extenuating lives of recklessness and often criminality, with a single solitary virtue. He might easily show that he has never written a sermon, that he has never moralized or commented upon the actions of his heroes; that he never voiced a creed or obtrusively demonstrated an ethical opinion. He might easily allege that this merciful effect of his art arose from the reader's weak human sympathies, and hold himself irresponsible.

"'But he would be conscious of a more miserable weakness in thus divorcing himself from his fellow-men, who, in the domain of art, must ever walk hand in hand with him. So he prefers to say, that of all the various forms in which cant presents itself to suffering humanity, he knows of none so outrageous, so illogical, so undemonstrable, so marvellously absurd, as the cant of 'too much mercy.'

"'When it shall be proven to him that communities are degraded and brought to guilt and crime, suffering or destitution, from a predominance of this quality; when he shall see pardoned ticket-of-leave men elbowing men of austere lives out of situations, and the repentant Magdalen supplanting the blameless virgin in society, then he will lay aside his pen and extend his hand to the new Draconian discipline in fiction. But until then he will, without claiming to be a religious man or a moralist, but simply as an artist, reverently and humbly conform to the rules laid down by a Great Poet, who created the parable of the 'Prodigal Son' and the 'Good Samaritan,' whose works have lasted eighteen hundred years, and will remain when the present writer and his generation are forgotten."

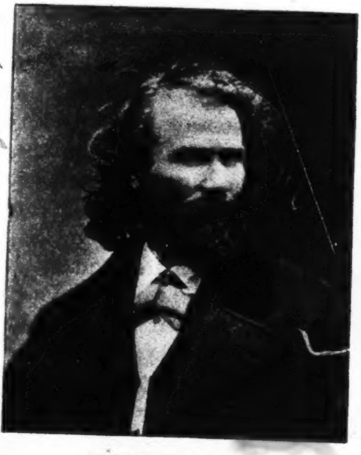
When a great wave of enthusiasm swept back across the Eastern sea from London and the continent, telling us that a new poet had been born, and his home was in California, people marvelled. How could it be? "And what good was the poetry anyway?" Then came the volume of verse, and it was read aloud at the firesides and many lines became endeared by these associations. Always to be remembered are these lines from the "Arizonian":

So I have said, and I say it over,
And can prove it over and over again,
That the four-footed beasts on the red-crowned clover,
The field and horned beasts on the plain,
That lie down, rise up, and repose again,
And do never take care or toil or spin,
Nor buy, nor build, nor gather in gold,

Though the days go out, and the tides come in,
Are better than we by a thousand fold,
For what is it all, in the words of fire,
But a vexing of soul, and a vain desire?

But in the midst of all this admiration and pride in our Californian poet, who had taken London by storm, came the poet's wife upon the lecture-stand, proclaiming her wrongs and resentment to the public, for she, too, was gifted and was unwilling to submit patiently to being the wife of a genius. If all the women who are unsatisfied with this position in life should take to the platform in similar fashion, all geniuses would soon become absurd to the world.

It was Joaquin Miller's misfortune thus to be proclaimed in the midst of his literary brightness. He was poor and struggling at the time, but even then sent small sums to his wife for her assistance. He was eccentric and unconventional, and, being young, full of romantic ideas of life, and being of nomadic instincts from his birth, drifted about Europe and took it all in. Meanwhile he was writing such poems as have not been written since; fresh, original verse, full of historical undercurrent and felicitous imagery, tropic fire and barbaric splendor.


JOAQUIN MILLER.

In his extreme youth he had traveled with the Indians and joined in their sports and mated among them, and had a tale to tell that delighted the satiated palates of the old world. Indeed, it is only out of barbarism, just as civilization begins to blossom, that we get our poets in any land or any history. And it is scarcely possible to require of these immortals that they shall conform to the straight lines of the ordinary mortal. Something has to be sacrificed.

In time Miller returned to California, but he was not liked by the people. They didn't care for poets anyway. He went East and settled down to hard journalistic work, writing correspondence for newspapers, the most beautiful choice English, and of such texture that even his detractors declared, "Well, he can write." Novels appeared and volumes of poetry, showing consecutiveness of purpose and great industry. In the midst of his correspondence for the *Chronicle* in 1882 was a remarkable letter regarding his wife, Minnie Myrtle Miller, who, though divorced and remarried, as was the case with himself, yet in her distress, poverty and illness had sought him out in New York City. He promised her on her death-bed to write the story of their lives, and he did it, bravely and unflinchingly, and with delicacy, doing more than justice to the dead woman. That article changed public opinion in a great degree. Who could choose or do justice between two erratic, unconventional natures equally abounding in the heedlessness of youth?

But all the while, whether the people liked Miller or not, Miller loved California. And of the Incomparable Three, he is the only one who has returned to her shores to buy his land and make him a home on the hillsides of the land he loves best. It is an odd, beautiful spot on the hills back of Oakland, away from the paths of men, and above the fogs that clasp the lower world in their embrace. Each room of the place he calls home is built under a separate roof, no two people sojourning in the same spot. One of these quaint dovecotes has been set apart for his mother for her own as long as she lives. She is a lively and brisk figure, crowned with a tremendous head of golden hair. Whatever the outside world may call her son, or however he is named in the encyclopedias of the poets, the writer has it from her lips that she named him Cincinnatus Heine, and that he was born in Hendricks County, Indiana, came to Oregon when a small boy and came of Pennsylvania Dutch and Quaker stock. Laughingly she accuses Ina D. Coolbrith of giving him the name of "Joaquin," and then it is revealed that it came to pass from the title of his first volume of poems, "Joaquin Et Al," adopted first as a pseudonym, and finally as his own name. On the hill above is his crematory, a stone pile, where he is to be burned on his death at the cost of only enough wood to reduce him to ashes. Within his tent-like home of one room are his treasures, but not one book, not even his own. He prefers to dwell with nature and not with man.

He has had many volumes published, two novels, "The One Fair Woman" and the "Baroness of New York," and many volumes of poetry, chief among which are "Joaquin Et Al," "Songs of the Sierras," "Songs of the Sundown Sea," "Olive Leaves," "The Arizonian," "Songs of Italy," "Memorie and Rime," "Songs of the Mexican Seas" and "Isles of the Amazon."

It is of very little avail whether we appreciate the fact that Miller has returned to California or not—the only fact with which we have anything to do is his literary work, and that is confessedly above and beyond all that has been done by any other Californian in the line of verse and prose description. After reading through his many volumes of rich and beautiful imagery, one is almost constrained to believe that the power to love is really worth something after all.

During the year of 1892 Joaquin Miller has come down occasionally from his eyrie in the mountains and mingled with men in the cities. As a result there are those who have come to entertain a deep affection for him, as well as an unqualified admiration. His manner is simple and natural as that of a child; what he says is sensible and direct; he leaves no one, not even the smallest, out of the conversation. Upon one occasion he was so polite to a little girl who was present that upon his departure she gave way to raptures of delight. Whatever the old-timers of California may hold against poets—and against Western poets particularly, especially when they are still alive—this will carry no weight with the youth of to-day who have once met Joaquin Miller, heard him speak and hung upon his words.

In the sketches he has contributed to the San Francisco *Morning Call* he relates some of his experiences when abroad. From the sketch on "Robert Browning" is the following quotation made:

> "How I came to know Robert Browning and his kind, or why Fate, so terribly cruel to me as a rule, should have so favored me, will to the end be to

me a miracle. * * * And so I must ascribe it all to the great, good English heart; for nothing in the world is nearly so warm as the inside of the English house and heart, and few things are so cold as the outside.

"I had left Oregon almost without money, and, of course, without letters. Bret Harte in San Francisco had helped me get permission to try to write letters for a San Francisco paper from the Franco-Prussian war, then raging, and with this and my rhymes I set out. * * * But finding no remittances forthcoming for my work, I accepted the conviction that my battle-field letters had been tumbled into the basket unread (as was the case), and so set about the impossible task of finding a publisher for my poems; finally pawned my watch and so got out one hundred copies called 'Pacific Poems,' published without a publisher. * * * When the notices of my one hundred copies came out I had my pick of London publishers. Two bright and thoroughbred Oxford gentlemen named the new book 'Songs of the Sierras' and revised it for me, for my eyes had failed from an old attack of snow-blindness in Idaho, aggravated by a winter of London smoke, anxiety, hunger and hard work. * * * Mind you, no one knew I was poor. My poverty was my own business and I kept it to myself. There is but one thing more vulgar than a display of wealth, and that is a display of poverty. But I reckon I was thought to be rich, like all Americans there, as a rule, and none but those two young friends knew, nor did they half know, my sufferings from my blinding eyes. Soon after launching my new book these two young friends came out to see me where I sat in darkness and pain and read my letters to me.

"'Your fortune is made,' cried one. 'Here is a letter from Dean Trench Archbishop of Dublin, to meet Browning at breakfast.'

"And that is the long-short story of how I first came to meet Robert Browning."

As an instance of newspaper enterprise with happy literary results, perhaps nothing can exceed in value the achievement of the San Francisco *Examiner* upon the subject of "Tennyson," upon the occasion of the poet's death. Joaquin Miller, Ina D. Coolbrith and John Vance Cheney, three Californian poets, gave a splendid tribute to the poet and added to Californian literature at one and the same time.

From Ambrose Bierce the following quotation is given regarding the response of Joaquin Miller upon this occasion:

"In Mr. Miller's lines we have, I think, a superb instance of what we have agreed to name inspiration. * * * If ever a poet's work is done in the light and fire of a splendid spontaneity, this work must have been so done. It seems now all very easy and obvious, doubtless—that conception of the malignant planet approaching the earth to search out the great poets and consume their lives, one after one. * * * Why, what has been talked of more this year than the common propinquity of Mars, with his bad astrological reputation—excepting, indeed, the deaths in quick succession of Browning, Lowell, Whitman, Whittier and, at last, Tennyson?

"Well, I will venture to say that to no other man in all the world than Joaquin Miller, and to him only because he is himself a great poet with a great poet's accessibility to great thoughts, came the light of that revelation, even brokenly or with an evanescent gleam. And here I wish to say, and upon the assertion stake whatever reputation for literary understanding I may chance to have, that in all the work of all the red planet's victims there is not a larger, nobler, more purely poetic conception than this of their surviving brother—whom, in gratitude for the delight he has given me, I beg to warn that the menace of Mars burns implacable in the skies, 'a still and awful red.'

"Who but a great poet would have thought—who but Joaquin Miller did think of a *nexus* between the death of Tennyson and California's unseasonable rain? * * * Doubtless it is possible to imagine that the silent tragedy at Aldworth might have been brought more closely home to our Western hearts; but he who could imagine how it might be done would be a greater poet than Miller—and Mars has left us none."

THE PASSING OF TENNYSON.

We knew it, as God's prophets knew;
  We knew it, as mute red men know,
When Mars leapt searching heaven through
  With flaming torch that he must go.
Then Browning, he who knew the stars,
Stood forth and faced the insatiate Mars.

Then up from Cambridge rose and turned
  Sweet Lowell from his Druid trees—
Turned where the great star blazed and burned,
  As if his own soul might appease.
  Yet on and on, through all the stars,
Still searched and searched insatiate Mars.

Then staunch Walt Whitman saw and knew;
  Forgetful of his 'Leaves of Grass,'
He heard his 'Drum Taps,' and God drew
  His great soul through the shining pass,
  Made light, made bright by burnished stars,
Made scintillant from flaming Mars.

Then soft-voiced Whittier was heard
  To cease; was heard to sing no more;
As you have heard some sweetest bird
  The more because its song is o'er.
Yet brighter up the street of stars
Still blazed and burned and beckoned Mars.

* * * *

And then the king came; king of thought,
  King David with his harp and crown. . .
How wisely well the gods had wrought
  That these had gone and sat them down
To wait and welcome mid the stars
All silent in the sight of Mars.

All silent. . . So, he lies in state. . .
  Our redwoods drip and drip with rain. . .
Against our rock-locked Golden Gate
  We hear the great sad sobbing main.
But silent all. . . He walked the stars
That year the whole world turned to Mars.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

* * *

THE CALIFORNIAN.

1864–1867.

EDITOR, PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER

Charles Henry Webb.

CONTRIBUTORS

Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, Ina Coolbrith, James F. Bowman, Eliza A. Pittsinger, Frank McCoppin, W. C. Ralston, Joseph A. Donahue, Bishop Kip, John Sime, William Sharon, Hall McAllister and others.

Regarding the first appearance of the *Californian* the Boston Evening *Transcript* gave the following:

> "We have received the first number of the *Californian*, a weekly journal just started in San Francisco under the editorial charge of Charles H. Webb, a gentleman well known to New York journalism. Mr. Webb was for several years attached to the editorial staff of the New York *Times*, where he occupied the responsible post of literary editor, and where his criticisms were the object of special remark for their freshness and piquancy. His new enterprise, the *Californian*, bears the impress of his editorial skill on every page. It is a handsome paper of sixteen pages, about the size of the *Round Table* before it was cut down, and not unlike that journal in character and scope. It is printed upon a quality of paper which, in these days, seems almost prodigally fine. If such a journal can be sustained in California, it is certainly a good token for the literary taste of the land of gold. At all events, judging from the first number, no man is more capable of directing its career in a successful path than its projector and editor."

The *Californian* lived to be three years old and has never died. In tracing the history of Californian publications the memory of Charles Henry Webb's paper of the early sixties maintains a surprising vitality. It made a strong impression at that time, which continues to-day. But not a word can be found in the printed page to tell of its existence;—it is always in men's memories that it has its abiding place, and this fact gives proof to the saying of Calvin B. McDonald, "No matter where uttered, a great thought never dies."

I remember, when a child, hearing my father read the letters of "John Paul" aloud from the columns of the press—I think the Sacramento *Union*. And how great and wonderful he seemed to us! He was so grotesque in his humor, so ingenious in his recital.

Since I have been engaged upon this interminable pursuit of the writers of Californian publications of a literary nature, I have sought in vain for the evidence of the existence of "John Paul," otherwise Charles Henry Webb. Miss Coolbrith had written for his journal, another had known him, but there was nothing on record to prove him. At last I heard of "St. Twelmo," and just as this volume goes to press I find a copy of "John Paul's Book," consisting of 600 pages.

It is funny—very funny: The opening sentences are ingenious and direct:

> "Several causes moved me to write this book. First, I wanted to. Looking back over my checkered career I discovered that I had written a good deal, and the willingness of the world to let it all die astonished me. Then, too, the newspapers containing my articles were getting worn out. * * * * So I propose merely to string together the odds and ends of my literary life, commencing with a series of letters of comparatively recent date, which seemed to amuse the public at the time they were written. If these do not suffice to make my book I shall draw on all I have ever done. If the book still falls short, I shall write enough to fill it out or perish nobly in the attempt. For never shall it be said of me that I put my hand to the plow and turned back. For that matter, never shall it be said of me that I put hand to a plow at all, unless a plow should chase me upstairs and into the privacy of my bedroom, and then I should only put hand to it for the purpose of throwing it out of the window."

Mr. Webb has one chapter in his book in which he disclaims being a Californian humorist. The *Atlantic Monthly*, under the head of "Recent Literature," gave place to a paragraph containing sentences as follows:

> "Very likely the real Californian, son of the red soil and blue sky, will be altogether different from Mark Twain Clemens, formerly Missourian, or Bret Harte, formerly New Yorker, or Prentice Mulford or Charles Webb or Charles Warren Stoddard. * * * Yet they have each deeply received the same Californian stamp. * * * The state of things in which they found themselves must have affected them as immensely droll. In it, but not of it, they must have felt themselves rather more comic than anything about them. And this sense of one's own grotesqueness is Humor, with the large H. * * * The

conditions being exaggerated in the case of the Californian literateurs, we can readily account for the greater irreverence and abandon of their humor, which has now become the type of American humor, so that no merry person can hope to please the public unless he approaches it."

To this classification Mr. Webb objected, as far back as 1874, but perhaps he will allow the *Californian* to be counted in as a Californian publication. Of that journal he says:

> "I was—and am—rather proud of that paper. To the *Californian*, under my management, many who have since obtained widespread reputations, contributed. And it was called considerable of a paper—to be published so far away from Boston. * * * It has sometimes occurred to me that possibly the *Californian* did something toward bringing out the latent genius of the Pacific Coast, a genius which has since blossomed to such an extraordinary degree that much has been transplanted to the nutritious soil of Plymouth Rock—a change more beneficial to the Rock than to the transplanted—and there is still some left. But I do not remember to have ever heard this opinion expressed by any one else, and merely throw it out for what it is worth.
>
> "Consequently, when it began to be published, and continues still to be published in Mr. Bret Harte's Biographies, that that very clever gentleman established the *Californian*—I must admit that a wave of trouble rolled and still rolls across my peaceful breast. * * * It is not gratifying to be spoken of as second fiddle in mention of an extended performance where I regularly sawed away as first and was for some time nearly the entire orchestra."

By which sentiments it may be seen that Charles Henry Webb, otherwise "John Paul," has no objection to fathering his *Californian* offspring, even though he may not be a Californian writer.

It is well known as a part of the history of the literature of the Pacific Coast, that the *Californian* of Charles Henry Webb contained the nucleus out of which grew the *Overland*.

THE OVERLAND SCHOOL.

PUBLISHERS:

Antone Roman, John Carmany.

EDITORS:

Bret Harte, Benjamin P. Avery, William Bartlett and others.

CONTRIBUTORS:

Edward Sill, Charles Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, Mark Twain, Prentice Mulford, Daniel O'Connell, E. G. Waite, C. M. Scammon, M. G. Upton, John Muir, Wm. Ingraham Kip, J. Ross Browne, D. C. Gilman, J. D. Whitney, Henry George, Ambrose Bierce, Taliesin Evans, Louis Agassiz, D. Walker, Peter Taft, Horace Davis, A. W. Loomis, John W. Ames, Noah Brooks, Henry G. Hanks, James D. Hague, James F. Bowman, John C. Cremony, Henry Robinson, John DeGroot, Andrew J. Greyson, J. W. Gally, Joseph LeConte, S. C. VerMehr, Wm. Hammond Hull, Henry S. Hanks, Joseph Wasson, Ina D. Coolbrith, Hannah Neal, Joseph Clifford, Francis Fuller Victor, Sarah B. Cooper, Laura Lyon White, Amalie La-Forge, Therese Yelverton, Mary V. Lawrence, Georgiana Bruce Kirby, Louise Palmer Heaven, Mary Lynde Hoffman and others.

The founding of the *Overland* magazine in 18~~7~~68 was the literary sensation of the day. Then it was that Californian literature was born. The *Overland* was the conception of Bret Harte from first to last, and achieved its fame under his management. After a precarious existence financially the first year, under Antone Roman. the first publisher, it came into the possession of John H. Carmany, who has a very interesting history to tell of the concluding chapters and many personal reminiscences of Bret Harte. Condensed it is something as follows:

"I don't think I count at all with the Californian writers. I was only the fellow that kept the wolf from the door—the mercenary chap—the handler of filthy lucre—which the talented ones always despised, but were most eager to possess. I can scarcely forbear saying that I spent thirty thousand dollars to make Bret Harte famous—that being the amount I lost on the management of the *Overland*. Upon the appearance of the 'Heathen Chinee' Bret Harte blazed into sudden glory. His other stories were then hunted up and copied, particularly the one called 'The Luck of Roaring Camp,' and he became known to the world. His style of writing was 'splendid in spots.' When offers came in from the East, trying to induce him to leave California, I made every effort to keep him, for at last there was a possibility of making the magazine self-supporting. I have still the contract which was drawn at that time for the purpose of inducing Harte to remain. Harte was to receive $5000 a year for editing the magazine, $100 for every poem, $100 for every story that he should write and to have a one-fourth interest in the magazine. Also I was to advance sufficient to cover the expenses for a trip East on a lecturing tour, the proceeds of which, after expenses were paid, were to be equally divided. But the provision which called for the magazine to be ready for press on a certain date monthly, a point on which Harte was weak, for he was very dilatory, was the great stumbling-block. And so in April, 1871, he went East, slipped up on several opportunities, and then got $10,000 from the *Atlantic* magazine and did nothing in return. After that he had hard lines until he settled down to work again.

JOHN H. CARMANY.

"Meanwhile I had several inefficient editors on the *Overland*, and then came Benjamin P. Avery, a man that I have a deep affection for to this day, though he has passed away, and then William Bartlett, who did some mighty good work, but the glory of the *Overland* went with Bret Harte.

"I grew tired of throwing my money away and the magazine came to an end in 1875.

"I have most interesting material in the original manuscripts, and books of letters from early writers of that time in my possession, and prize them highly. For I shall always look back to that period of my life as the brightes of my existence—in connection and close association with the stars of Californian literature—Joaquin Miller, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard Edward Sill, Ina Coolbrith, Josephine Clifford and many others. And they have reason to remember me, for never have such prices been paid for poems, stories and articles as I paid to the writers of the old *Overland*."

John H. Carmany was born in the same county that gave birth to the philanthropist Lick—Lebanon county, Pa. He was a printer at sixteen and came to California in 1858. He was publisher of the *Commercial Herald* in 1867, and then took charge of the *Overland* until 1875. After the loss of his $30,000, he turned his attention to mining in a pocket mine, from which he took one nugget of gold worth $800. Mr. Carmany was Supervisor on the Board of San Francisco City Council in 1881–82, from the published reports of which his photograph has been obtained, and is now a rancher in East Oakland, owner of the Sunflower ranch, as dainty, pretty and complete a place as can be found anywhere. An art atmosphere prevails, stained glass and chapel effects, and amid the treasures there gathered, chief of all are the libraries containing the bound volumes of the old *Overland*, with souvenirs of that celebrated period.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

Next to the Incomparable Three of Californian literature for quality and amount of material produced consecutively, in bound volume and in current magazine extending over a space of many years, and who have received recognition abroad, stand the names of Edward Rowland Sill, Charles Warren Stoddard and Ina D. Coolbrith, all belonging to the *Overland* school.

Edward Rowland Sill was born in Windsor, Connecticut, in 1841. He graduated at Yale College, Class of 1861, and came to California the following year. He engaged in business till 1867, when he returned East with the intention of entering the ministry. After having studied at the Divinity School of Harvard University, however, he gave up the purpose, married, and occupied himself with literary work and traveling. He then returned to California in 1871, and became principal of the Oakland

High School—a few years later accepting the position of the Chair of English Literature in the University of California, where he remained for more than a decade. His health failing, he made a trip East, and died at Cayuga Falls, Ohio, February 27th, 1887.

Edward Rowland Sill has been compared to the poet Bryant in the style of his literary productions. He is possessed of a keen analytical tendency, however, that cuts to the quick in the portraying of human nature and the revealing of human weakness. His poem, "The Fool's Prayer," popular as a recitation, contains a depth of meaning beneath the words—

"Be merciful to me, a fool."

Containing the poems of Sill there are three volumes in existence, of which "The Hermitage" is the most remarkable. There are many fine lines, full of beauty and strength, scattered throughout the poem. The theme is of one who wearies of the common horde of mankind, and—

"Of the endless humming in the hives
Of the bitter honey that we eat."

* * * * *

Let me arise and away
To the land that guards the dying day,
Whose moonlight poured for years untold
Has drifted down in dust of gold.
Whose morning splendors, fallen in showers,
Leaves ceaseless sunrise in the flowers.

* * * * *

Where the quail has left a zigzag row
Of brightly printed stars her track to show.

* * * * *

Here on a mountain side that comes down to the sea, and in sight of the city of San Francisco, is the "Hermitage." Every line breathes of the locality, seen through the eyes of one who worships nature. His reflections on the subject of the grandeur of being alone are quaint and touching. But after awhile the loneliness palls upon him and he craves companionship. It is very sweet, therefore, when his love comes to find him and takes him back to his duties and obligations once more in the "busy hive."

"I sat last night on yonder ridge of rocks
To see the sun set over Tamalpais;
Whose tinted peaks suffused with rosy mist
Blended the colors of the sea and sky
And made the mountain one great amethyst,
Hanging against the sun.

* * * * *

I hold my hand up, so, before my face,
It blots ten miles of country and a town.

* * * * *

'Tis well God does not measure a man's worth
By the image in his neighbor's retina.

* * * * *

No few paragraphs such as these can do justice either to the man or the poet, E. R. Sill. He is worthy of a splendid setting and of a place in every library.

Charles Warren Stoddard was born at Rochester, N. Y., August 8, 1843, and came to California when about seven years old. His writings best known to the public are "South Sea Idyls," "Mashallah, or a Flight into Egypt" and "The Lepers of Molokai." He has published anonymously a brief autobiography entitled "A Troubled Heart and How it Was Comforted at Last." He writes because he loves to write, and writes only when the spirit moves him.

As he now occupies the Chair of English Literature in the Catholic University of America, at Washington, D. C., his pen is chiefly employed in the production of his semi-weekly lectures, and it is not likely that he will hereafter often address the public. But there is something about the mention of the name of Charley Stoddard, as he is familiarly called, which rouses the kindliest feelings. No writer is better beloved in the California which is still the home of his heart. His verse is always

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

gladly welcomed and read with pleasure and preserved in scrapbooks. Especially is this so with his poem on California.

Oh, thou, my best beloved! My pride, my boast,
  Stretching thy glorious length along the West;
Within the girdle of thy sunlit coast,
  From pine to palm, from palm to every crest,
  All fruits, all flowers, all cereals are blest.
And there the precious hearts still spared to me
  Beckon; and there my holy dead find rest—
Under the Mountain Lone, the Calvary,
Fanned by the winds that sweep the Occidental sea.

* * * * * * *

Oh, California! Dowered with the clime of climes,
  At thy fair feet the alien heapeth spoil:
The poet chanteth thee in praiseful rhymes;
  He sees the banner of thy fate uncoil—
  A thousand cities springing from thy soil.
Born of young hopes, but nurtured in the brawn,
  Wrought by the brave and tireless hands of toil,
To house a nobler race when we are gone—
A race prophetical, that bides the coming dawn.

—*Charles Warren Stoddard.*

From the time of his "Swallow Flights" in the old *Golden Era* to the present time, the literary way has been beautified by the flowers of his mind. From the noble lines in the July *Century* of 1885, entitled "In the Sierras," to the quaint bit of fantasy on "The Egyptian Princess," a mummy belonging to the Bohemian Club, or the verses of occasion for the day of the Native Sons of the Golden West, all are exquisite conceptions, and read with appreciation by Californians, who always keep for him a warm place in their hearts.

There is strength and there is beauty in every line that Ina D. Coolbrith writes. Born in Illinois, yet she came to California when but a child, and has remembrance of no other home. Her girlhood was passed mostly in Los Angeles. A pretty story is told of Miss Coolbrith when she was but a child. She was standing by the road one day when some Mexican-Californians came riding by, with jingling spur, and embroidered saddle, and arms full of flowers. "See the pretty little Americana," called out one of the gallant swarthy race, and as he spoke, he showered his flowers upon her. And thus was she properly christened by the spirit of the old times and dedicated to the service of the new California.

With only a public school education and no literary training, yet she entered the lists and was soon acknowledged as mistress of the art of verse—fresh, original and spontaneous.

Her verses appeared first in the *Californian*, a literary weekly of San Francisco, conducted by C. H. Webb, now of New York; later in the *Overland Monthly*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, *Century*, etc. Her one volume of verse, "A Perfect Day and Other Poems," issued by J. A. Carmany in 1881, contains none of her later work; but it is all finished and elegant in poetical form, and pitched in a tense key of feeling. Many are carved gems. There is no other woman writer in California who equals her in beauty and strength and purity of language, at one and the same time, for, while Emma Frances Dawson surpasses her in strength, it is at the expense of beauty.

One of Miss Coolbrith's most sustained poems, exemplifying these qualities, is upon California, from which an extract is taken:

* * * * * * *

Upon my fresh, green sod,
No king has walked to desolate;
But in the valleys Freedom sits and sings,
And on the heights above;—
Upon her brows are olive boughs
And in her arms a dove.
And the great hills are pure undesecrate;
White with their snows untrod,
And mighty as with the presence of their God!

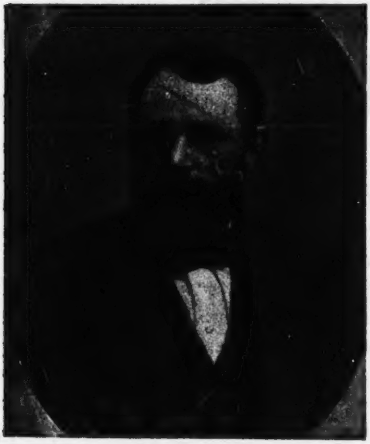
* * * * * * *

I laughed and sang, and sang and laughed again,
"Because that now," I said, "I shall be known;
I shall not sit alone—
But reach my hands unto the other lands,
And lo! the lands shall turn
Old, wandering, dim eyes to me, and yearn—
Aye, they will yearn, in sooth,
To my glad beauty, and my glad, fresh youth!"

Full of local color are Miss Coolbrith's poems—that one ingredient lacking in many of our poets. The meadow-larks sing joyously, the Californian skies over-arch the earth, the rains fall, pictures and metaphors spring always into being from this land of our own. Not less beautiful are the verses she has written for an exquisite book of pressed Californian wildflowers, which breathe of the soil from which they spring, and they are written with such delicacy and fitness that they are no less a creation than the flowers themselves.

No picture can do justice to Miss Coolbrith's remarkable face. In her eye there is the look of the sibyl, a touch of the insight that belongs to prophecy, to divination. To those who love her she is beautiful, and of her they say, "She is a grand soul."

In giving her time to the duties of Librarian of the Oakland Free Library, Miss Coolbrith has had but a limited opportunity for a literary career. It is to be hoped, however, that Fate will bestir herself and make amends for this absorption of one of our brightest minds (by means of "the combined forces of the adverse"), in the mere handling of books and cataloguing them, when she should be engaged in the making of them. It is to be feared that California is not a congenial soil for the placing of her children of genius. While she can grow them to perfection, yet it takes the foster-mother of the East, with all her arts and sciences, to extend her wing over the child of the West and give it its proper place in the world.

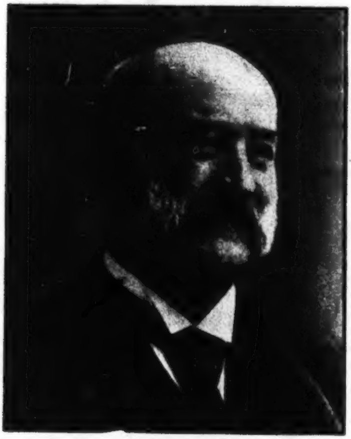

BENJAMIN P. AVERY.

Benjamin P. Avery, of whom Mr. Carmany speaks so fondly, is an instance of that quality in the Californian miner which made him equal to any fate—as much at home with the pen as with the pick—familiar with the duties of a public as well as a private life. He stepped from the miner's place to the editorial chair, and from the editorial chair in 1875 to the position of representative of the United States as Minister to China. Soon after his return to America he died, and his wife gathered together and had published the poems which from time to time had appeared in the *Overland* and elsewhere. This and another entitled "California Pictures" are the only works left to posterity to speak of his name, but these volumes are not adequate to express that deep underlying quality of sincerity and humor for which the man himself is remembered.

William B. Bartlett, one of the editors of the *Overland*, wrote most charming essays for its pages which were afterward gathered and published in book form under the title of "A Breeze From the Woods." Since that time Mr. Bartlett's energies have been absorbed in the *Evening Bulletin*, and seldom has his literary tendency been shown in the later magazines.

One of the quaintest humorists of Californian literature has been Prentice Mulford, whose delicate philosophy interwoven with his humor has charmed thousands of readers. His name has been connected with the *Golden Era*, the *Overland* and the San Francisco daily press, to which for years he has contributed delightful letters of European travel. His reminiscences of coming around the Horn, washing for gold in the mines, and experiences of later mining, always cropped out in everything he wrote, giving a Californian zest to the context. But like all our best known writers he had to find his niche in the East in order to achieve recognition. There he became known for his remarkable series of pamphlets called "The White Cross Library," which was based upon the idea that "Thoughts are Things." And his special effort was given to pursuading mankind to harbor special thoughts for special purposes, in order to attain health and happiness. These pamphlets were issued monthly and obtained a popular hold upon the people. I remember a certain attorney of San Francisco who was always in a hurry, thus keeping himself in a constant state of nervousness, and how taken by surprise he was one day upon receiving one of these pamphlets of Prentice Mulford, sent by a friend with kindly intent. The title of it was "Mental Intemperance," and it contained most excellent philosophy, exactly fitting the case. Other papers are "The God in Yourself," "Force and How to Get It," "The Doctor Within," "The Healing and Renewing Force of Spring," and some fifteen or twenty more, each equally thoughtful and entertaining. It is said that finally Mr. Mulford became so bound up in his theories and ideas that he lived on that plane altogether. His spirit of humor, however, always remained with him, as is shown in his volume "The Swamp Angel," which contains in sixteen chapters, the Alpha and Omega of the author's erection of a house in a Jersey Swamp, and his unsuccessful efforts to hermitize there.

It was with a feeling of personal loss that the people of California heard of the death of Prentice Mulford. He was found lying in the bottom of a boat, floating along with the tide, somewhere in the vicinity of Long Island. And with the account of his mysterious end was also given the idea that Prentice Mulford was a believer in reincarnation and other Buddhistic beliefs—that he claimed to have a memory of past existences and past people. All of this was very uncanny to the ordinary citizen—and he turned back to the delightful letters of humor and wit and philosophy from Europe and elsewhere—and insisted on remembering his old friend Prentice Mulford, not as a mystic dabbling in Indian lore, but as an old California miner upon his travels around the world.



NOAH BROOKS.

The pleasant face of Noah Brooks reveals a kinship with the sports of youth. In early days, when he was a Californian, he wrote fresh, bright stories for the *Overland*, one of which was the "Gentleman From Reno." Since then he has become famous for his boys' stories, published in *St. Nicholas* and in book form, and Californian stories, such as "The Cruise of the Balboa" and "The San Rafael Phalanstery" in the *Century* and other magazines of the East. He is a man from Maine, but is now editor of a journal in New Jersey. For the sake of the past we shall always want to claim the writer of these vigorous tales as our own, though it is now many years since he turned his steps Eastward. Of his last book, George Hamlin Fitch says:

> "Noah Brooks has written a good story of early days in Kansas under the title of the 'Boy Settlers.' Two men and three boys started from Dixon, Ill., to take up land in bleeding Kansas, and to do their share in making the territory a free State. With this and the stories of old settlers as a basis Mr. Brooks has written an uncommonly good tale of adventure. The three boys are all genuine, manly fellows, and any boy who starts in to read about them will be sure to follow them to the end."

The following sketch of Ralph Keeler is taken from Fred Somers' *Californian Magazine:*

> "Ralph Keeler, one of the *Overland* writers, was rather an odd personage. His personal experiences are well told in a clever volume called 'Vagabond Adventures,' while he himself ran the gauntlet of good and evil luck and died a mystery. In writing his novel entitled 'Gloverson and His Silent Partner,' he strove to make it so perfect in every respect that its success would be inevitable. His descriptions of architecture were submitted to an architect, and a patent window case, his own invention, was meant to be one of the hits of the volume. There were humorous passages which were rewritten until the listener was bound to laugh; and pathetic chapters meant to draw the tear. What was the result? The book was a failure. Poor Keeler! Fond of adventure and reckless to a degree he went to the West Indies as correspondent for the New York press. The steamer touched at a port in one of the islands, and when ready to sail on the morrow Ralph was nowhere to be found, nor has any clew to his death ever come to the light. It was his boast that he had made the tour of Europe on one hundred and thirty-one dollars in greenbacks. He was a laughing philosopher, who even on this pittance must have carried sunshine wherever he went."

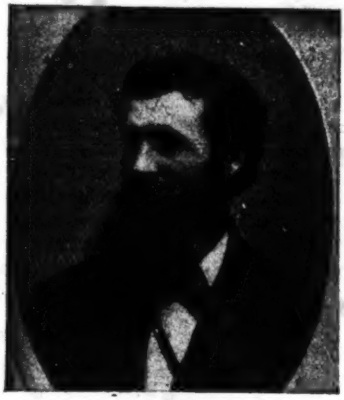
Great have been the contributions made to the scientific and descriptive literature of California by such writers as Professor J. D. Whitney, Clarence King, Professor George Davidson and others. The following quotation is from Bancroft:

> "Clarence King's 'Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada' was written originally for one of the Californian magazines, amid the scenes depicted, and by one who has long been connected with the country. His themes are lofty summits and rugged clifts, and mantling glaciers encroaching on the border vegetation. His spirit, responding to the inspiration of the scene, comes forth in the same variegated colors of language, mingled with thrilling accounts of adventure,

vivid portrayals of character, romantic episodes and touches of quaint humor. Popular appreciation is shown of this volume by the issue in 1882 of a sixth edition. His contributions to the reports of the Geological Survey of California have earned for him an enviable reputation."

The following sketch upon John Muir is contributed by a young writer, Theodore S. Solomons. He has for years been a student of the literature of Professor Whitney, Clarence King, John Muir and other Californian nature-lovers and scientists. To such an extent, indeed, has he been an ardent disciple of these men that he has himself invaded the King's River country and other fastnesses of the High Sierra.

"Mr. Muir's literary work is not more unique than that work would seem to suggest in his character as a man. A flavor of poetry introduced into the prose of the traveler or scientific explorer is common enough, and, in a sense, quite necessary, and Mr. Muir's descriptions are unique in respect to this peculiar merit. On the other hand, no one who has suffered under the pen of the indiscriminating nature-gusher will be likely to undervalue the quality of thorough, accurate observation, or of reliable technical reference, in the description of natural wonders, such as the Californian mountain scenery or Alaskan glacial regions, and here again his writings are unique because they must be conceded to possess this virtue in a very marked degree.



JOHN MUIR.

"Professor Whitney, who, in his geological description of the State, and more especially in his several Yosemite guidebooks, has contributed more than any other scientist to the literature of California, is to be compared as a writer to Mr. Muir, from whom, however, he differs in many essential particulars. Both have the faculty of clothing exact scientific description in the most graceful, felicitous and poetical of garments. But, in the case of Professor Whitney, the scientist had spoiled the colorist, and, in an extensive perusal of his pages, there is developed a certain dry, and, as it were, scientific repetition of poetic thought.

"Mr. Clarence King, who, as a Sierra traveler, was a contemporary of Mr. Muir and Professor Whitney, was a fair example of a scientist gone poetry-mad, and, moreover, and more deplorable, fiction-mad. His tendency to invest his peaks, domes and canyons with forms and dimensions which Nature has denied them is observed in striking contrast to the faithful, loving fidelity of Mr. Muir's descriptive statements.

"Mr. Hutchings' several books upon Sierra scenery and history claim little attention in a general comparison, for, unlike Muir, Whitney and King, Mr. Hutchings was not an explorer and did little in the way of original description. His chief merit as a writer may fairly be said to consist rather in a capacity of appreciation than in an ability to create.

"Mr. Muir's style is considered by some to be over-florid. But there is a sincerity visible throughout his entire work, and it is simply a necessary manifestation of that sincerity that he should describe in generous warmth of feeling those scenes upon which Nature has herself lavished such wealth of color, beauty and sublimity. There is one peculiarity of John Muir, and it is seen in a certain occasional carelessness of rhetoric, or in the repetition of a phrase. He speaks out ingeniously to his readers and is never guilty of studied composition."

"Mr. Muir is a scientist, a poet and a painter. From the standpoint of style, pure and simple, he has stamped upon his work the impress of the landscape painter. Viewed in the light of his subject he is invariably a poet, and not of the barnyard type. His is the almost tragical poetry of the wilderness, of the remote solitude, of that sublimity of desolation which hovers in the atmosphere of the naked granite or the slow-moving, eternal ice. Yet he has complained of no desolation. There is in the poetry of his prose an undercurrent of cosmical ethics, the suggestion of a mode of thought, to which the conception of a real desolation is utterly inimical.

"As a scientist he is of a far too active temperament to have stopped short at his magazine sketches. On the contrary they would seem to have been rather his recreation than his work. There is undoubtedly in manuscript form, or be it still in the cerebrum, in every quarter of the scientific globe, material which is later to become part of our own vast volume of fact and data. It is hardly likely that Muir, during his twenty odd years of exploitive activity, can have failed in gathering a generous supply of material which may one day be presented to the world between the covers of a volume."—*Theodore S. Solomons.*

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF JOHN MUIR.

		Vol.	Page.
Floodstorm in the Sierras - -	(*Overland*)	xiv	489
Glacier, Meadows of - - - -	(*Scribner's*)	xvii	478
Passes of the Sierra - - -	(*Scribner's*)	xvii	644
Bye-ways of Yosemite; Bloody Canyon	(*Overland*)	viii	347
Hetch Hetchy Valley - - -	(*Overland*)	xi	42
Wild Sheep of California - - -	(*Overland*)	xii	358
Wild Sheep of California - -	(*Scribner's*)	xxii	1
In Heart of California Alps - -	(*Scribner's*)	xx	345
Snow Banners of California Alps - -	(*Harper's*)	lv	162
Bee Pastures of California - -	(*Century*)	ii	222–388

Forests of California	(*Harper's*)	lvii	213
Winter Walk of a Geologist	(*Overland*)	x	355
Living Glaciers of California	(*Overland*)	ix	547
Humming Birds of California Waterfalls	(*Scribner's*)	xv	545
Mountain Lakes of California	(*Scribner's*)	xviii	411
Snow Storm on Mt. Shasta	(*Harper's*)	lv	521
Coniferous Forests of Sierra	(*Scribner's*)	xvii	710–921
Ancient Glaciers of Sierras	(*Californian*)	ii	550
Studies in Sierras	(*Overland*)	xii	393–489
Studies in Sierras	(*Overland*)	xiii	67, 174, 393, 500
Glaciers and Glacial Action	(*Overland*)	xiv	65
The Douglas Squirrel in California	(*Scribner's*)	xvii	260
Tuolumne Canyon	(*Scribner's*)	xi	139
Trinity Hill Hollow	(*Overland*)	ix	80
A Winter Storm in the Forests of the Yuba	(*Scribner's*)	xvii	55

And for many years in *Evening Bulletin*, especially upon Alaska.

QUOTATION FROM JOHN MUIR.

"The descent of the King's River streams is mostly made in the form of cascades, which are outspread in flat, plume-like sheets on smooth slopes, or are squeezed in narrow gorges, boiling, seething, in deep, swirling pools, pouring from lin to lin, and breaking into ragged, tossing masses of spray and foam in boulder-choked canyons—making marvelous mixtures with the downpouring sunbeams, displaying a thousand forms and colors, and giving forth a variety of wild mountain melody, which, rolling from side to side against the echoing cliffs, is at length combined into one massy, sea-like roar."—*John Muir.*

JAMES W. GALLY.

One of the best known of the short-story writers in the *Overland* was James W. Gally. He was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, in 1828, and died October 5, 1891, in Watsonville, where he was professionally a physician. He wrote for the Virginia *Enterprise*, Sacramento *Union*, San Francisco *Argonaut*, the San Francisco *Wasp*, the *Californian* and the *Overland.*

His writings best known to the public were "Shacklefoot Sam," "Big Jack Small," "Sand," "Frozen Truth" and a story entitled "Quartz," which appeared in a volume of "Short Stories by Californian Writers," issued by the Golden Era Company in 1885. In answer to the question as to the prevailing motive which led him to write, Dr. Gally answered: "First, applause; second, glory; third, grub." His style of writing is totally free from affectation, is very simple and direct. His themes are mostly of the early Californian miner—revealing the weaknesses mercilessly, but never failing to portray the compensatory qualities of that sad and luckless forerunner of our civilization. Of his story, "Big Jack Small," published in the *Overland*, Benjamin P. Avery said: "It is a vivid life sketch, not Bret Hartish, but from Nature itself. It has all the realism and the humor, too, of a good Dutch picture." His story of "Sand" also made a deep impression, and "Quartz" has not been forgotten, though it is fragmentary and broken. It is of a drunken miner, who receives a letter from his little daughter, telling of the death of her mother and asking to be allowed to come out from the East and live with him. He tries to sober up and goes to work. He gets hurt in the mine and dies. That is all there is to the story, but it is real and genuine.

Josephine Clifford (McCrackin) was born in Prussia, but came to the United States in her babyhood and grew up in St. Louis, Mo., coming to California in 1867. She is now a typical rancher's wife in the Santa Cruz mountains, California, but is still engaged in literature in a desultory way. In the early days she traveled through New Mexico and Lower California, and wrote for Harper Brothers, afterward for the *Overland*. These stories were published in 1871 in book form, under the title of "Overland Tales."

JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD.

She has quite a grace in portraying the women amid the rough surroundings and rough elements of that time, which gives a historical value to her stories.

Her style is clear and vigorous, her plots vivid and original. "La Graciosa" contains a pretty picture of the earlier times, "Juanita" is weird and strange; "The Gentleman From Siskiyou" has a pathetic touch; "Poker Jim" is a tragedy; "It Occurred at Tucson" contains a graphic picture of Arizona deserts. No better work of the kind is to be found from any woman writer's pen in California.

Relating to her stories, Hubert H. Bancroft says:

> "Josephine Clifford has been among the happiest contributors of short tales, based on personal observations in Arizona and California. The Mexican population takes a prominent place in the stirring incidents depicted, and share in the neat bits of character portrayal, which, together with the spirit of narration and smoothness of diction, impart an unflagging interest."

Frances F. Victor is the one woman of the *Overland* school who devoted herself to literature professionally. She has published many volumes, bright and entertaining, with also those of a more substantial quality. Hubert Howe Bancroft has named Mrs. Victor among the able corps of assistants who worked under his direction upon the volumes now known as the "Bancroft Histories." From the early days of the *Golden Era*, when she wrote bright letters for its columns, to the present time, the name of Frances F. Victor is found in nearly all the first-class publications on the coast.

FRANCES F. VICTOR.

Mrs. Victor was born in Rome, N. Y., but coming to California when quite young, spent many years in San Francisco. Since 1868 she has dwelt in Oregon, and devoted herself to the study of the salient points of the history of that State. "The River of the West was an account of the American fur companies in the Rocky Mountains. "All Over Oregon and Washington," appeared in 1872. "The New Penelope and Other

Stories" is a collection of studies of early Californian and Oregon life, notably the one entitled "Sam Rice's Romance." The early atmosphere is part and parcel of these tales, which, like those of Josephine Clifford, have a historical value. In several instances, where published in the *Overland* unsigned, they were afterward copied in the East and Bret Harte's name appended as the author.

Mrs. Victor's work for Bancroft upon the "Oregon Histories" occupied a number of years, and finally she published her last work in 1891. It is entitled "Atlantis Arisen, or Talks of a Tourist About Washington and Oregon."

One day, many years ago, perhaps it was in 1870, my mother, who was gifted in literary matters and wrote beautifully herself, called the children around her to listen to a wonderful piece of word painting which she had found in the morning paper—the Sacramento *Record.* My brothers and sisters gathered around and together we listened. And then she told us that it was written by a woman—Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor. Years after, when I sought to find something that would properly represent this writer, the memory of that scene returned to me. I wrote to Mrs. Victor, but she had never seen the paragraphs in print, though they had been written by her to serve as an introduction to a volume the name of which she had forgotten, and she never knew the ultimate fate of the "picture." Nothing else of hers satisfied me. I wondered if it were a childish glamor that made the article of long ago seem so beautiful to me. I sought for it, and, by the aid of a gentleman employed by Mr. Bancroft, found its whereabouts in the introduction to "California Biography," by Phelps.

It is here presented as an example of Mrs. Victor's power of imagery.

"Look on this picture, then on that."

I have thought how, if I were a painter, I would personate California. She should be a girlish Cleopatra; large, supple-limbed, dusky-browed; fiery, yet indolent; voluptuous, yet unconscious; intellectually a queen; really a dreaming, romantic maiden. Her throne should be the russet-colored hills; her mantle the violet haze. Her girdle should be gold, her sceptre silver, and her crown the native hay, mingled with wild oats and golden poppies. Behind her throne should tower the grand Sierras; at her feet should murmur the blue

Pacific, stretching far away to where, on the horizon, a white-winged fleet fixed the dreamy look in the lustrous dark eyes of my girl queen.

But opposite to it I would have my Cleopatra's Antony. Young, lithe, strong and beautiful, with Empire written on his brow, and power, tempered by mildness, beaming from his eyes. Of fair complexion, he, with tawny blonde hair and curling golden beard. His robe should be of the richest purple, embroidered with wheat ears, and his crown of burnished gold. His throne should be amidst the rugged mountains, with rolling yellow plains on one hand and smiling green valleys on the other. His sceptre, shaped like the tapering fir trees, should be of silver, set with opals, garnets and diamonds. At his feet should roll the magnificent Columbia, while in the distance mighty ships should seek its entrance, and over its shoulder the white crest of Mount Hood stands blushing in a rosy sunset. So would I personate the young giant, Oregon.—*Frances F. Victor.*

Laura Lyon White wrote a number of interesting stories, which are well remembered for their descriptive power.

Therese Yelverton wrote a novel entitled "Zanita; a Romance of the Yo Semite Valley." Not long ago I heard Mr. Hutchings, author of "The Heart of the Sierras," telling the charming story of Mrs. Yelverton, or the Countess of Avonmore as she was called, and of her characteristics, in that inimitable manner that belongs to Mr. Hutchings alone. Softened by the mists of years and hallowed by the memories of youth, in his recital the countess takes a more than human beauty and perfection. As he told of taking her, in San Francisco, to see the play, "Man and Wife," which is said to have been founded upon her own experience with English courts, and as he portrayed the emotion which overcame her and the silvery tears which fell as she clasped her hands in throes of anguish, I was quite carried away with the picture. Not so, however, with certain other auditors of the the florid tale of Latter-Day-Minstrel Hutchings. One lady sat with uncompromising expression of countenance which told of her disapproval louder than words. When he had finished she said, "I never did approve of those gushing, hysterical creatures." Since then the picture of Mrs. Yelverton has lost much of its attraction. Viewed from the common-sense point of view, I am afraid she was a little queer, and something of a problem to those who tried to befriend her.

One of the most distinguished of the women writers of the *Overland* was Georgiana Bruce Kirby. The papers she contributed were upon the subject of "Brook Farm" and the interesting people who dwelt there, most of whom were personal friends of hers. She was a woman of most remarkable experiences. Born in Bristol, England, 1818, she came to America as governess when but 16 years of age. In Boston she mingled with the early Unitarians and Abolitionists, afterward teaching in the South, and in 1850 coming to California. Soon after her arrival she was married to R. C. Kirby, and lived the rest of her life quietly in Santa Cruz. No one who ever met Mrs. Kirby could forget her. She was a woman with a mind and a heart. From her childhood she troubled everyone with her question, "Why?" upon all the accepted dogmas of the church. As she grew older this questioning became applied to the social problems of the times, and bravely she entered the front ranks and applied her powers to the smoothing away of many wrongs. Assisting the matron in her duties at the prison at Sing Sing, in the woman's ward, when but a young woman herself, she passed through a peculiar experience. She obtained there an insight into humane methods of treating the criminal classes, which forty years later have only begun to be introduced. She was timid physically, but was possessed of great moral courage. She was of a most sensitive nature, and most just.

GEORGIANA BRUCE KIRBY.

One of Mrs. Kirby's chief characteristics was her affection for young people, for whom, from the fullness of her heart and mind, she was always striving to do something. To uplift them and coax them upon a higher plane of intellectual growth was her great delight, teaching them music and French without any thought of compensation, but merely from the love of it.

"Transmission" is the title of a little volume from her pen, touching upon the natural laws of life and containing motherly words of wisdom.

She published also another work containing the history of her life. This was issued in 1887, the same year that she died. This volume is one of the most readable books produced by a Californian woman. The style is concise and strong, while the study of that singular change in public opinion, which takes place as the century passes by, is vividly portrayed. "Years of Experience" is a remarkable book in this particular, and worthy of being preserved, as it has a historical value. The only regret is, that Mrs. Kirby never committed to paper her Californian reminiscences, which would be excellent material for the historian, owing to her correctness of vision and her logical working of mind.

Louise Palmer Heaven, besides her short articles for the early *Overland*, has written a charming continued story for the later *Overland*. It is entitled "Chata and Chinita," and has since appeared in book form. This is said to be one of the most popular of the Californian books at the Mechanics' Library of San Francisco, being called for more than any other of the volumes thus produced by writers in or of California.

The best known of our woman writers, in a personal way, is Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, whose name in connection with the kindergarten system of San Francisco has become celebrated. She was one of the writers on the early *Overland*, and edited the magazine and prepared the book reviews from 1871–1874. She is naturally a student of the philosophical and metaphysical, and writes always from the serious point of view. She is endowed, however, with a strong sense of humor, which lightens and brightens the context of her writing. Of later years she has devoted herself to the compiling of kindergarten reports and writing for religious

MRS. SARAH B. COOPER.

journals, and the usual addresses and poems of occasion, and directing the great body of teachers connected with the kindergarten work of San Francisco. She is an admirable business woman, prompt and capable in everything she attempts to do, and has distributed enormous sums of money for the welfare of the children of San Francisco.

Her writings have a certain grace and charm, but they are not equal to her spoken words, which are delivered with good taste and even eloquence. Few women have so charming an address as has Mrs. Cooper.

She has kindly written a sketch upon the "Overland School" of writers, which is here presented:

EARLY OVERLAND FILES.

"It was early in the Spring of 1869, just after the opening of the Transcontinental Railroad, on the first through train, that we—my husband, daughter and myself—made our way to the Mecca of our hopes—San Francisco. Just after leaving Cheyenne, that peripatetic wanderer, the newsboy, was triumphantly welcomed by the passengers of our improvised "sleeper"—not a Pullman, by any manner of means—and his stock in trade was at once sold out at marvelously high prices. I well remember with what ecstatic delight I settled down in our primeval, circumscribed seats, to devour the contents of the latest number of the *Overland Monthly*, a magazine that I had never before seen. I recall, as distinctly as if it were but yesterday, some of the articles of that number.

"I perfectly understand what is meant by the expressions often used in regard to Californian literary productions, where it is said 'They have a California flavor,' 'They are like a breeze from the woods,' 'They have about them a Western aroma.' I felt all this as I eagerly perused this fascinating journal. I came to an instant resolve, to know as many of these charming writers as possible. From that day to this I have kept my resolution.

"Circumstances soon threw me into official relation with the *Overland*—a relation that was maintained for a number of years. During that period I met many of its contributors, and became familiar with the writings of all whose articles appeared in the magazine. Bret Harte, whose 'Luck of Roaring Camp,' 'Tennessee's Partner,' and 'Heathen Chinee' had given him a world-wide fame, had gone East, but he sent back 'The Christmas Gift that Came to Robert' for the Holiday number, and it was copied far and wide. Joaquin Miller's articles, in prose and poetry, were eagerly sought; the graphic, vigorous style, and the fresh descriptive power giving them a general welcome. His 'Isles of the Amazons' and 'In Yosemite Valley' gave him a national fame. Faithful among the faithful in these earlier days of the *Overland* was Charles Warren Stoddard, whose 'South Sea Bubbles,' 'Fete Day in Tahiti,' and many other South Sea Island sketches have found a large sale in permanent book form. There was a pleasant vein of humor, seasoned with philosophy, in the writings of Mr. Stoddard.

"Who does not remember Prentice Mulford, with his 'Buster—King Solomon Mine,' and 'Twenty Years From Home'? These were but samples of his quick, bright, incisive way of dealing with things. Then we had also the gossipy, chatty style of Daniel O'Connell, as in 'The Thrust in Tierce,' or the tender, heart-reaching poetic plaint, as of 'With the Dead.'

"The first article that I ever read in the *Overland* was 'Spilled Milk,' by Mrs. James Neall, whose exquisite humor bubbles out in all her writings, giving them a piquant flavor from beginning to end. 'Patty Dree, Schoolmarm, and 'Placer,' are fair examples of her fascinating style. Of Ina Coolbrith, whose exquisite poems graced the pages of every number of the magazine, it is not necessary to speak. These poems have made her immortal. Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor, Mrs. Laura Lyon White, Mrs. M. L. Hoffman, Amalie LaForge, Therese Yelverton, and Mrs. M. V. Lawrence were often heard from in these early days, and were sure of an audience. E. G. Waite wielded a strong pen that could, on occasion, prove as keen as a Damascus blade. In all his writings one feels the force of an active, energized mentality. Captain C. M. Scammon's 'Pacific Sea Coast Views,' 'About the Shores of Puget Sound,' and 'Coast and Northern Whaling' aroused much local pride and interest and won for him the warm comments of the press. 'Universal Language' and 'The Newspaper of the Future' gives an idea of his compact, suggestive style and his mastery of fine, elegant diction. John Muir illumined the pages of the *Overland*, now and again, with articles that were widely copied, like "The Great Tuolumne Canyon,' 'Twenty Hill Hollow,' and 'A Geologist's Winter Walk'—articles of rare and exceptional value, well calculated to stimulate thought and investigation. Rt. Rev. Wm. Ingraham Kip contributed a series of papers on 'Early Jesuit Missions in Lower California,' and 'Cape Horn in 1704,' which possessed much historic value and evolved much pleasant criticism. Then there was J. Ross Browne, who told the world of the 'Agricultural capacity of California;' Stephen Powers, who wrote of 'The California Indians;' D. C. Gilman, the then President of the University of California, who furnished valuable and timely articles on 'The Japanese Indemnity Fund' and 'The Building of the University;' Professor J. D. Whitney of the State Geological Survey, who wrote scientifically and historically of 'The Owens Valley Earthquake;' Henry George on 'How Jack Breeze Missed Being a Pasha,' and Taliesin Evans on 'Indifferent Metallurgy.' Along the line of historical, scientific and educational papers of conceded value were contributions from such well-known writers as Professor Louis Agassiz, D. Walker, M. D., Peter Toft, Horace Davis, Rev. S. H. Willey, D. D., Rev. A. W. Loomis, D. D., General John W. Ames, Dr. J. D. B. Stillman, Noah Brooks, James D. Hague, John Hayes, Henry G. Hanks, James F. Bowman, John C. Cremony, Henry Robinson, John De Groot, Andrew J. Grayson, Dr. T. L. ver Liehr and William Hammond Hall.

"W. C. Bartlett, who edited the *Overland* for several years, contributed a series of articles that possessed much of the flavor of that sort of humor which characterizes the writings of Charles Dudley Warner. B. P. Avery, who succeeded Mr. Bartlett as editor, will always be remembered for his cultured vigor, his warm sympathy with nature and with human life, and his modest but finished literary excellence. With Mr. Avery's appointment as Minister to China, the *Overland* of the early days may be said to have 'passed away,' only to be resurrected into a new life, the history of which will be left to better hands than mine.

"The limits of this article do not permit the mention of many other able writers whose papers graced the *Overland* of early days, which John H. Carmany heroically and nobly struggled to carry forward, without regard to the heavy pecuniary loss to himself. And this he did, with full knowledge of the fact that the A. Roman Publishing Company, which first published the magazine, had suffered heavy loss in this new literary venture on this western coast.

"All honor to those sturdy pioneers, who, with self-sacrificing zeal and devotion, open up a primeval croft, whether in the physical, mental or moral wilderness, thus making it richer and brighter for those who follow after them."
—*Sarah B. Cooper.*

HUBERT H. BANCROFT AND BANCROFT'S HISTORIES.

1874.

History of Central America,
History of Mexico,
History of the North American States and Texas,
History of Arizona and New Mexico,
History of California,
History of Nevada, Wyoming and Colorado,
History of Utah,
History of the Northwest Coast,
History of Oregon,
History of Washington, Idaho and Montana,
History of British Columbia.
History of Alaska,
Chronicles of the Builders of the Commonwealth,
Californian Pastoral,
Californian Inter Pocula,
Popular Tribunals,
Essays and Miscellany,
Literary Industries.

The most notable contribution to the Californian store of knowledge has been made by the Bancroft series of histories. As it has taken a compact volume of 400 pages to tell the processes by which this exhaustive work has been accomplished, it is not likely that a chapter can give more than a brief mention. The first process necessary to the preparation of these thirty-nine volumes was the collecting of a special library of 50,000 manuscripts and books from all the book centers of the world. Next an ingenious method of indexing the contents of these volumes was contrived, then an assimilation of all this information thus obtained. In reckoning up the labor spent upon one series, that of the "Native Races," consisting of five volumes, it was found that there was in each of the five the work of fifteen men for eight months, or of one man for ten years, or upon the five volumes labor equivalent to the well-directed efforts of one man, every day, Sundays excepted, from eight o'clock in the morning till six at night, for a period of fifty years. Says Mr. Bancroft in his "Literary Industries":

> "Fifty years! I had not so many to spare on this work. Possibly I might die before the time had expired or the volumes were completed; and

what should I do with the two or three hundred years additional work that was already planned."

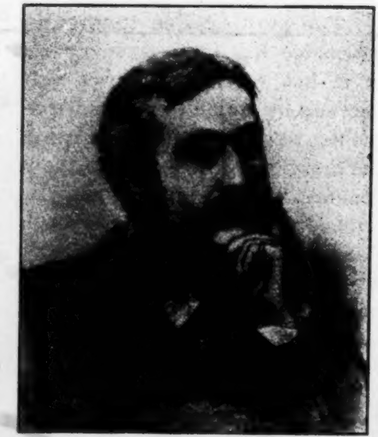
For Mr. Bancroft had come under the fascination of his library. He had worked out a classification of the histories of the different epochs and races of the western coast of America—and when a man has reached the classifying state of mind upon any one subject he becomes morbid. Mr. Bancroft was morbid on the subject of histories, with all this wealth before him, unget-at-able and unreachable.

> "Heaps and heaps of diamonds and sawdust; good gold and genuine silver, pearls and oyster shells, copper and iron mixed with refuse and debris—such was the nature and condition of my collection in 1869, before any considerable labor had been bestowed upon it. Surrounded by these accumulations I sat in an embarrassment of wealth. Chaff and wheat; wheat, straw and dust; where was the brain or score of brains to do the winnowing?"

Thus it was that Mr. Bancroft surrounded himself with a corps of assistants and trained them into lines which should produce the greatest results in the briefest space of time. He gives the names of these assistants in the volume entitled "Literary Industries." Some of these names are as follows:

Henry L. Oak, Enrique Cerruti, William Nemos, Edward F. Murray, Mrs. Frances F. Victor, Thomas Savage, Thomas H. Long, Ellwood Evans, Montgomery, Petroff and others.

A great deal of profitless discussion has arisen as to which part of these books belongs to these different assistants and what part to Mr. Bancroft. Those are questions which probably never will be answered. Those who are in a position to know prefer to keep silent, and those who, not know-



HUBERT H. BANCROFT.

ing, yet venture opinions upon the subject, are very apt to misstate the items in every instance.

The one fact remains, that Mr. Bancroft had the power of imparting his desires to these assistants, and of imbuing them with his own morbid instinct for history. There was scarcely one who did not love the work—it was not merely perfunctory. There were some who gave up their lives to the pursuit of the idea, and now, in after years, find their physical systems shattered. And yet each one has a fondness for the great work which in part he helped to make.

To the student it is a matter of total indifference whence came the series of histories. The chief question is, are they correct? Are they true? Are they of value in facts, dates and coloring? Or are they prejudiced, biased and without critical value? Are they the expression of one man's mind, and that mind lacking the judicial instinct or not? I claim that these questions cannot be answered now. It is too soon. There are too many conflicting popular opinions in the atmosphere at the present time for us to be able to say which is absolutely the correct one. But this is no reason why I should omit to present the opinions of others, whether they be judicial or not. There is a prevailing opinion in the community which cannot be ignored, much as we desire to close our ears to the unwelcome sound. Therefore I shall present a critical estimate of the Bancroft histories, because I believe it right to do so.

It has been a disappointment in my study of men to find that few of them are great enough to endure anything but the "crown of praise." Whereas, we know we often criticise a thing that is so good that we feel it ought to be better. For my own part, I wish to add to the criticism below, that the volume entitled the "Chronicles of the Builders" would be of more value if it included among the other portraits, one of Broderick.

Not wishing to submit an individual opinion alone, and feeling that Mr. Bancroft is great enough to endure a little criticism, I quote from a cotemporary review:

"Mr. Bancroft is a curious contradiction. He is one of the few examples of men who unite remarkable business ability and great literary aptitude. By his skill in forecasting the demands of trade he built up in twenty years the largest bookselling and publishing business in California, and he did his work in the face of the keenest rivalry. While he was devoting many hours every day to this business he used his leisure for the collection of books bearing on early Californian literature and exploration. With his unrivaled facilities and his ample means, this library of California soon became large and valuable. Then it occurred to Mr. Bancroft to put some of this material in shape for the future historian. He employed several amanuenses to extract and translate portions of the volumes that he indicated, and out of this crude plan finally grew the "Native Races of the Pacific Coast," a work which has proved a storehouse of valuable material for many writers on ethnology and sociology, including Herbert Spencer, St. George Mivart and others. The success of this work, which was issued in several volumes, induced Mr. Bancroft to set about writing the history of the Pacific States. He sent out agents and purchased everything that could be bought on the coast that bore upon early exploration and history Books and manuscript material were found in the most unpromising fields; the Mexican archives were thrown open to the historian; the padres of the decayed Franciscan missions helped in saving the remnants of their records. In this way was gathered the great library which now numbers over 60,000 volumes and fully as many pamphlets—one of the most valuable collections of early Americana in this country or in the world. So far as the history of California is concerned, the collection is as complete as money and labor can make it, and it is absolutely unique, for no future gleaner can hope to secure such treasures as Mr. Bancroft obtained. Mr. Bancroft spent a large sum in order to make a complete catalogue of this historical material. Then he employed a number of competent assistants, who prepared a rough draft of the history of the various countries that he selected—Mexico, Central America, all the Pacific States and Territories and Alaska. No one man could have finished unaided more than a quarter of this enormous work. Mr. Bancroft's part in it lay in careful revision and in the writing of portions in which he took a deep interest. The result is that the style is uneven and the work is open to the charge of unfairness and lack of proportion. Certain prejudices of the historian are unduly exploited, such as his anti-Catholic feeling and his partiality for the Chinese and the Mormons. It seems to be a characteristic of Mr. Bancroft to champion the cause of any people or sect that is attacked, but he made an unwise choice when he selected the followers of Confucius and of Brigham Young for his eulogy. The highest praise of Bancroft's work that one can make is that it shows a great effort to state the facts correctly and to settle any historical controversies. As history most of the work is worthless because it is not cast in a form that will live. As an illustration of the wide difference between Bancroft's work and real history, compare Parkman's histories with Bancroft's. Parkman worked under many disadvantages, but he possessed the literary faculty, and though he had an enormous mass of matter to digest, he finally reduced it to such form that his volumes on the French conquests in the New World will always remain a standard work, and will be read with as much relish by scholars at the end of the next century as by those of to-day. Bancroft's work in twenty years will be consulted by students, but it will not be read by the general public."

The student of twenty years from now will doubtless appreciate more than the student of to-day the value of the Bancroft histories. For it is as an advance guard, dealing with the terrific obstacles of a new and unknown territory, breaking ground and blazing the way for others to follow, that the work of these volumes will doubtless be viewed. The industry, the consecutiveness of purpose, the classifying instinct necessary—all these qualifications are admirable. And, as my own individual opinion, I wish to say that the volume "Literary Industries" is a delightful story. This, I am informed by one who knows, is the work of Mr. Bancroft himself, and, indeed, no one else could have so written of the inner feelings and emotions of so pronounced a man. Epigram glistens throughout the course of the narrative, and apt sentences sparkle on every page.

> "A worn-out world is reanimated as it slowly migrates toward the setting sun."
>
> "Visit a man in his hours devoted to business; he knits his brows if the interruption lasts. His time is precious? Yes. How much is it worth? Fifty dollars—five hundred dollars an hour. How much are fifty or five hundred dollar's worth? Go to, blind maggot! Will you not presently have millions of years of leisure?"

Speaking of the arrival of the forty-niners, Mr. Bancroft says:

> "It was no pilgrim band; not an expedition for dominance or territory nor was it a missionary enterprise, nor a theoretical republic. It was a stampede of the nations, a hurried gathering in a magnificent wilderness for purposes of immediate gain by mining for gold. * * * The literary atmosphere of which we speak is not here to-day; but hither the winds are wafting it. All knowledge and all human activities are placed under contribution, and out of this alembic will be distilled the fine gold of letters."

The paragraphs devoted to telling of the great fire in 1886, which consumed the Bancroft building and the material therein stored, are most pathetic.

> "I was now reaching the point where I felt it absolutely necessary to rest, or I must succumb entirely, through simple failure of strength and endurance. * * * The full effect of this calamity flashed through my brain in an instant. * * * The results of thirty years of labor and economy, of headaches and heartaches, eaten up by fire in an hour. * * * Suddenly

office, stock, paper, correspondence, printing presses, types and plates, and the vast book-bindery, filled with sheets and books in every style of binding, were blotted out, as if seized by Satan and pulled into the jaws of hell. * * * I felt sad to think that I had no longer a stake in this proud and wealthy city. It was heavily mortgaged for money with which to print and publish my works. * * * And now it must all go into the capacious maw of some one not foolish enough to write and publish history.

"It makes one's heart sore thus to walk about old familiar haunts and feel one's self a thing of the past. Neither the streets nor the sunshine have the same significance as formerly. They are not my streets; it is not my sunshine; I am an interloper here; I am the ghost of a dead man stalking about the places formerly frequented while living.

"What a blessing your library was not burned!" * * * Blessing! There was no blessing about it. It was altogether a curse; and, of a truth, I should almost have felt relieved if the library had gone too, and so brought my career to a close. * * * I was tired, as I said. I could easily sink out of sight and lie at rest beside my sepulchered hopes. * * * But I had never been accustomed to the easiest way, or to regard my pleasure as the first consideration in life. To do as best I was able, every day and every hour, the thing nearest to me to be done, whether I liked it or not—that had been the unwritten code by which I regulated my conduct. And whether I would or not, and all without knowing it, I could now no more deviate from that course than I could change my nature. * * * Then I determined to go on and rebuild, and at once began to do so. * * * Two years and $12,000 were the time and money estimated as necessary to complete the history, but both time and money were nearly doubled before the end came."

While these agonies of heart and mind were going on in the owner of the burning building, all unknown to the great unthinking public, the grammarless youngsters of San Francisco were telling of the incidents of that night, and still tell the tale. "You ought to seen them gargoyles dancin' around in the fire. They looked as if they was men gittin' burned alive."

The "History Building," a massive structure of stone, now stands upon the spot where the gargoyles of the old building were consumed in the flames.

◆

HENRY GEORGE.

POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

1880.

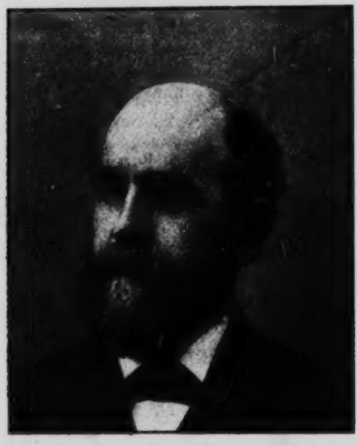
"He needed the rich suggestions of the new country to teach him the heights and depths of the great problem he has solved."—*Gertrude Franklin Atherton.*

The following sketch has been written for the CALIFORNIAN STORY OF THE FILES by Dr. Edward R. Taylor, a personal friend of Henry George.

Mr. George, so far as we are aware, is the only distinctively Californian writer who has produced anything considerable on the subject of political economy, while in that field he has achieved a world-wide reputation. Indeed, his main work ("Progress and Poverty") has been translated into nearly all the European languages, and has had a circulation far beyond that of any book of the kind ever published. Nor does interest in it seem to fade. It has now been before the public for nearly thirteen years, and not only is the sale of it still large, but the interest awakened by it has not died out, nor is it likely to die out. For, in truth, this book was an epoch-making one. It attracted attention to the land question in a way so commanding and so persuasive, so original and so penetrating, so eloquent and so sincere, that this question, in its fundamentals, began to be inquired into as never before; and that inquiry must go on and on, until radical remedies are finally effected. That Mr. George was original in the truest sense there can be no doubt. The great truths which lie at the basis of his work have always been seen more or less dimly by the great masses of men, and more or less clearly by the thinking few; but even if it be conceded—which is certainly a great concession—that Mr. George saw the truth no more clearly than others, yet it remains, that he is the only one who has made others see it as clearly as himself; he is the only one who has stirred the hearts of men on the subject, and he is the only one who has proposed the one simple remedy of taxation of land values, irrespective of improvements on the land and irrespective of whether the land be agricultural or city land.

This is not the place to review the book, nor to state its importance as dealing with what, looked at from the standpoint of any philosophy, must necessarily be one of the greatest questions, if not the very greatest material and social question, which can engage the attention of man—to wit, the land question. It is enough to say that to this question Mr. George has addressed himself in such fashion as to place him at the head of all living writers in the same field. In addition to "Progress and Poverty," he has published "Protection or Free Trade," which in a most striking collateral way illustrates his main work; "Social Problems;" "The Condition of Labor," being an open letter to Pope Leo XIII on the land question; and "A Perplexed Philosopher," which latter, as its sub-title indicates, is "An examination of Mr. Herbert Spencer's various utterances on the land question, with some incidental reference to his Synthetic Philosophy." He has also written and published minor works on the land question, one of which, "Our Land and Land Policy," was the precursor of the book which made him famous.

In all of these writings we have a closeness of reasoning, a force of argumentation and a richness of illustration, which not only comport with the theme, but which enforce it in a most powerful and engaging way, and which become all the more powerful and engaging by the lucidity and simplicity of the style in which they are embodied. Indeed, Mr. George is far more than a political economist who writes originally and strongly on his special subject; he is a literary artist as well, and as a mere writer of good English deservedly takes high rank with the best. It has been well and truly said of him, that he is the single writer who, while treating politico-economical questions profoundly, has at the same time made their treatment interesting and pleasant reading.



HENRY GEORGE.

Mr. George's work on the platform deserves some notice. As a lecturer he is almost as interesting as he is as a writer. He has appeared on the principal platforms of the United States, England, Scotland, Ireland and Australia, and with unvarying success. It has always been his custom to submit himself to interrogation at the conclusion of his lecture, and his apt and ready replies on such occasions have not only elicited applause and excited surprise, but they have served well to illustrate how completely he is master of his theme, and how clearly his thoughts lie in the well of his mind. Not long after the publication of "Progress and Poverty," Mr. George made a lecturing tour of the three kingdoms, and was everywhere received with great cordiality. The newspapers in the provinces reported his lectures in full, and large audiences attended them. Since that time he has made other lecturing visits to England and Scotland, and a few years ago, in response to earnest local solicitation, he made a tour of the principal cities of Australia, where he lectured with his usual power and success. On his return from Australia, however, it was found that his great and persistent labors at the desk and on the platform had so exhausted his nervous energies as to make abstention from the platform absolutely imperative. And since that time, though he has written much, he has given but few lectures.

That Mr. George has great and penetrating powers of intellect, which are subtile and acute as well, is obvious from his work; but he has something more. He is not one of those thinkers who, by long pondering, has become dry and sapless. He has a great heart as well as a great head, and each keeps in tune to the other. He himself says that it was the misery of the great city which so tugged at his heart as to set his brain in motion toward the cause and remedy. And that this is no affectation must be plain from his writings, each page of which is aflame with earnestness and all aglow with sincerity. It is this, with his manifest flawless honesty, which have so sympathetically commended him to his hearers and readers. They at once recognize in him a man who would on no account be insincere or dishonest with himself or with them. And, indeed, he would not. His friends know this so well that they never feel compelled to beat around the bush when he asks their opinion about anything, but frankly and openly make reply, no matter how much soever they may be aware that it will be at utter variance with his own. No man could preserve friendship with him who would not deal openly and frankly with him under any and all circumstances.

In his daily intercourse with family and friends he is as plain and simple as a man could well be, and is the same in his demeanor, now that he has become a celebrity, as when he was a compositor at the case. All kinds of men he has met, and they to him are brothers, no matter what their rank may be, high or low. He is fond of talking to men and thereby of eliciting from them their experiences—which, after all, as Carlyle says, is the really valuable thing which one man can give to another.

Mr. George is a singularly even-tempered man, very abstracted at times, but full of good nature and not deficient in humor. His habits are exemplary to a degree, and in his family he lacks in nothing that a good husband and father ought to be.

That he and his work are a great force, and a great force for good, there can be no question. No one has argued more strongly than himself against socialism and in favor of individualism; and no one has contended more strenuously for the right of private property—for the right of every man to keep that which he acquires, and to keep it without being compelled to pay a part of it as a tax to the Government. What he insists upon is that those land values which each community alone creates should be exclusively drawn upon to pay the Government expenses of that community. Whether this contention be right or wrong it is not for us in this place to opine, or to argue upon one way or the other; but whatever may be the final judgment upon Mr. George's work, of this we may be reasonably certain, that it never can be looked upon as being less than a great work by a great man, and as having been stimulating in the highest degree to the mind and heart of our common humanity.—*Edward R. Taylor.*

The following sketch tells Henry George's personal history:

Henry George, now recognized as one of the foremost thinkers of the age, was born in Philadelphia, September 2, 1839. Leaving school at the age of 13, he served a year or two in a counting-house. He then went to sea, and after visiting a number of ports he reached California in the spring of 1858. He went to British Columbia during the Frazer River excitement, and then, coming back to California, settled down to learn the printing trade. He married shortly after attaining his majority, and, with many ups and downs, earned his living as a compositor until 1867. When the San Francisco *Times* started he was given an opportunity to do some reportorial work, and showed so much ability that in less than six months he was managing editor of that paper. In the winter of 1868-9 he came to New York to make telegraphic arrangements for one of the papers of San Francisco. While in New York he wrote an article on the Chinese question for the *Tribune*, which attracted much attention, especially on the Pacific Coast. He returned to California in 1860 and became the editor of the Sacramento *Reporter*, but supporting Governor Haight in his opposition to the railroad subsidies, the railroad companies managed to depose him by obtaining a controlling interest in the paper. They did not, however get control of his pen, and he wrote a pamphlet on the subsidy question which excited a profound influence in creating such a sentiment that neither party dared to advocate further subsidies. This he followed by a larger pamphlet entitled "Our Hand to Hand Policy," in which the germ of his now famous book, "Progress and Poverty," is to be found. It circulated only on the Pacific Coast, it being Mr. George's intention to write a more elaborate work. In 1871 he started the San Francisco *Post*, which he carried to marked success and great influence. But in 1874 a sudden business reverse lost Mr. George the control of his paper and the fruit of his toil. Not wishing to embark into the newspaper business again until he had done some more permanent work, he was appointed by Governor Irwin to a small office which gave him leisure, and after some political campaigning and pamphleteering, he settled down to his long contemplated task. "Progress and Poverty" was written between August, 1877, and March, 1879; but, of course, embodied the results of observation, reading and reflection for many previous years. In the autumn of 1880 Mr. George came to New York, and, concluding to remain, brought on his family. In the spring of 1881, he published a remarkable pamphlet, which, though entitled "The Irish Land Question," is in reality an arrangement of the existing land system all over the civilized world, and which has been extensively circulated on the other side of the Atlantic. In the summer of 1881 Mr. George revisited California, then coming back, went to Ireland and England in the thick of the land agitation, corresponding with the *Irish World*, and making a number of speeches on the land question in all three of the kingdoms. His arrest in Ireland attracted too much attention to require recall. On his return to New York he was received by an immense meeting, called by the Labor Union at Cooper Institute, and was banqueted by a large number of citizens at Delmonico's. He has since been living quietly, resting from past labors, and now and then lecturing to large audiences. He is now contemplating an extended lecturing tour.

AMBROSE BIERCE.

1866-1893.

In the files of certain Californian journals and magazines there runs a peculiar strain and quality of English which belongs to one man alone. It runs through the warp and woof like a glittering thread. First it appeared in the "Town Crier" of the *News Letter*, next in the "Grizzly Papers" of the *Overland Monthly*, then in the early pages of the *Argonaut*, in a department called "Prattle," and others called "Little Johnny" and "Zambri, the Parsee." In the *Wasp* this same pen leaves its glittering trail. And now in the *Examiner* there is a place set apart where this mind may sparkle and gleam at its own free will. While every one reads these epigrammatic sentences and witty paragraphs, and enjoys the keen, rapier-like cuts of satire and the masterly English, yet there are some who tremble and are afraid. Corrupt politicians not yet uncovered to the sight of their fellow men, hypocritical philanthropists who are working for notoriety, self-worshiping egotists, pretenders of every description, and some times, poor little creatures, the ephemera of the hour, are caught on the point of this pen and thrust through. As there is more or less vanity abounding, and no one knows when his turn is coming next, it is no wonder these utterances are read with vague terror and fascination.

A mighty censor of Californian journalism has been Ambrose Bierce. His name is a power. He can make or unmake men and women by a word. In his writing he represents that standard which is required of the community in morals, manners, English and good taste. He extols the modest and brings down a pile-driver upon the head of the blatant. He proclaims what he considers to be genuine merit, and pours abhorrence upon what he considers to be pretension. Perhaps, sometimes, being only a mortal, he may use his power to "do up" a personal enemy. And perhaps, sometimes, being only human, he may flay the wrong person. But as a whole he represents in Californian journalism the nearest approach to a standard of opinion which is unbought and unsubsidized.

From this point of view, therefore, Mr. Bierce occupies a position in which he stands alone and unapproached. He was born in Ohio, and came to California in 1866. Of him Charles Edwin Markham says:

> Bierce is our literary Atlas.

Mrs. Adele Chretien of the dramatic department of the *Examiner* says:

> I look upon Bierce as a literary giant. I don't think he really means to walk rough-shod over people any more than a lion means to be rough with a mouse. It is only that the lion wonders how anything so small can be alive, and he is amused at its antics.

To the volume of short stories entitled "Soldiers and Civilians," the expression "sculptured description" has been applied. In his review of this work George Hamlin Fitch says:

AMBROSE BIERCE.

> This book is full of power, brimful of creative imagination, but it is absolutely lacking in pathos and tenderness. * * * Endowed with splendid, though morbid imagination, Mr. Bierce forces you to take an interest in subjects which would be simply repulsive without the glamor of his style and the charm of his narrative.

Of the volume entitled "Black Beetles in Amber," Arthur McEwen says in review:

> Ambrose Bierce has found San Francisco a microcosm, and in flaying the fools and pretenders and villains of this one town, he has flayed the fools and villains and pretenders of the world.

In review of this same volume J. O'Hara Cosgrave says:

> The volume is without a replica in literature. Never has any one written such scathing satire. He exhausts the verbal possibilities of vituperation, and does so in verse that has the crystalline polish of Pope's. Think of being gibbeted for posterity. That is what he has done for a handful of venial millionaires and corrupt officials. The form and style of these verses is so polished, so graceful, that they must live, and the day will come when they will form a commentary to the history of the State." As a criticism he adds, That there is genius in the poems admits of no contradiction; but why immortalize pigmies? One might as well shoot at a mouse with a Winchester.

The beautiful tale of "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter" is a collaboration by G. A. Dantziger and Ambrose Bierce, Dr. Dantziger translating the germ of the story from the German of Richard Voss and elaborating upon it, and Mr. Bierce revising the context. Of this book George Hamlin Fitch says in review:

> Great literary art is shown in the naive story of how the young neophyte unconsciously falls in love with the social pariah, the daughter of the hangman, and the tragic climax of this love is told in a way that will move even the careless reader.

That the same pen which is thrust through "the fools and villains and pretenders" of San Francisco, and which maintains a sustained note of condemnation from the first page to the last in "Black Beetles in Amber," has moved through the pages of "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter," seems at first sight unbelievable. And yet what is more natural after all than that the mind which extols the modest and flays the arrogant should be all the more capable of appreciating the charm of youth and innocence and purity. For of such a kingdom is Benedicta, the child of the brain of these two writers and the German across the seas—and a more beautiful character has never come into being within the covers of a book.

In regard to the subject of this sketch, Mrs. Atherton says in her sketch in the *Cosmopolitan*:

> Ambrose Bierce sits alone on the top of a mountain and does work which twenty years ago would have given him instant fame. He has the best brutal imagination of any man in the English-speaking race; his sonnets are exquisitely dainty and tender; his fables are the wittiest that have been written in America. Poe never wrote anything more weirdly awful than "Chicamauga," "My Favorite Murder" and "The Watcher by the Dead." The reserve and cynical brutality of these stories produce an impression never attained by the most riotous imagination.

From E. H. Clough is quoted the following:

> Brevity is the essential of modern literature. The American takes the lead in this nineteenth century characteristic, and the Californian who follows writing as a trade has always been pre-eminent in this literary method. And of all Californian writers Ambrose Bierce is beyond all cavil the best exponent of this manner. Mr. Bierce's satire is purely intellectual. It depends upon no extraneous impulse. His sentences are permeated with the essence of his individuality, and every word he uses conveys a meaning that no other word could express so aptly. His virile power is apparent in his slightest effort, and it is the regret of his friends and admirers that he wastes so much time, energy and splendid ability upon the petty concerns of very small people. As a short story writer Mr. Bierce is unequaled. He is the peer of Robert Louis Stevenson in weird, shadowy effect, and the superior of that writer in expression. He is a master of English in everything and his vocabulary is as copious as that of any living writer. Moreover, he is an even writer. Judged by the standard of his best work, nothing that he publishes is poor. Some day Ambrose Bierce will be appreciated at the true worth of his genius—but not now—the light is too close—we cannot discern the form and substance distinctly.

As contrast to the other paragraphs a few are here quoted from W. C. Morrow:

> About twenty years ago a young American went to London, having served as an officer in the war of the Rebellion, and was engaged as a writer on *Fun*. Very soon the editors, amazed at the young man's ability, conceived the idea that he "could write anything." Accordingly they piled before him a great assortment of old wood cuts and asked him to "write things" to fit them. As a result he wrote a strange assortment of "things" that amazed and mystified Great Britain—wrote them to fit the old wood-cuts. The mysterious power of this extraordinary young man stirred higher London as no writer had done since the days of Swift. Behind the outlandish tales and fables of "Dod Grile," written to fit old wood-cuts, every politician saw a teller of secrets, and every Pharisee of whatever kind felt a cruel finger upon a hidden ulcer. So great was the interest which "Dod Grile" aroused, that selections from his contributions to *Fun*

were made and were published in a little book entitled "Cobwebs From an Empty Skull," embracing fables by "Zambri the Parsee," queer dialogues conducted by the Philosopher, the Soldier and the Fool, and sundry stories. This remarkable book, which had a great sale in those days, is now out of print. There are probably less than half a dozen copies in California now, and one of them is in a great library in San Francisco. In all literature there is nothing like that extraordinary book; there is nothing whatever to compare with its humor, its wit, its satire, its elusive and shadowy philosophy—it would be pleasant to find the critic who can tell what the book is. We have "Dod Grile" here with us, and are so lacking in pride as to writhe when he makes mouths at us. His right name is Ambrose Bierce.—*W. C. Morrow.*

A still greater contrast, however, is here presented in several quotations from Mr. Bierce himself. Some one said of him the other day: "Oh, you can't find his double anywhere." But that he is of a dual nature himself there is no doubt. He can be as gentle as he is vindictive; he can be as sweet as he is bitter. To express this idea Charles Edwin Markham says:

> His is a composite mind—a blending of Hafiz the Persian, Swift, Poe, Thoreau, with sometimes a gleam of the Galilean.

An instance of this contrasting quality of mind is here quoted—his epitaph upon a friend.

TO RALPH SMITH.

Light lie the earth upon his dear dead heart,
  And dreams disturb him never;
Be deeper peace than Paradise his part,
  Forever and forever.

Without eulogy or analysis or further explanation, is here presented a a poem which is great enough to speak for itself and for its author as well:

INVOCATION.

Goddess of Liberty! Lo, thou
  Whose tearless eyes behold the chain,
  And look unmoved upon the slain,
Eternal peace upon thy brow,—

Before whose shrine the races press,
  Thy perfect favor to implore
  (The proudest tyrant asks no more,
The ironed anarchist no less),—

Whose altar-coals that touch the lips
Of prophets kindle, too, the brand
By Discord flung with wanton hand
Among the houses and the ships,—

Upon whose tranquil front the star
Burns bleak and passionless and white,
Its cold inclemency of light
More dreadful than the shadows are,—

Thy name we do not here invoke
Our civic rites to sanctify:
Enthroned in thy remoter sky,
Thou heedest not our broken yoke.

Thou carest not for such as we:
Our millions die to serve thee still
And secret purpose of thy will.
They perish—what is that to thee?

The light that fills the patriot's tomb
Is not of thee. The shining crown
Compassionately offered down
To those who falter in the gloom

And fall, and call upon thy name,
And die desiring—'tis the sign
Of a diviner love than thine,
Rewarding with a richer fame.

To Him alone let freemen cry
Who hears alike the victor's shout,
The song of faith, the moan of doubt,
And bends Him from His nearer sky.

God of my country and my race!
So greater than the gods of old—
So fairer than the prophets told
Who dimly saw and feared Thy face,—

Who didst but half reveal thy will
And gracious ends to their desire,
Behind the dawn's advancing fire
Thy tender day-beam veiling still,—

To whom the unceasing suns belong,
And deed is one with consequence,—
To whose divine inclusive sense
The moan is blended with the song,—

Whose laws, imperfect and unjust,
  Thy just and perfect purpose serve:
  The needle, howsoe'er it swerve,
Still warranting the sailor's trust,—

God, lift Thy hand and make us free:
  Perfect the work Thou hast designed.
  O strike away the chains that bind
Our souls to our idolatry!

The liberty Thy love hath given
  We thank Thee for. We thank Thee for
  Our great dead father's holy war
Wherein our manacles were riven.

We thank Thee for the stronger stroke
  Ourselves delivered and incurred
  When—Thine incitement half unheard—
The chains we riveted we broke.

We thank Thee that beyond the sea
  The people, growing ever wise,
  Turn to the west their serious eyes
And dumbly strive to be as we.

As when the sun's returning flame
  Upon the Egyptian statue shone,
  And struck from the enchanted stone
The music of a mighty fame,

Let Man salute the rising day
  Of liberty, but not adore.
  'Tis Opportunity—no more—
A useful, not a sacred, ray.

It bringeth good, it bringeth ill,
  As he possessing shall elect.
  He maketh it of none effect
Who worketh not within Thy will.

O give us more or less, as we
  Shall serve the right or serve the wrong.
Confirm our freedom but so long
As we are worthy to be free.

But when (O distant be the time!)
  Majorities in passion draw
Insurgent swords to murder Law,
And all the land is red with crime,

Or—nearer menace!—when the band
  Of feeble spirits cringe and plead
  To the gigantic strength of Greed,
And fawn upon his iron hand:

Nay, when the steps to power are worn
  In hollows by the feet of thieves,
  And Mammon sits among the sheaves
And chuckles while the reapers mourn—

Then stay Thy miracle! replace
  The broken throne, repair the chain,
  Restore the interrupted reign
And veil again thy patient face.

Lo! here upon the world's extreme
  We stand with lifted arms and dare
By thine eternal name to swear
Our country, which so fair we deem—

Upon whose hills—a bannered throng—
  The spirits of the dawn display
  Their flashing lances all the day
And hears the sea's pacific song—

Shall be so ruled in right and grace
  That men shall say: "O drive afield
  The lawless eagle from the shield,
And call an angel to the place!"

—*Ambrose Bierce.*

THE NEWS LETTER.

1856-1893.

FOUNDERS AND PROPRIETORS:

Frederick Marriott Sr. and Frederick Marriott Jr.

EDITORS:

William M. Nielson, Ambrose Bierce, T. A. Harcourt, D. W. C. Nesfeld, Richard Gibson, Frank H. Gassaway, Daniel O'Connell, J. H. Gilmour, A. S. Loundes, Edward Moran and others.

CONTRIBUTORS:

Peter Robertson, John Finley, Gustav Glaser, Kate Waters, Eliza D. Keith, Ermentine Poole, Ella Sterling Cummins and others.

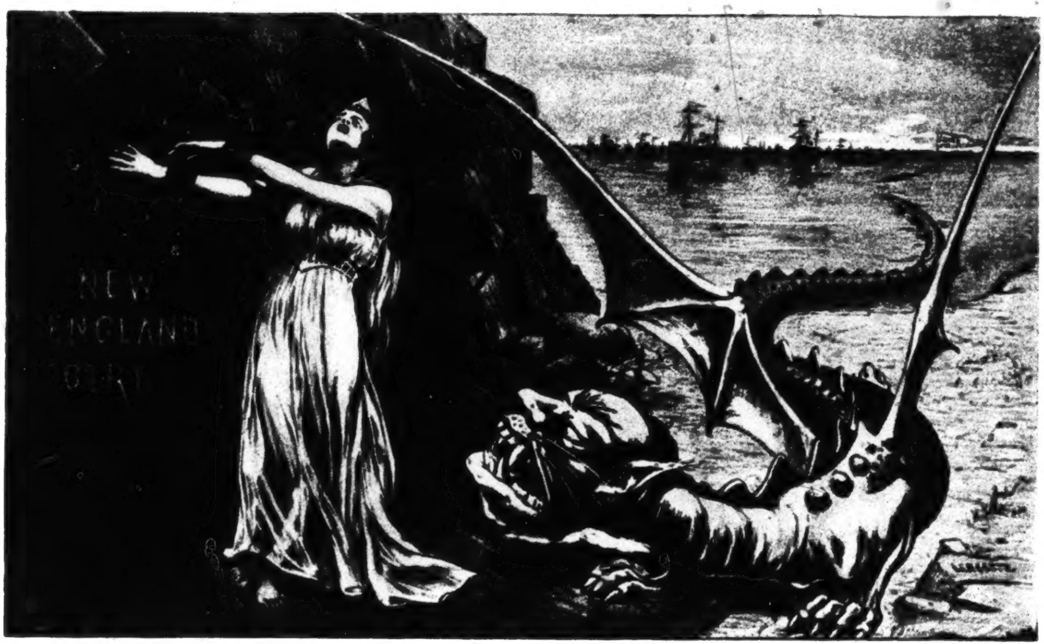
The *News Letter*, well known throughout this country and Europe, was founded in July, 1856, and was at first simply a sheet of blue letter paper, one side of which was a three-column newspaper, the other being left blank for the purchaser to fold and write the address upon and then mail. The idea was popular and the paper throve. Its founder, Frederick Marriott, was a journalist of experience, having been the founder of the *London Illustratrated News*, and connected with other prosperous journals. Mr. Marriott succeeded in making his journal very popular, and at his death he was succeeded by his son, Frederick Marriott, in the proprietorship of the paper. Its popularity and prosperity still continue.

It has issued many holiday and midsummer numbers containing stories and articles and poems from our best writers, notably a supplement in the year 1882, if I mistake not. It was of a young Californian beauty who refused her sweetheart, saying: "You can ask me again and I will give you an answer when snow falls in the streets of San Francisco." As this was the same as a final answer, there being no such possibility in this mild clime, the young man sorrowfully took his departure. But all at once the air filled with flakes and the roses and lilies were covered with snow. He smiled, returned to the young lady, who stood in astonishment at the miraculous sight, and—she gave him a different answer.

Some of Frank Gassaway's best poems have appeared here. He has a gift for soul-stirring verse of the narrative order, such as "Pride of Battery B," "Bay Billy," "The Dandy Fifth," "The Color Bearer of the Sky," and others, all of which have become popular as recitations. It is with regret that this volume goes to press without some quotation from Mr. Gassaway, as he is a representative writer, but the promised material has never reached me.

The Christmas stories of the *News Letter* have in many cases been excellent, notably a character story of a Californian Frenchman by Peter Robertson, and an East Indian story by John Hamilton Gilmour.

* * *


NEW
ENGLAND

FROM THE "WASP."

CALIFORNIA
1879.

THE WASP.

(*FIRST CARTOON PAPER IN COLORS*)

1870–1893.

FOUNDERS:

Korbel Brothers.

EDITORS:

George B. Machrett, Col. Jackson, Dan O'Connell, Ambrose G. Bierce, Frank Gassaway, Gen. Backus, D. S. Richardson, Thomas E. Flynn, Edward Townsend, Frank Richardson, Annie Lake Townsend, Minnie Buchanan Unger, Flora Haines Loughead, Ella Sterling Cummins, Alice Denison, Emma Frances Dawson, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Lillian Plunkett, Ella Higginson and others.

The *Wasp* antedates any other paper of the same class in the United States. It was founded in 1870, and was the first cartoon paper (in colors) ever published in America. Messrs. Korbel and brothers were the original proprietors, and it had several different owners and editors, until finally, in 1889, it became the property of Samuel W. Backus. Charles W. Saalburg and Langstruth have been cartoonists, frequently assisted by Henry Nappenbach. General Backus was born in 1844 in New York, but has grown to manhood in California, and has for thirty years been in public life. Coming here in 1852, he was educated at the public shools of Sacramento. He served in the Civil War, joining the Army of the Potomac in 1862. He was made a Second Lieutenant at 19, and served with distinction until the close of the war. He served in the Modoc wars of 1865–6, and for a time commanded at Fort Bidwell. Retiring from the Army, he entered the civil service, first in the Internal Revenue Department, and afterward in the Custom House. In 1867 he gave up the public service for private business, and became a commission merchant, and for ten years did an extentive trade. In 1878 he was elected to the State Legislature from the same district with the late Hon. John Swift. He was appointed Adjutant-General by ex-Governer Perkins in 1880, and was a most efficient officer, reorganizing the State militia thoroughly. He was San Francisco's Postmaster, under President Arthur's administration ('82–86), and made such an enviable record as an administrator of public affairs that President Harrison re-appointed him in 1890, and he still holds the position. General Backus is still a comparatively young man, and in his management of the *Wasp*, brought to bear his great abilities to good advantage.

Recently a joint stock company was formed, of which Thomas E. Flynn, a well-known local journalist, is the leading stockholder. Mr. Flynn is one of the best humorous writers on the coast, and as he is the editor, he bids fair to make the *Wasp* the equal of the large Eastern comic papers.

The cartoons of the *Wasp* have always been characterized by great originality. Some of the ideas thus presented by the different artists have really had their origin in the brain of the man who for the time being sat in the editor's desk. The history of the Pacific Coast is here told in grotesquerie more potent in its effect than the cold-blooded fact of the daily press. The best one of them all, in the opinion of the writer, the most terrific presentation of a problem to a people, is that of the cartoonist, Langstruth, relative to the Asiatic horde. It well represents the history of California in 1879, before the Exclusion Act went into operation, and is here presented to show something of the cartoonist in California.

Space forbids more than mention of the able editors and contributors who have made the columns sparkle with satire and humor. The department carried on by Annie Lake Townsend in the early eighties, entitled "A Woman's Journal," and signed "Jael Dence," was the quintessence of woman's wit and philosophy. No other paper ever had the courage to present such good material of this kind to the reading public, but the paragraphs were cut out and preserved in scrap-books, as silent witness to the appreciation of the feast thus spread.

Ambrose Bierce wrote many "Black Beetles in Amber" for the *Wasp*. Dan O'Connell's best work came into these columns.

Frank Gassaway illuminated the pages. Minnie Buchanan Unger left the impress of her fervid pen in several of the Christmas stories.

Alice Denison wrote many a quaint verse over the signature "Cactus." Latterly Charlotte Perkins Stetson has contributed satires that sparkled, Lillian Plunkett, graceful verses with a little sting in them, Ella Higginson who writes for "Life," has also contributed fanciful conceits in verse.

Perhaps it is as well to give the credit or the blame of the "CALIFORNIAN STORY OF THE FILES" to the *Wasp*, the place where it belongs. Under the title "Library of Californian Writers," the series of sketches ran for six months during 1891. The encouragement that was accorded the sketches at that time, has led to their compilation in book form.

THE ARGONAUT SCHOOL.

1877-1893.

EDITORS:

Frank M. Pixley, Fred M. Somers, Jerome A. Hart.

CONTRIBUTORS:

Yda Addis, Mary Therese Austin, Gertrude Atherton, Ambrose Bierce, H. D. Bigelow, Kate Bishop, Geraldine Bonner, John Bonner, James F. Bowman, Julia H. S. Bugeia, R. J. Burdette, H. C. Bunner, George Chismore, E. H. Clough, Ella Sterling Cummins, Ina D. Coolbrith, Sam Davis, Alexander Del Mar, Frances Dawson, H. J. W. Dam, Robert Howe Fletcher, J. H. Gally, J. T. Goodman, Margaret Collier Graham, Clay M. Greene, T. A. Harcourt, Jerome A. Hart, May M. Hawley, Kate Heath, H. R. Haxton, William Hinton, Ada Archibald, Julia Clinton Jones, George H. Jessop, Kate Kellogg, R. L. Ketchum, Leonard Kip, N. C. Kouns, Mary Lake, Helen Lake, Flora Haines Loughead, Evelyn Ludlum, Fred Lyster, Dorothea Lummis, Julian Magnus, Edward Munson, Raoul Martinez, Arthur McEwen, Robert Duncan Milne, W. C. Morrow, Dan O'Connell, Frank M. Pixley, Dan de Quille, Richard Realf, Peter Robertson, Charles H. Shinn, Belle Strong, Mary O. Stanton, F. M. Somers, Mark Sibley Severance, Charles Warren Stoddard, Ralph Sidney Smith, Millicent W. Shinn, Annie Lake Townsend, Edward W. Townsend, Annie Toland, Alfred Trumble, J. C. Tucker, Minnie Buchanan Unger, L. S. Vassault, F. J. Vassault, Thomas J. Vivian, Charles Dwight Willard, A. E. Watrous, Oscar Weill, James F. Watkins.

From the initial number of the *Argonaut* to the present day it has always been a surprise. Admirably adapted to the tastes of San Francisco, it has maintained its supremacy for fifteen years, and is still without a rival. It was a felicitous thought which occurred to the originator of this journal to make it a dual creation—rampant Americanism on one side—that of politics—and decided Europeanism on the other—that is to say, art and literature. The one element satisfied the provincialism of the father of the family and the ordinary citizen, and the other brought a degree of enlightenment to those who, Evelike, longed to taste of the unknown fruit of the world beyond. In this way the *Argonaut* has been an educator as well as an entertainer.

Sometimes, it is true, in the desire to present the latest Parisian literary success, the boundaries have sometimes been reached and the feast is a little too strong for the ordinary San Francisco palate; but the offsetting columns of plain, practical Americanism absorb the attention, and those who do not like the foreign flavor pass it by.

Literary art, however, is the chief prevailing characteristic of the *Argonaut*, and, in consequence of the high standard there maintained, there has come into existence in California a school of writers which, insensibly and unconsciously, has been influenced by this prevailing characteristic. Vigorous and strong is the English, vivid and terse and epigrammatic the style, original and weird the plots of the stories to be found in the columns of these files. Many of them have made sensations and been the chief topic of the day, afterward to be copied in Eastern journals and travel the world over in translated form of other languages.

It is impossible to do justice to the names of these writers within the limits of one volume, especially where there are so many who are equally meritorious. The sketches of the three editors, themselves, if properly written, would occupy the space which must serve for all.

The department devoted to "Americanism" in the *Argonaut* may be said to be "Frank M. Pixley's Own." It originated with him, was the child of his brain and his heart, and has grown with his growth and will probably die with his death.

It seems a superfluity to attempt to write a sketch of Mr. Pixley. I have seen sketches and cartoons and histories and misrepresentations of Mr. Pixley in the papers since I was a child. Some of them have grown into legends which cluster about his name as if he were a fabled hero of the mythical period. I have known men and women to rush to a political meeting for which they cared nothing simply to have an opportunity of laying eyes on a man who occupied so much of the public attention. Where should we begin and where leave off in endeavoring to portray the life of a man who has been lawyer, miner, journalist, politician, capitalist, in many of which positions he has swayed the balance of power according to his will. He has made and unmade men; he has thrown his weight for and against party politics and come forth victorious; he has been superior to mere party, and for the sake of American principles thwarted both Democrats and Republicans single-handed. How well I remember the sudden lift he gave a small band of devoted men who were enrolled under the name of "Patriotic Sons of America." He came to their "camp-fires" and joined their ranks, and from this nucleus proclaimed that sudden uprising called the "American Party." With only one journal, the *Argonaut*, behind them, they defeated the nominee for Governor who had openly refused the American party's allegiance and had preferred to bid for the foreign vote, and they elected the Lieutenant-Governor who stood second upon the same ticket, presenting as a result the strange spectacle of a Democratic Governor and a Republican Lieutenant-Governor. Upon the death of the Governor the Republican succeeded the Democrat, bringing the office back into the party again. The American who had openly repudiated his own race, and had bid for the foreign vote instead,

FRANK M. PIXLEY.

never recovered from the awful disaster and died a year or so after—with the result, probably, that the lesson will not be forgotten by politicians, and that the American vote will never be insulted again.

But it is not my province to discuss politics—literature is the theme of this volume. And again I say, where should one begin and where end in analyzing such a mind as this?

Briefly, then, Mr. Pixley is a native of Westmoreland, Oneida county, N. Y., born in 1825, making him now about sixty-eight years of age. He is of English and Scotch descent and obtained his education mostly from a private tutor, a graduate of Hamilton College. He studied law in Rochester, N. Y., and in 1847 was admitted to the Supreme Court of Michigan. Two years later he crossed the plains to California, in 1854 marrying Miss Amelia Van Reynegom, and since that time has resided in the same house in a part of the city situated at North Beach, where he owns four blocks of land. From the volume entitled "The Early Days and Men of California," by W. F. Swasey, a pioneer of the past, the following quotation is made:

> Here is a man who has probably exerted a more commanding influence upon the public mind of California, by the superior ability and independence of thought which he has displayed in his public utterances and public writings, than all other men put together who have figured in public life, or in the profession of journalism, since California became an American State.
>
> The *Argonaut*—it is not too sweeping a statement to say it—is to-day one of the ablest journals, whether in a literary sense or otherwise, published in the English language in this country. Certainly among all of those published on the Pacific Coast none can be referred to whose editorials have been so widely read, quoted from and commended as models of English composition and style, as these which have appeared in its columns from the hand and brain of Frank M. Pixley.

The following is contributed by Flora Haines Loughead, one of the *Argonaut* writers:

> A lady who is a cordial admirer and friend of this gentleman, but who is herself a merciless humorist, once remarked: "Frank Pixley is the most interesting man I ever saw. He is as interesting as a kangaroo; you never know which way he is going to jump."
>
> This faculty for doing the unexpected, and taking wholly original views and opinions, has undoubtedly contributed to the sustained interest of the public

in Mr. Pixley and his paper, the *Argonaut*, which has vicariously profited through it. But it must not be inferred from this that the editor is a literary mountebank. Mr. Pixley is sincere, furiously sincere, in all that he says. His speech is brilliant, and he brings to the support of his opinions such a weight of logic, such plausible reasoning, and assails an opponent with such keen lances of wit, such captivating raillery, such a rattling succession of blows straight from the shoulder, that the man who is down must laugh and feel a respect for his antagonist. But to those who have followed closely Mr. Pixley's record as a writer, his chief charm lies, not in his valiant achievement of victories, but in his masterly way of meeting a defeat—and a man so rash of speech and so pugnacious must occasionally encounter defeat. His principle of behavior in such instances was in one notable occasion openly announced for the edification of readers. "If the *Argonaut* finds itself in a corner," the editor gravely announced, "it does not hesitate to turn around and crawl out." As the editor continues to say bright and funny things all the while he is making this inglorious exit from his corner, the spectacle is an enlightening one.—*Flora Haines Loughead.*

The subject of Frank M. Pixley is one not easily exhausted, and so one more point of view is presented, this time that of Yda Addis:

In 1877 Mr. Pixley founded the *Argonaut*, and thenceforward that weekly was a very fulminator of diatribes against abuses and dangers, social and political. Many critics have found Mr. Pixley's leaders fanatical and rabid; but underneath the surface justice of such a verdict lurks ingrate error. His is the far provision which ranges from causes incipient to results inevitable, and an ardent and altruistic patriotism rings in the war-cries that to the happy-go-lucky optimist sound like but unbased bellowings of a malcontent run-a-muck. The force, the vigor, the vitality of Mr. Pixley's writings, none can question; their belligerency, their frequent brutality, do but serve to call and fix an attention not to be commanded by milder phrasing. Mr. Pixley's style has merits all its own. The rich range of his vocabulary, the peculiar fitness and graphic value of his terms, the uncompromising directness, the unerring swoop with which he hurls himself upon a false or faulty principle, all are characteristic, as well as the sardonic humor with which he often arms his pen, as if he wrote with a lancet.

Oddly enough, the bit of writing which Mr. Pixley himself prefers to all his other work is somewhat out of his usual line. In 1871 Sir Beresford Hope was advocating, through the London *Times*, the erection of a monument in Virginia to the memory of Stonewall Jackson. Mr. Pixley, then in Europe, replied, also through the *Times*, in strenuous opposition to the project. His objections, he avers, were not based on partisan feeling, but on the ground that the events of the Civil War were too recent to admit of impartial and judicial selection of the heroes whose deeds shall have national commemoration. With due deference to Mr. Pixley's opinion, his passionate, powerful phillipics on sociological questions are the utterances which will write his name on the tablets which time will raise to political reformers.—*Yda Addis.*

The *Argonaut* was founded in April, 1877, by Fred M. Somers and Frank M. Pixley. While Mr. Pixley carried on the editorial department, Mr. Somers devoted his attention to the literary department.

Mr. Somers represents an element of tremendous journalistic activity. He came to California with the name "Argonaut" in his pocket, which name he had originally gotten from Bret Harte's lecture, "The Argonauts of Forty-nine." He evolved the idea of the paper and induced Mr. Pixley to join him in establishing it as the *Argonaut*. A little later on he conceived the idea of the Indian girl which serves as a frontispiece for this volume, and had the artist, Jules Tavernier, prepare it for the Christmas number of the *Argonaut*, one of the most beautiful and typical illustrations ever presented to a San Francisco public.

FRED M. SOMERS.

The *Overland* was now dead, and Mr. Somers thought he would start a successor to it in the form of the *Californian Magazine*. At the same time he evolved the idea of the *Epigram*, and then, falling ill, was compelled to abandon all literary work and rest for a year or two, in order to regain his health. A few years later he inaugurated a publication in New York City called *Current Literature*, and still another monthly called *Short Stories*. His success has been so remarkable that it is evident he brings life and vitality into all his literary enterprises, and needs only to stay by them till they have attained their growth in order to endow them with prosperity and longevity.

Frederick Maxwell Somers was born in Portland, Me., and came to California in the middle of the seventies. He has been an encourager of literature and of young writers. Many there are in California to-day who look back regretfully to the day when Mr. Somers ceased to be a power in literary matters in San Francisco, and still speak of his exceeding kindness of heart, and the excellent influence he exerted in favor of good literature. Nothing is better as proof of this than the splendid material he gathered together as a nucleus in the *Californian Magazine*. Mr. Somers has lately revisited California and renewed his old acquaintances, and tried to bring good cheer with him, as of old, to the eager spirits of literature who find here little encouragement for the story that lies in their hearts.

It was in the fall of 1879 when Mr. Somers temporarily gave up the management of the *Argonaut* to begin preparations for the *Californian*. It was at this time that Jerome A. Hart took his place as managing editor, although Mr. Somers still retained his proprietary interest in the *Argonaut* until the winter of 1881–82, when he disposed of his interest in the journal to Mr. Hart and went abroad. Thus it will be seen that Mr. Hart has been the managing editor of the *Argonaut* for thirteen of the fifteen years of its existence.

JEROME A. HART.

Jerome Alfred Hart was born in California. Regarding his work on the *Argonaut* as editor, Frank B. Millard says as follows:

> The man who does the careful editing of the *Argonaut* has no great name as a journalist, and for that I am thankful. If I were Jerome A. Hart, the gentleman in question, I would rather be appreciated by the few who know good editing when they see it, than to have my name carved over the front door of the tallest news-factory in the country for every vulgarian to gape at. I have seen editors and editors, but I know of none whose work shows up better in cold type than does Mr. Hart's. Why? Because he is careful, and from the great mass of readable and unreadable matter that flows into the *Argonaut* office he can tell to a nicety what of it all his readers will most care for.
>
> How does he do it?

There are some editors who tell you they can smell a good article. They don't have to read one quarter of it to know that it's "just the stuff" they want. Mr. Hart does not do his editing that way. He does the writer the justice to find out out what he has really written. The whole story does not lie in that carefully prepared first page, and Mr. Hart knows it.

Of course, he has his fancies. One of them is for odd, grewsome or quaint tales. He likes too well the story tinted by the supernatural. And yet, I do not know that this is a grave fault; for he has given us W. C. Morrow and has quoted the always-impossible Milne, each of whom we cannot help reading. But I am most grateful to him because of his giving us R. L. Ketchum and Buckey O'Neill. And I am glad he has admitted the cool, dainty "Van Gryse," the clever "Cockaigne" and the fluffy but always readable "Parisian."

The *Argonaut's* literary matter reflects Mr. Hart's quietness of tone and his polished gentlemanliness. If he were a writer—and he is essentially an editor—I fancy he would be a sort of Henry James. But you cannot tell how far a frog may jump by his looks, nor can you tell what Mr. Hart might do if he were to take to word-slinging. He might turn out as harrowing as Bierce or as happy-go-lucky as Sam Davis. Still, I am willing to trust him, and would like much to see him begin to work the pen on his own account, instead of using it to dress up other people's English.—*Frank B. Millard.*

Regarding the literary work of Mr. Hart, the following is contributed by Yda Addis:

The literary work of Mr. Hart is so varied and so uniformly excellent in its versatility that the reading world must deplore that editorial incumbency which usurps a more eclectic one.

The most striking characteristic of Mr. Hart's work is its finish. From his entrance on the field of letters, about 1880, if I mistake not, this feature has been most notable. His many translations from the French, the German, the Italian and the Spanish have ever been marked by a nicety of shading, an accurateness of rendering, which preserved, so far as any translation may, the exact flavor and spirit of the original.

In his correspondence for foreign periodicals, Mr. Hart has shown his readiness to exercise the editorial functions upon his own work; his were model letters, as concise as they were exhaustive. It is not unsafe to say that American journalism has contained nothing cleverer than the "Zulano Papers," which for some years were the piquant sauce of the *Argonaut.* If they do not become classics it must be for the liberal distribution of local color. Eliminate the touches which localize, and these satiro-philosophic-persiflagic-gossipy-critical-with-an-occasional-bit-of-exquisite-idyl-thrown-in-for-*lagniappe*-papers can be read to-day with as crisp enjoyment as when first written, nearly fifteen years since, ranging, as they do, over almost every phase of literature, art, music, society and human nature. Hart has avoided the one fault of his work elsewhere—here he is spontaneous. There was nothing forced or strained about

Zulano. His observations were as instinctive and natural as the frolic of the leaves when the wind pipes.

But Mr. Hart's verse, with a few notable exceptions like "Madrone" and the stately, wistful "Amantes Amentes" has not the art which conceals art. His sentiment is very graceful, but stagey. Not only his figures of rhetoric, but the emotions they assume to express, bow and balance and drill, pose and gesticulate with the perfect ease of clever actors at the highest degree of training. But no one could mistake them for real beings—they command admiration from the intellect, but they do not touch the heart—they are clearly artificial.

As to technique, in verse or prose, didactic strain or veriest nonsense, Mr. Hart is ever faultless. It would rend his soul were he forced to write a halting foot of verse or to build an inartistic sentence.—*Yda Addis.*

Mary Therese Austin was born in Greenbay, Illinois, coming to California when but a child. In 1874 she wrote for the *Alta*, and when her brother, Jerome A. Hart, became connected with the *Argonaut*, in 1877, she accepted the dramatic position on that journal. This she proceeded to make one of the most delightful departments upon any paper anywhere. In 1887 she went to Europe, and in 1881 to Japan and China, writing a series of letters for the *Argonaut* upon her travels—bright, breezy letters which were read with pleasure. In 1889 her life came to an abrupt close.

"BETSY B."

From "Undertones," a department conducted by Peter Robertson, the following personal reminiscences are quoted:

It was more than a common loss that took from us Mary Therese Austin. I knew her; I had the honor of being one of that circle she gathered around her in her rooms and held so long together by the force of her brilliant intellectual qualities, her attractive personality, her modesty, which gave to her conversation and her manner a charm that cannot be described. She was an exceptional woman—not one of those flashing, dazzling women one associates with French salons, but one who said something when she spoke, and wasted no words in meaningless noise.

Everybody knows her as a writer, as a critic and especially in theatrical matters her feuilleton was looked for with considerable anxiety, especially by strangers who, coming to San Francisco for the first time, knew of "Betsy B" as a writer whose verdict would materially affect their reputation. By the public her style in writing was always appreciated, and the constant flow of bright, witty, sensible, original thought gave even to those old subjects, which dramatic critics have constantly to deal with, a freshness and interest that made them new.

For some years Mrs. Austin had a delightful coterie of friends who assembled in her rooms on Sunday evenings and spent three or four hours in discussion, conversation, badinage and even in simple games that relieved the seriousness of literary and artistic talk. She was a charming hostess, she dispensed hospitality with a simple grace. Indeed, under her influence hospitality dispensed itself to the perfect comfort of her guests, and behind, before, around her floated "Joe," as everybody liked to call him, emphasizing with true Scotch sincerity the welcome that everybody received.

Many brilliant evenings took place in those rooms. There was a very pleasant little band of people who delighted to go there, and in the refined atmosphere which always surrounded Mrs. Austin, wit took a high flight and philosophy lost its weight and became gay and sprightly. There were no heavy disquisitions on any subject. The heaviest and most dignified were frequently expounded with quip and crank and jest, and something in those Sunday evenings seemed to inspire the dullest to brightness. If those fugitive bits of witty repartee, of bright humor, of pungent philosophy, could have been caught and noted down, they would have made a book worth reading. But they came and went, they raised a laugh—the meaning remained, but the turn of expression had gone. Sometimes those evenings would take a simple turn and those twenty or thirty clever women and bright men would play a game of questions; but those games would give rise to a hundred jokes—a perfect rain of good-humored chaff, which reached a high level of wit and humor.

I remember one merry evening when she gave a picnic in her rooms. It had been the custom for the little coterie to go every year for a picnic in the woods. That year it had not been possible, and the season was about over. So she made up her mind she would have the picnic in her rooms. From the Baldwin Theater she secured a number of painted trees and a back scene of landscape, she borrowed a number of those green mats they use for grass on the stage, and she procured some real shrubbery to fill in with. Her parlor was suddenly transformed into a picnic ground. Some "painted water" was got and the canvas carefully banked with those green mats, and they represented grass all over the room.

There were no chairs; everybody had to sit down on the grass, and there, late in the evening, a little supper was served. There was no end of merriment. On the trees and shrubbery were hung little placards, as an afterthought, during the evening, "Beware of the Caterpillars," and other legends. A large tree was placed on one side of the window, with a couple of seats behind it, and "No Flirting" was conspicuously posted on it, which naturally induced people to go there and sit. But as they were always in full view of the whole room, there was not much need for the placard. The gentlemen were compelled to come in evening dress to the picnic, but the ladies were all in light picnic dresses. It was a merry night, and one that none of the circle will ever forget.

For Mrs. Austin, as a woman, all her friends—and she had many—had a profound admiration and affection. As a writer, when one thinks of the literature which has lately been written by the sex, one cannot help placing her up in the first rank. It is the diamond against the bloodstone. Had she been in London, Paris or New York, the world would have known her, and her salon would have been famous, for she would have drawn around her all the highest and cleverest men in literature and art.

I doubt if there is to-day writing, a woman with as much intellectual talent, as fine a taste, as felicitous a style, or as pure or high a mind. But nothing that I can write can approach for felicity of expression, genuineness of feeling, or beautiful simplicity of diction this little paragraph, from the pen of one of her own sex, one who knew her and loved her, one whom she knew and loved, one who stood next to herself in that little coterie of which she was the honored head:

"During the eight or nine years Mrs. Austin had been the dramatic critic of the *Argonaut* her nom de plume, "Betsy B," was never signed to anything that was not entertaining, just and sincere. This is no time at which to tell the story of her brilliant work for that and other papers, or to speak of her life in detail—the life of a woman of heart and brains, of great mental activity and very warm and wide sympathies.

"One side of Mrs. Austin's character was a rare kindliness of heart. Those who knew her only as a keen wit and a kindly satirist can hardly appreciate the unvarying benevolence of her attitude to those about her. She knew as few people do how much the small things of life contribute to its happiness or unhappiness. Her friends went to her with their great and little disappointments and heartaches, and never failed to find help and sympathy. She had the lightest touch—no grief was so bitter, no wound so sensitive, that her quiet helpfulness could not allay its pang.

"And now, when those who loved her are sore with the sense of their bereavement, there is no one like her to whom they can go for comfort. She was a great brightness in the lives of many.

"Of such as she one does not write a long obituary, but there will be violets on her grave this day next year."

The critical estimate of Mrs. Austin's work in the *Argonaut* has been prepared for the "CALIFORNIAN STORY OF THE FILES," by Adele Chretien, who was for eight years dramatic critic on the *Examiner*, and knows whereof she speaks:

Mrs. Austin's keen perception, clear judgment, retentive memory and unhesitating courage, would have given value to her critical work, though her literary style had few instead of many graces. And even careless and shallow criticism could have been made attractive by such pungency and relish as there was in all her writings, especially after she had realized and enjoyed the larger liberty of comment and opinion given her by a literary weekly when her novitiate on a commercial was ended.

Perhaps the quality of mind that made itself most conspicuous in her work, partly because it was so acute and so active, partly because women are rarely credited with this endowment, was her sense of humor. It was this that first endeared her to her readers, and gave spice and point to even the early—and probably hasty—criticism in which her riper judgment found many flaws. The sparkle of her wit lighted up the humorous side of every amusing stage incident that came under her scrutiny, and discovered the comical under all sorts of solemn disguises. Guilty stage folk dreaded this wit as much as her readers loved it, for her pithy and poignant little sentences were remembered and repeated long after paragraphs of labored dispraise by other critics had been forgotten. She could make a word or two do the work for a column of description, as for instance, when she spoke of a certain burlesque actress, who had been routed by a rival, as having "packed her handkerchief and left." There was no need of further words. The young person's penchant for scanty toilets was sufficiently set forth.

There was no sting in Mrs. Austin's racy paragraphs when she wrote of intelligent industry and well-applied talent. To these she was infinitely kind and encouraging. It was upon false pretense, self-confident vulgarity and lazy negligence that all the arrows of her wit were loosed, and the victims found it as hard to forget the sharpness as the public found it easy to remember the brightness of each shining shaft.

Few women who write have a tithe of her courage. Where there was an imposition to be put down, an injustice to be scored or a falsehood exposed, it mattered nothing to her if it was backed by a millionaire manager or a great public favorite. She rated either or both in round Anglo-Saxon with complete indifference to possible consequences disagreeable to herself.

When she had been writing long enough to convince her readers that no fear or favor could make her compromise with what she felt should be condemned, her influence was established, and it remained unshaken and supreme to the end. It was not in her to write cold, ponderous and prim criticisms of anything or anybody. She evidently —and sensibly—felt that the world had gone on and left that style of writing behind, and that it was powerless to touch or influence the readers of her day. But she got at the heart of an actor's work, when it was worth the seeking, and plucked out its mystery with an unerring instinct. She recognized genius immediately, and her acknowledgment was as full and beautiful as her enjoyment of it was intense. Of the soulful singing of Albani and of Gerster in her prime, of Adelaide Neilson's rare dramatic loveliness and of Modjeska's exquisite grace, of Salvini's power and Booth's wonderful art, she wrote with an enthusiasm that made her readers sharers in her own delight, even when they had not seen the occasion of it. Once when she wrote of some performance wherein the virtues did not appear until patient study had been brought to bear upon it, she said: "One does not go to the theater for the next day's entertainment." But it was just that next day's entertainment, in her own review, that added an anticipatory zest to many a fine performance, and helped her readers to sit through many an indifferent one.

It was not by any means for the criticism alone that people read their *Argonaut* backwards, *a la Japonaise*, in her day. They turned to the last page of reading matter in that admirably edited weekly with fresh interest every Saturday morning, no matter what was going on at the theaters, or if nothing was going on. The great French critics have reduced discursiveness to an art, and write delightfully about anything else in heaven or earth when the theaters are dull and dry, poising on the stage only long enough to get the spring for a flight beyond it. "Betsy B" was as clever as any of them in making a very spangle of dramatic or musical suggestion the foundation for a glittering structure of fact and fancy, keen comment on the passing scene or fresh thought about the eternal verities.

She was no respecter of old-fogyism in life or literature. Her own diction, graphic, incisive and piquant, was free from pedantic restraints, though it never strayed beyond the diocese of good English. No dull or insignificant paragraph appears in her work, which was bright and readable from the beginning though between the first and last of it there was extraordinary growth and ripening. Clear thought and quick observation, a discriminating taste and a vivid fancy, distinguished all her later work.

When she wrote of her European experience in her ripened manner she gave a new charm to hackneyed themes and furnished fresh and striking pictures of scenes that have been almost worn to rags by tourists' letters. Pastels in prose had not come into fashion in her time. If they had, her little pictures of scenes that were new to her, which she painted as only a trained artist or an educated journalist could present them, would have made gems for the magazines which deal in that material now.

There was infinite humor in her way of bringing New World expressions to bear on Old World facts; but to her enlightened intelligence the slavish condition of the European women of the lower ranks, and the continuance of certain social forms which had lost their filling and become husks, presented problems too serious to be written about lightly or humorously. These were the only dark spots in her sketches. It was delightful to go with her in fancy up the Alps in Switzerland and down the burns of Scotland; to renew one's young love for the scenes of Walter Scott's novels, of the quaint Dutch artists' paintings, of the tremendous battles of modern history and the myths of the land of ice and snow with which Wagner wrought his wonderful music-dramas.

She had something to say of all of them that was not an echo, and which stimulated thought and imagination with a new wine. She herself said that everybody else said there was nothing to see in Rotterdam. But who that read those three and a half delightful columns in which she describes this nothing, did not feel that Rotterdam was an enticing city, and that with "Betsy B." as a companion, one could spend weeks there?

The light of her own rich fancy fell upon whatever she wrote about. When it touched beauty, grace or sweetness, they were transfigured. Where it was bent upon genius her own reverent admiration made it a footlight and revealed to duller eyes in sharper lines the features of greatness. She had the gift of expressing what the great actor had the power to show. The greatest of them all must have felt the sweetness of having performance crowned with such appreciation as hers, and to the actor's art she herself paid her own tribute in writing of Edwin Booth's "Brutus:" "What a wonderful art this is, that a man can plant another soul in his bosom and put another man before us in the flesh who has been dust in a lost grave these two thousand years."

—*Adele Chretien.*

From a copy of the *Argonaut*, dated March 12, 1887, is quoted the following as typical of Mrs. Austin's bright, breezy style and exquisite good taste:

DRAMA.

It is a dastard thing that time has done in laying his withering hand so heavily upon Edwin Booth. The great actor seemed to be one of "the few, the immortal men that were not born to die," if one may paraphrase something too great to bear a change, and consequently to have immunity from the ghoulish hand of decay.

To the greater part of us he is a memory only ten years old, and ten years ago he was still so young that youth was one of the manifold graces of his wonderful Hamlet.

When, therefore, the curtain rolled up slowly, even solemnly, on Monday night—or it may have seemed so in the breathless hush of expectancy—and the Hamlet looked mournfully out upon us from the lineaments of an old man, there was not a heart that did not throb with a moment's pain. Curiously enough, it did not strike people as being exactly wrong. There is but one Hamlet, and his name is Edwin Booth. But people have been talking it over—and taking a melancholy comfort in it, too—and wondering vaguely if nothing could be done. Booth has ruthlessly sheared his hyperion locks, which were, for so many years, distinctive of him, and their impatient shake belonged to Hamlet quite as much as the fitful clapping of his brow.

One would say of another man that he had cut his hair, but it does not seem quite the phrase to apply to Booth, who is the romantic figure of the day so far as the stage is concerned. The thought comes that he is shorn like a new Absalom, and every one who has loved his Hamlet cannot help but sigh for his lost locks. The swarth of his dark, Oriental face would not seem to take kindly to pigments, and what can restore the lustre of his marvelous eyes? * * * Shakespeare was his creator, but with Edwin Booth, Hamlet was born, and with Edwin Booth, Hamlet will die. For look you, this is not acting that we have been wondering over. There is no smell of the midnight oil on this pale, dark, mystic-looking man. These clear, meaningful readings are not the tortured evolutions of the student's study, for Edwin Booth is not a student, and there is no strain of pedantry in any translation of his. There's a laugh for the commentators and a fillip of the fingers for the interpreters when Edwin Booth is

Hamlet. Here are no new readings to startle you; no tricksy business to distract you. Edwin Booth is the expression of Shakespeare. He does not step alone into the inky cloak and the cross-garters of the melancholy Dane. He steps into his fighting soul, and the complex Hamlet, who has tortured a thousand students, is as clear as morning light to this genius who gives body to a book-wraith that has been waiting for him almost three hundred years. And therefore it is that Hamlet was born with Edwin Booth. And it is meet and fitting this time that Hamlet grow old, and we cry "Ah, the pity of it!" But we shall look with exquisite tenderness upon every time-seam in his face, upon every glint of gray in his locks, upon every fire that still flashes in his eye.

* * *

All Californians are positively yearning to say something nice of Mr. John Malone, even though it were only in a broad way, for the sake of native talent But if the King of Denmark will stand in the corridor of the palace and declaim his remorse as if he were relating the fate of Casabianca, what are the unfortunate scribblers to do?

* * *

Fanny Rice, in her funny little high-pitched way, makes a very charming little host of the Golden Lamb—trim, dainty, neat and pretty.

* * *

Minnie Maddern, a pretty little red-headed girl with a curious personal fascination, has been playing "Caprice" to crowded houses at the Alcazar. It is fair to presume that she is playing "Caprice," for it says so on the bills, but she lowers her tones in such an exaggerated way that no word of hers penetrates three feet beyond the footlights. It is therefore impossible, with the leading characters practically silent, to understand what the plot is, although one may gather something of it from the other characters. Still, Miss Maddern does a lot of queer, funny, natural little things that are very charming in their way, and the children of nature at the Alcazar seem to find them so.—*Betsy B.*

That a faint impression, at least, may be conveyed of the riches of the *Argonaut* in the way of short stories, I have finally succeeded in obtaining the following summary from Mr. Hart, which, ot itself, could easily be extended into a volume:

THE ARGONAUT'S SHORT STORIES.

I have been asked to prepare some comprehensive and condensed notes concerning the *Argonaut* short stories. In looking over the volumes to refresh my memory, I have been struck by the number of the original stories. I knew that we had printed many, but the number surprised me. I was under the impression that the majority of the story matter was made up of translations. I find, however, that while the number of translations is large, there are still many hundreds of short stories, most of them by Pacific Coast writers.

The volumes which I have been examining extend over a period of sixteen years—1877 to 1893. The number of stories, therefore, makes this sketch more in the nature of a catalogue than anything else, and it will prove rather dry reading. Further than that, if a certain monotonous tone of eulogy pervades it, the reader must remember that during most of these years—since 1879—all of these manuscripts passed through my hands and were endorsed "available," so that I can scarcely be expected to condemn them now.

It may be well to say here that I have been requested to limit these notes to original short stories. There has been a vast amount of other good matter in the *Argonaut*—serial stories, translations, sketches, reminiscences, verse and so forth. But concerning these I have not been asked to write. * * *

The *Argonaut* stories may be arranged in several divisions. There are, for example, the stories distinctively of the Coast—pictures of life in mines, on cattle-ranches and in frontier towns. Of these, E. H. Clough furnished a number which appeared in 1878, 1879 and 1880. Of late years he has written less. Mr. Clough also wrote a series of humorous sketches called "The Pard's Epistles," through which there ran a story vein. His work was rugged, vigorous, generally humorous, often pathetic. Here are the names of some of the most striking: "His Private Graveyard," "Two Gents of Calaveras," "Salted," "A Singed Cat," "Old Bible Back," "A Mariposa Courtship," "Pard's Epistles" (series), "Seeking the Lamb," "The Femme Fashionable," "Snaggleby's Wedding," "Ah Choy," "Sing Low," "A Bar Sinister," "In Partnership," "By Express," "The Kiss of Death," "Astral Protection," "Located at Deadhorse" and "A Bit of Red Ribbon."

Among other writers whose work had the atmosphere of the Far West was Dr. J. W. Gally, now dead. One of his most striking stories was a serial which appeared in the *Overland* entitled "Big Jack Small." Dr. Gally wrote much for the *Argonaut* some twelve or thirteen years ago, a great part of his work being sketch matter, and discussions of current topics. He had a facile pen, and in his long and active life in the West had accumulated a fund of knowledge which, like Mr. Weller's, was extensive and peculiar. Among his stories which I recall are these: "Hulapi," "The Waving Red Legs," "Snakes," "St. Pecus," "A Listening Loafer," and "Collar and Elbow."

There is another phase of Pacific Coast life which few have handled well—the semi-Spanish civilization. Those who write of the lives of the native Californians of Spanish blood and of the Mexicans of New and Old Mexico, must not only understand Spanish as well as English, but the Spanish nature as well as the Anglo-Saxon—a much rarer accomplishment. I think in this division of Pacific Coast literature, Mrs. Yda Addis Storke stands easily first. This lady has lived in Mexico, New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California, and is familiar with the customs and people of those communities. She is sometimes accused of using too many Spanish phrases in her work, but I do not agree with this criticism. Owing to her skill in the use of language, she makes it apparent, in a subtle and not in an obvious way, what the meaning of these foreign phrases may be, and by their use adds greatly to the color of her work. She has written much and well. A list of the titles of some of her *Argonaut* stories will give an idea of the fertility of her pen: "Dr. Craft's Mistake," "For My Lady," "An Unknown Confidence," "The Gillespie Girls," "Two Women," "Don

Domingo," "Portrait of a Woman," "Œnone," "Idyl of the Frontier," "Over the Cliff," "A Serpent of the Tropics," "Fabiana's Lovers," "Shadows and Voices," "Santos' Suitors," "A Frontier Magdalen," "The Mystery of the Mine," "At the Luz del Dia," "Roger's Luck," "The Haunted Engine," "The Train of the Desert," "A Hidden Treasure," "Don Juan Manuel," "Pepe's Shroud," "A Maiden of Chihuahua," "The Priest's Bridge." "Lovelorn Suicide," "Treasure Cove," "Woman's Will," "The Picture of a Priest," "The White Priest's Penance," "The Dumb Witness," "The Mysterious Woman," "The Unshrived Ghost," "A Bride from the Grave," "Jennie," "An American Husband," 'The Architect's Wife," "Ventura's Love," "The Lieutenant's Secret," "Afar in the Desert," "The Devil's Plains," "Alone on the Sea," "Donna Francisca," "The Street of the Burnt Woman," "Pila del Corazon," "The Street of the Dead Man," "A Mexican Lucrece," "A Fair Sinner," "The Knotted Rope," and "The Wailing Woman."

Among stories of the life of the frontier, Sam Davis, in my opinion, is unique. He has not written for the *Argonaut* for a number of years. In the earlier numbers, however, may be found some of his stories, all of them good and many of them striking. Here are the titles of a few: "The Devil Fishing," "Miss Armstrong's Homicide," "A Comstock Coroner," "The Pocket Miner" and "A Christmas Carol." Here it may be well to interject a remark, in the interest of the truth of history. In Sam Davis' Story, "A Christmas Carol," published in the *Argonaut* of February 25, 1879, may be found the anecdote concerning that celebrated placard in a frontier dive:

PLEASE DO NOT SHOOT THE PIANO-PLAYER.

HE IS DOING HIS LEVEL BEST.

I have heard and read this story many times since, but that was the first time I ever saw it in print.

Charles Warren Stoddard wrote for the *Argonaut* in its earlier days, although most of his work was in the line of department matter and verse. For a long time he conducted a department called "Fancy Free." Among his stories which old *Argonaut* readers will remember are: "The Lass That Loved a Sailor," "Over a Wall," "The Dream Lady," "The Tales of the Waters," "Three Days of Grace" and "A Cigarette Story."

Among stories of the West are some relating to life on the railroad, in the railroad towns and with the Indians. Not very many have attempted them. Among them the most successful is Frank Bailey Millard. He has of late years occupied his time in editing a metropolitan daily, which leaves him little time for story writing, even if it left him the inclination. Editorial work rather takes the creative faculty out of a man. It is a pity, for Mr. Millard did some remarkably good work in that line. Among his stories may be mentioned: "Chumming With an Apache," "The Brake-beam Rider," "On Caliente Trail," "Yellow Gold," "A Whole Man," "On the Toano Grade" and "Lish of Alkali Flat."

Another writer who has done some excellent railroad stories is Edward Munson, who is, I believe, in the railroad service. A piece of his work, called "Old Hard Luck," is the story of a veteran railroad engineer whose ambition was to "get off the freight engine" and "haul varnished cars." How he reached his goal, and how he went out on an express train—in a coffin—is most pathetically told. Among Mr. Munson's stories are these: "The Thirst for Gold," "An Animal Elixir," "Rise and Shine," "An Arizona Meeting," "The Heir of Almohaza," and "Old Hard Luck."

A Western writer who has produced some remarkable stories of life on the frontier, at army posts, and among the Indians, is Wm. S. O'Neill, who writes over the signature of "Buckey O'Neil." There is a grimness about his style at times which affects one's nerves. The subtle way in which he describes the feelings of a man who for a reward has shot a highwayman, and watches the dying man's blood coloring the snow, would be difficult to surpass. Mr. O'Neill has not written many stories, but they are all of them strong. Here are the titles of a few: "The Man who Stayed Behind," "Taking no Chances," "Don Ramon's Revenge," "Colonel's Daughter," "A Venture with Death," and "Five Hundred Dollars Reward."

One of the branches of the Western story is that which describes the great cattle-ranches of Wyoming, Utah and other territories. R. L. Ketchum has had that field almost to himself. His cowboy is the real cowboy, and not the fantastic creature of the stage. He has written a number of stories for the *Argonaut*, among which are these: "Billy Brag," "Evangelist Brick," "A Tenderfoot," "Hat," "The Undressed Kid," "Sudden Widows," "A Roman-Nosed Maverick," "Shorty Lochinvar," "Two Women," "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," "Nita's Inheritance," "Love or Money," "Hicks-Brown Divorce," "El Superintendente," "A Bad Man," "The Auditor's Wife," "At the Baile," "Mat's Husband," "A Pullman Episode," "How Pink Went Home," and "The Feud of Hickey Township." Mr. Ketchum, also, has laid aside the pen of the story writer, and is now filling an editorial position on a Chicago daily.

Another type of story is not distinctly Western, but rather metropolitan. I refer to the pictures of life in a polyglot city such as San Francisco is. Still the scene of such stories might be laid in many other places. E. W. Townsend produced a number of remarkably clever sketches of life among newspaper men, artists and other Bohemians, the scene being laid in San Francisco. Among them are, "Casey," "Andre Was Fresh," "An Anarchist," "An Unavailable Sensation," "Tom Paget," "The Lost Chord," "The Tin Puppy Girl," "The Lady at the Morgue," "Me Side Pardner," "An Immoral Providence," "A Daughter of the Stage," "The Gates Mystery," "He Being a Philosopher," "Mr. Hobbs," "The Vandewater Story" and "Who Gets Out the Paper." This last has been copied in several hundred newspapers. Mr. Townsend is now in New York, doing similar work for the New York *Sun*, with gratifying success. His *dramatis personæ*, transplanted from North Beach to Washington Square, seem to thrive.

A series of similar sketches appeared in the *Argonaut* from the pen of

Thomas J. Vivian. Mr. Vivian was a special writer on the San Francisco *Chronicle*, generally preparing statistical articles. That he should in his lighter moments turn to sketches of theatrical ladies at supper, *cabinets particuliers* and French waiters, is odd; but perhaps it is for the same reason that sextons are said to be enamored of beer and skittles. Mr. Vivian has now definitely abandoned story writing, and is in the Bureau of Statistics at Washington.

Among the younger writers who have appeared in the *Argonaut* of late years is Charles Dwight Willard. Mr. Willard has invaded almost every field of fiction with his pen. Much of his work has appeared over various pseudonyms. He is a modest man, and when he wrote something particularly good he immediately became ashamed of it and affixed some pseudonym. His mediocre work, for some strange reason, he always signed with his full name. One of his most striking stories was entitled "The Fall of Ulysses," and related to the phenomenal intelligence of the Indian elephant. It was copied all over the world. Another, "The Jack Pot," is a pearl among short stories. It is about one thousand words long, and is a symmetrical, well-rounded piece of work. It has a beginning, a middle and an end—some stories have no end, and some should never have had a beginning—and in it the dramatic unities are unviolated, the reader is kept in suspense, the climax is looked for breathlessly, and when it comes it is entirely unsuspected. Here are the titles of some of Mr. Willard's *Argonaut* stories: "County Roads," "Sleep No More," "Poor Little Girl," "Female Relations," "Second Death," "Subsidy Bill," "A Lost Soul," "The Earlier Bird," "A Brother's Keeper," "By Any Other Name," "The Herald of Fate," "The Fall of Ulysses," "The Doppelganger," "The Diamond of Dorez," "King Cole," "The Itinerary of Caliban," "The Palimpsest," "The Turn of a Hand," "Tomasson," "Auto-da-fe," "The Earth Bubble," "Sentence Suspended," "Evolution of News," "The Jack Pot," "The Family Tree," "An Introduction," "Affairs of State," "Fingal the Hoodo," "A Superfluous Man," "A Sense of Justice" "Joan of Arc," "The Scapegoat," "This Mortal Coil" and "An Amendment of Destiny." It is melancholy to be forced to add, as in preceding cases, that Mr. Willard has ceased story writing. He has become secretary of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and is doubtless prosperous and unhappy.

Occasionally a single story will be sent in by a writer of whom we never hear again. Among them is one, "The Sorcery of Asenath," by L. A. Munger, which stands out strongly in my memory. It is a tale of Voodooism in the South, and of the devilish arts practiced by a quadroon woman to win her master away from his wife. It is a most powerful piece of work.

Arthur McEwen has written stories for the *Argonaut*—too few. Among them I remember these: "Which took him," "My Brother Judas," "An Abalone Secret" and "Genevieve." But Mr. McEwen can make more money writing about political bosses than he can about lovers and their sweethearts.

Robert Howe Fletcher has written some clever frontier stories for the *Argonaut*, all of which were subsequently printed in book form by the Appletons. Among them are these: "Corner Lots," "The Johnstown Stage," "Dick," "Moses Cohen," "Cast Away" and "Louise."

A very curious character was Nathan Kouns, who wrote for the *Argonaut* years ago over the signature of "Nathan the Essenian." He was a mystic. Much of his work was devoted to discussions of pyschological problems, such as the Godhead of Christ. But he also wrote stories—strange, mystical stories, with a tinge of supernaturalism. I remember that in one the scene was laid on a Southern battlefield, where the narrator finds the body of a dead soldier, whose fingers, when touched, close tightly upon the disturbing hand. Thereupon the narrator becomes *obsessed* with the soul of the dead man, and, carrying these two souls in the one body, he returns to the home of the dead man, and there, impelled by the tortured soul, marries a girl whom the dead soldier had wronged.

Nathan Kouns fought through the war on the Southern side and reached the rank of Major. He wrote an historical romance called "Arius the Libyan," which was published by the Appletons and attracted much attention. Here are the titles of some of his stories: "Alabam'," "Tucker the Scout," "The Taite Twin," "How Atlanta Surrendered," "The Wraith of Stephen Arnold," "The Man Dog" and "Tholuj the Hanged."

W. C. Morrow has written some of the most striking of the *Argonaut* short stories. Mr. Morrow's stories are utterly unlike those of any other writer with whom I am familiar. Some of them are akin to Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," but there are marked points of difference. Mr. Morrow has the peculiar synthetic cast of mind that was so strongly marked in Poe, but the feminine tinge is absent. In some of Mr. Morrow's stories there is a tendency toward the horrible which I think many will condemn. The terrible is legitimate literary material; the horrible is not. Death is terrible; mutilation is horrible. Mr. Morrow inclines toward themes which horrify his readers while they fascinate them. Still no one can deny the great power of his work. Annexed are the titles of some of Mr. Morrow's stories in the *Argonaut*: "Awful Shadows," "Burning of the College," "A Night in New Orleans," "The Bloodhounds," "The Three Hundred," "A Struggle with Fate," "A Night with Death," "The Three Friends," "The Surgeon's Experiment," "The Rajah's Nemesis," "The Typewriter," "A Case in Surgery," "A Cry for Help," "An Unusual Conclusion," "The Woman of the Inner Room," "The Wrong Door," "The Red Strangler," "Christopher and the Fairy," "The Ape and the Idiot," "Some Queer Experiences," "A Tragedy on the Ranch," "Madame Forrestier," and "Mated Rubies."

A writer who has done much good work for the *Argonaut* is Robert Duncan Milne. Mr. Milne excels in a peculiar vein—what I call the pseudo-scientific. He possesses the art of making the impossible seem possible. Mr. Milne has taken the *Argonaut* readers to the North Pole in an air ship; he has led them into the bowels of the earth like the troglodytes; he has flown with them into celestial regions; he has established communication with Mars by means of a colossal aerial reflector; he has bombarded them (in San Francisco) with Chilean guns; he has dropped dynamite upon them (in California) from hostile balloons; he has hired a buccaneer to steal seventy millions from their treasury in San Francisco; he has destroyed the world in a terrific cataclysm, and brought to their notice a gentleman who remained frozen in a block of ice for ten thousand years, but whom Mr. Milne kindly thawed out and introduced.

This last story had the following curious sequel. One morning the *Argonaut's* large mail was abnormally swollen. On examination it was found that an European mail was to hand, and that most of the letters came from Austria, from Hungary, from Croatia, from Servia, and from Herzegovina. These letters were in various languages, but most of them in German, which fortunately we could read. They came from people in every station of life—small shopkeepers, military officers, professional men, actors, and what not. All wrote in a condition of breathlessness, demanding further particulars concerning the gentleman who had been frappéd. Mr. Milne had promised a sequel to his story, but circumstances prevented his writing it. The excited vassals of Francis Joseph never had their curiosity satisfied. It seems that the avalanche of letters was due to the fact that Madame Fanny Steinitz, a lady living in Buda Pesth, had translated the story for the *Pesther Lloyd*, a widely circulated journal. Hence the commotion. Annexed is a list of a number of Mr. Milne's *Argonaut* stories: "The World's Cataclysm,,' "A Female Highwayman," "Telepathy," "An Artificial Mirage," "The Eidoloscope," "A Wireless Telegraph," "A Modern Proteus," "The New Theosophy," "The Shaft of Amargosa," "Modern Robe of Nessus," "A New Alchemy," "Philip Hall's Air Ship," "A Trip to the Pole," "Alchemy," "The Aerial Reflector," "A Dip Into Space," "A Peep at the Planets," "Bombardment of San Francisco," "The Iguanodon's Egg," "The Comet," "Into the Sea," "Plucked From the Burning," "Theft of Seventy Millions," "New Palingenesis," "A Dead Man's Ring," "The Magic Mirror," "An Occult Story," "A River Tragedy," "An Electrical Experiment," "The Russian Invasion," "A Family Skeleton," "A Telescopic Marvel" and "The Transfusion of Blood."

But the length to which this article is extending warns me to stop. There are many other writers of whom I would like to speak at length, but space forbids. I must be content with mentioning some of the titles of their stories:

Dr. J. C. Tucker—"Seeking the Golden Fleece" and "The Legend of Squaw Rock."

Alice S. Wolf—"And After," "A Fixed Idea," "Knolly's Story" and "In His Stead."

N. A. Cox—"A Game of Cards."

Laura Ensor—"Soldier's Wives."

F. J. Sheltema—"A Boudoir Study" and "The Duchess, the Monkey and the Rose."

Mrs. E. S. Bates—"A Scoop."

E. M. Ludlum—"A Coquette in Camp," "Madame," "Anti Ego Pact," "Finding Tom Blythe," "Old Bob Borley" and "Friendless in Fifty."

Ralph Sydney Smith—"That Traitor of Mine" and "An Idyl of the Harbor."

H. D. Bigelow—"Blot on the Scutcheon."

L. H. Wall—"Two of a Kind."

Mrs. Austin (Betsy B.)—"A Tale of Modern Improvements" and "An Idyl of Carlsbad."

Thomas J. Mosier—"The Quicksand."

John Bonner—"Teddy's Corset" and "The Burglar."

Emma F. Dawson—"Second Card," "Singed Moths," "Are the Dead Dead?" "Was She Guilty?" and "A Warning Ghost."

Mrs. F. H. Loughead—"A Cherished Antipathy," "A Woman of the Town," "The Death Train," "A Massachusetts Man," "The Sheriff's Peril," "Sentenced for Life," "An Exact Science," "Chinatown Contrabands," "The Marquis O'Shaughnessy" and "Santos' Brother."

Mrs. J. H. S. Bugeia—"Old Jacquot," "Jerry's True Story," "Humming Bird Hill," "Daddy Long Legs," "Humble Pie," "The King of the World," "Sweet Basil," "Compensation" and "A Blighted Rose."

Miss Geraldine Bonner—"The Sailing of the Boomerang" and "Mrs. Jimmie's War."

C. H. Shinn—"A Monterey Teacher" and "Writing in Geode."

Ada Cunnick Inchbold—"Missing—A Husband."

G. R. de Vare—"A Maiden of Alaska."

Ella Sterling Cummins—"Manzanita" and "Occult Marriage."

G. A. Rene—"My Lord of Niedeck."

Annie Lake Townsend—"An Abysmal Episode," "Helpmeet for Him," "She Being a Philosopher," "Metempsychosis," "Lover and Lass," "The Gold Lust," "A Terrible Night," "Girl Diplomacy," "A Desperate Flirtation," "Love and War," "Moth and Candle," "The Withered Hand," "It Is Common," "A Great Experiment" and "Amusing the Ladies."

William McKendree Bangs—"Two Men and a Woman."

Josephine F. Hunter—"Miguel's Ride."

E. K. Foster—"Don Federico's Crypt."

Isaac H. Stathem—"The Accident to the Cygnus."

Dorothea Lummis—"His Shorter Catechism," "A Prelude," "Woman's Unreason" and "The Call of Duty."

M. M. Hoke—"Reaching Hand" and "Heart of Stone."

Frank Loringen—"Fire-eating Colonel," "Mexican Sexton" and "Sexton Garcia."

B. F. Norris—"The Son of a Sheik."

L. H. White—"As the Tree Falls."

Dan O'Connell—"Ghoul's Quest."

Anne Reeve Aldrich—"My Devil and I."

It is unnecessary to say that the foregoing list, long as it is, does not represent all of the *Argonaut* work. We have printed much matter by Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Julian Hawthorne, Robert Louis Stevenson and many other writers of more than local fame. But as most of the matter was printed in conjunction with the New York *Sun*, the two journals dividing the cost, the *Argonaut* does not claim it as original. This arrangement between the *Sun* and the *Argonaut*, by the way, was the foundation of the present "literary syndicate" system which has grown so common. When it extended to more than two papers, the *Argonaut* withdrew from it, and has never published any syndicate matter since. I have also left unnoticed the vast mass of translated matter which the *Argonaut* has printed. Some of the most exquisite fancies of Theophile Gautier first appeared in English in the *Argonaut*. So, too, much of Guy de Maupassant's work appeared in its columns before he became famous. The best short stories of Alphonse Daudet have all been translated for the *Argonaut*. But, as I said in the beginning of these notes, I have been requested to confine myself to the subject of original short stories.—*Jerome A. Hart.*

One of the celebrated writers for the *Argonaut* was Richard Realf, whose poems are remarkable for strength and beauty, and also for that depth of human feeling which touches the heart. From the *Argonaut* is quoted the following:

The readers of the *Argonaut* will remember to have read from time to time in these columns some very strong and original poems signed Richard Realf. Realf was an Englishman of good birth, was the associate of literary men and women of highest rank in his native country; came to America, and in the border difficulties of Kansas was an admirer and adherent of John Brown of Ossawatomie. He served, and with honorable distinction, through our war, was upon the staff of General John F. Miller, and was highly esteemed by him. He was a poet, a gentleman, a genius. Domestic difficulties shadowed his life. He freed himself from them and life's troubles by seeking and finding in Oakland a suicide's grave. On the day before he accomplished his fate he wrote the following poem:

VALE!

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" When
  For me this end has come and I am dead,
And the little, voluble, chattering daws of men
  Peck at me curiously, let it then be said
By some one brave enough to tell the truth:
  Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong.
Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth
  To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song,
And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,
  He wrought for liberty, till his own wound
(He had been stabbed), concealed by painful art
  Through wasting years, mastered him and he swooned,
And sank there where you see him lying now
With that word "Failure" written on his brow.

But say that he succeeded. If he missed
  World's honors, and world's plaudits, and the wage
Of the world's deft lacqueys, still his lips were kissed
  Daily by those high angels who assuage

The thirstings of the poets—for he was
  Born unto singing—and a burthen lay
Mightily on him, and he moaned because
  He could not rightly utter in the day
What God taught in the night. Sometimes, natheless,
  Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame,
And blessings reached him from poor souls in stress;
  And benedictions from the black pits of shame,
And little children's love, and old men's prayers,
And a Great Hand that led him unawares.

So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred
  With thick films—silence! he is in his grave.
Greatly he suffered; greatly, too, he erred;
  Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.
Nor did he wait till Freedom had become
  The popular shibboleth of courtiers' lips;
But smote for her when God himself seemed dumb
  And all his arching skies were in eclipse.
He was a-weary, but he fought his fight,
  And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed
To see the august broadening of the light
  And new earths heaving heavenward from the void.
He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet—
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

A movement having been made lately in Oakland to give recognition to the poet who died in a strange land so sadly, the subject was taken up by the *Examiner* of San Francisco as follows:

Fifteen years ago Richard Realf, poet and soldier, a man who was brave enough to face the armies of the South, yet who could not face the world and domestic troubles, took his life by his own hand in an Oakland hotel. For fifteen years a lonely grave has stood in the Soldiers' plot of the Odd Fellows' Cemetery in San Francisco, marked only by a simple headstone that told nothing save that he had served his country in the Fiftieth Illinois Volunteers, and that he had risen to be a Lieutenant-Colonel. The rest of the record is on the books of the Coroner of Alameda county, and among some stray leaves and notes that have recently been collected by his friends, who now propose to collect his scattered poems as the truest and most lasting monument to his memory.

The story of Realf's life is one of pathos and romance, and it is best told by Ella Sterling Cummins in the article read at the recent authors' meeting in Oakland.

Richard Realf was a soldier and patriot as well as a poet.

In scrutinizing his portrait and dwelling upon his lineaments he seemed to have that facial mold which belonged to the Generals of the War of the Rebellion—that type of face which is essentially characteristic of Logan, Hancock and McClellan. In his eye there is not so much dreaminess or reverie as quick, determined action.

In tracing his career he seems always to be struggling against the "combined forces of the adverse," with all his intentions noble and generous. For this reason his pathetic story has come to be of great interest since his tragic death, and the fanciful tale of his having been the child of Lord Byron has been introduced to give him claim to even greater romance, though this tale has arisen from a misapprehension of facts. Realf's own story of his father and mother is enough to give denial to this legend, without falling back on the fact that Lord Byron died in 1824, ten years before Realf's birth.

RICHARD REALF.

From the sketch written by Rossiter Johnson in the *Lippincott* of March, 1879, the facts of his career may be obtained. There is no reason to doubt that Richard Realf was of peasantry stock, born in Sussex, England, in the year 1834—one of a large family of children, and at an early age went to work in the fields. With only a year or two at the village school, yet he soon began to venture into flights of verse, and aroused the attention of those who employed him, notably that of a phrenologist, who first proclaimed him in the fashionable resort of Brighton, England, as an example presenting a marvelous development of the quality of ideality. From this announcement many came to see him, including Lady Byron and her daughter Ada; Rogers, the poet; Mrs. Jameson, Miss Mitford, Miss Martineau, Lady Jane Peel and others, who all united in spoiling the youth with well-meant but ill-advised patronage and condescension.

It was at this time and under their auspices that his first poems were published under the title of "Guesses at the Beautiful."

Recognizing the fact that these were false surroundings to one of his position in life, and "that they were making him forgetful of the honest peasant ancestry from which he sprang," at his earnest solicitation Lady Byron gave him a position upon one of her estates. Of Lady Byron he says: "With the exception of my mother, I think she was the noblest woman I ever knew."

It was here that he formed an attachment for a young lady of position, but the social gulf that stretched between them could never be bridged in this world. He passed through a severe illness in consequence, and upon recovery set sail for America.

Of himself he says: "I had always from my earliest dawn of thought and knowledge, with respect to classes and conditions of men, held the republican principle."

Upon his arrival in New York, in 1854, he devoted himself to the poorer classes, organizing a course of cheap lectures, and providing them with a library and assisting in missionary efforts.

Two years later, with Senator Pomeroy and others, he conducted a large company of Free-State emigrants to Kansas. Afterward Realf was placed on the staff of General H. Lane and made the acquaintance of old John Brown, who, in organizing his proposed Provisional Government, named Realf as Secretary of State. Realf was a participator in those stirring scenes with Frederick Douglass and the Abolitionists in their efforts to precipitate the conflict which afterward shook the nation to its center.

And there are those who tell of having heard him speak with a power and an eloquence beyond the orators of even that day upon these questions in Canada and elsewhere, his duties taking him on a tour through the Southern States and England.

In 1852 he enlisted in the Eighty-eighth Illinois Infantry, in which he rose to the rank of Captain. He was honorably mentioned for gallantry at Chickamauga, and when his regiment was discharged at the close of the war he was transferred to the Fifteeth Colored Infantry and finally mustered out with the rank of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel in the spring of 1866.

A variety of vicissitudes befell him during the next few years, which colored the remaining years of his life and wrecked the happiness of a man who deserved better things of Fate.

After a serious illness, during which, Realf writes in a letter, "his mind was so obscured that he did not know what he was about," he made an unfortunate marriage. The result of his fatal step was that he enlisted as a common soldier in the regular army with a view of getting out on the plains and taking part in the Indian wars then agitating the West, and in a state of despair, as he writes, "to get a bullet put through me."

All this time his verses were going the rounds of the daily press, appearing in the *Atlantic* and elsewhere, with that hint of the touch of Shelley which is so remarkable. As soon as the fact of Realf's enlistment came to the ears of General Schofield, Secretary of War, he ordered his discharge, and he was then made Assessor of Internal Revenue in South Carolina. All his leisure time was then given to the instruction of the blacks, teaching the children by day and their parents by night.

After another succession of vicissitudes and illness he accepted a place on the editorial staff of a Pittsburgh paper. He had a fair salary and earned a good deal by outside work, but he was weighted down by responsibilities, having brothers and sisters dependent upon him, as well as his parents.

Nothing can so well portray the inner self of the man as a quotation from a letter of this time, in which he says:

"The lecture platform is my proper place, and I must make more money or I cannot much longer feed all the mouths that depend on me. Four years ago I sent for my youngest sister and her husband and their little ones. They are near me here, very poor in this world's goods but very rich in love and tenderness. It has so been ordered also that a widowed sister and her family in England and a poor paralytic brother and his family there are my wards. And sacred father and mother are old and poor, too; we are all poor together, and all are well beloved. Don't you think my work, even if it is hard and wearisome, is lifted out of drudgery by this?"

And this is the tone of sweetness which seems to pervade the man's nature throughout, amid all his perplexities and difficulties.

It sometimes seems to be a question how closely we should probe into the private life of those whose gifts have attracted the attention of the public. In the case of Richard Realf there are only the sorrows and the perplexities and the trials of a sensitive nature to be exposed to the microscope of the analytically inclined.

After being legally freed, as he thought, from the chains of his unfortunate marriage, he sought to find happiness as a relief to his bitter past by marrying again. And in facing domestic cares as a father and husband, this beautiful nature of his comes to the surface upon every occasion. His intense sympathy and feeling make him carry more than his share of the burden. His wife falling ill with acute rheumatism, he tells of it as follows:

"She is utterly helpless. I have nursed her and my boy and have cooked and swept as best I could. I have expended all the money of which I am possessed in the world with the exception of five dollars. I have paid the rent for the current month.

"I thank you very deeply for all your goodness in encouraging me regarding my writing. But you can judge how impossible it has been for me in this culminative stress to do any worthy work. Sometimes I fear I am losing my grip on myself.

"Do you know of anybody in this city who would give me a hundred or a hundred and fifty dollars, cash down, for the sole right and title to all I may have written? If I could get a hundred and fifty dollars for my verses I would send Lizzie to a good hospital and take a ticket for myself to San Francisco at once. I should take my little boy with me, and Lizzie would come as soon as she was able to travel. I will tell you when I see you the reason why I am so desirous to get away, far away. Out in San Francisco I can find work and recover my poise, as I have many friends there. In the East, owing to the unpleasant circumstances, I can never be able to do that of what I am capable.

"I should have had money enough to carry us through the summer but for Lizzie's prolonged illness and the other misfortunes. I never thought to have breathed these privacies to living man, but I am in an agony of apprehension and dread concerning the immediate future of my wife and child, unless I can somehow manage to sell my poor verses for the sum I have named.

"I am not at all to blame for the pecuniary misfortunes that have overtaken me. I shall recover them if my health and mind hold. But pray, dear sir, do not permit any part of these confidences to get into the newspapers, at least while I live."

After this Realf himself fell ill, catching an affection of the eyes from his little boy, and had to go to the hospital for treatment. Upon his recovery he set out for the Pacific Coast—writing for the *Argonaut* and other papers here—and this is how it happens that Richard Realf has come to belong to us of the western shore of America, and why it is that fifteen years after we are thus celebrating his memory.

He was appointed by General John F. Miller, under whom he had served in the war, to a place in the San Francisco Mint. And it seemed now as if the cloud which had so persistently hovered over his head was about to lift and blue sky be his portion at last.

Late in October, 1878, he was preparing for the reception of his wife and little one, making ready the place that was to be their home, when, sorrowful to relate, the same misery which had made it impossible for him to live in the East and be himself pursued him to the western shore in the form of his first wife, who never relinquished her hold upon him. She had succeeded in getting a rehearing on the divorce, which had been granted once, and now threatened anything and everything. He was to be proclaimed a bigamist, and his wife and children dishonored.

The sorrowful end of Richard Realf, the remarkable lines he wrote while facing his approaching death, are known wherever his verse is known, and that is everywhere in the English-speaking world. Too sensitive, too highly overstrung, he could not grapple with such difficulties as a man with a harder heart might have done. In every instance, in every little position of life, he reveals ever a modesty and gentleness which touch the heart, though to assert his loyalty he would strike down the man who defamed his friend. Whatever his gifts, his accomplishments, it must be said, so far as we can know him from these sketches by his admirers and these letters of his own, that the study of the man reveals a quality not less beautiful than that of the study of the poet.

In many cases poets have to be forgiven so much because of their being so set above and apart from the rest of mankind that the same laws and conventionalities do not apply to them. A poet is evolved only out of great suffering and because of his greater capacity for suffering, and necessarily he reaches the heights where ordinary mortals cannot go. But judged even from the ordinary point of view, Realf seemed to stand the test, notwithstanding the circumstances of the case.

He suffered and died because he could not endure the misapprehension and misunderstanding of the ordinary world.

Indeed, the peculiar accumulation of burdens thus heaped upon any one man seem almost incredible. Perhaps even the ordinary man, less sensitive, could have endured them even with less strength of heart.

Why Fate should have been so cruel is a mystery beyond our ken. If, less pursued by vindictive Fortune, he had been allowed to expand beneath blue skies, and the growth of his powers had been allowed to reach the fullest efflorescence, we might have added from our shores another brilliant name to the great poets, As it is, he has carved a name that will not be forgotten and made an ineffaceable record upon the hearts of many—and while he was not born upon our shores, nor dwelt with us long, yet by his death he has become identified with us and we claim him.

As for a deep and analytical study of his poems and a defining of his proper place in the list of poets, all we know is that the lines touch the heart as well as the intellect, that every scrapbook has caught and treasured them as something sweeter, something rarer than the usual song of the usual poet.

And while others place him, authoritatively, very high among the stars of the heavens, we still realize that we have in these poems which he left us merely a fragmentary part of a great poet's thought. From the known part we are inclined to judge the unknown whole, and yet when the critic of the future shall judge of Realf merely by these few poems, he will consider it a small evidence upon which to predicate a great poet. But he will say the true and unerring instinct was there, that the feeling was there and that the power of utterance was there.

Realf wanted to achieve. He wanted to feel his powers expanding and developing. He wanted to speak the thoughts which in him rose.

What answer is there for such unfulfilled hopes as these? What answer is there for any of us who have aspirations and longings and desires, and yet fall asleep by the wayside with empty hands?

If failure be thy part, O heart,
  What compensation shalt thou find
For thy weary years and thy bitter tears
  And thy mission half-divined?
But this can comfort bring to thee,
  That like a sounding knell,
Men shall say on thy judgment day,
  "*This little work is done well.*"—*E. S. C.*

It remained for the authors and a few of his literary admirers to make this last effort for the perpetuation of his memory, and when they began the movement Joaquin Miller gave his approval in his own peculiar way when he wrote, "Let us not give a stone to a man to whom the public refused bread." So the monument fund was begun by an entertainment given at the Unitarian Church in Oakland, and it will be continued by the publication of his poems in a special subscription edition. A regular association has been formed for the purpose of collecting and publishing his poems and his life, with Alexander G. Hawes of San Francisco, R. J. Hinton of Washington, D. C. Realf's literary executor, Rev. J. K. McLean of Oakland as the Executive Committee, Rev. C. W. Wendte of Oakland as the Treasurer, and David Lesser Lezinsky of 1016 Sutter Street, San Francisco, as Secretary. Others will assist, and subscriptions are already being received for the book, the publication of which is assured.

Regarding Edward L. Townsend, the following is quoted from the *Cosmopolitan Magazine:*

Mr. Townsend, one of the cleverest of the younger journalists, has contributed a number of stories to the local press which have been widely copied in the East, and attracted much attention, notably "The Gates Family Mystery," and "Old Benjamin."

Of Robert Duncan Milne, Mrs. Atherton says:

He has an extravagant imagination, but under it is a reassuring and scientific mind. He takes such a premise as a comet falling into the sun, and works out a terribly realistic series of results; or he will invent a drama for Saturn which might well have grown out of that planet's conditions. His style is so good and so convincing that one is apt to lay down such a story as the former with an anticipation of nightmare, if comets are hanging about. His sense of humor and literary taste will always stop him the right side of the grotesque.

Regarding E. H. Clough, one of the best-known writers of the *Argonaut*, William Morrow, speaks, and here expresses admiration for his literary work:

It is a positive loss to the literature of California that E. H. Clough has apparently withdrawn from literary work and seen fit to confine his uncommon genius to the editorial columns of a newspaper. While it is true that he is one of the most brilliant paragraph writers in the country, it is true also that he has published stories of remarkable power. In a sense, he and the late J. W. Gally were the true successors of Bret Harte in a line which has made Harte immortal. In 1878, 1879 and 1880 Clough was confessor to the ambitious geniuses of the "*Argonaut* school," and when Somers and Roman founded the old *Californian*, he was one of the few selected to contribute to the first number. His story was entitled "Why They Lynched Him." It was a strange, strong, grim picture of life in the mines. In the *Argonaut* he published many stories, and at one time ran a series of sketches from week to week, that discovered rich material which Harte had overlooked "The Kiss of Death" and other peculiar and uncanny stories which he contributed to the *Argonaut*, apart from those referring to life in the mines, displayed various and always surprising phases of his talent—all original and

ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

unique. As he has not yet reached the prime of manhood, there are many who still hope that what remains of his youth may not be stripped of all its romance and sentiment before he has employed them often agáin in the higher forms of his art.—*W. C. Morrow.*

Frank Bailey Millard is the name of the Californian whose story, "Chumming With an Apache," has been so popularly received in the East and Europe, as indicative of the fact that California is not yet written out or the literary mine exhausted. Mr. Millard was born in Wisconsin in October, 1859, and came to California when not twenty years of age, being employed in editorial work upon the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the *Argonaut*, and lately as city editor upon the *Call*. In addition to this work, which generally is sufficient to absorb all one's time, he has corresponded for Eastern journals and published syndicate articles. Mr. Millard has a faculty for biographical work, having written sketches of the lives of most ot the prominent persons of the Pacific Coast. He has also interviewed and written descriptions of General Grant, General Hancock, Thomas Brennan, Lord Synge-Hutchinson, Patti, Scalchi, George Augustus Sala, Emma Abbott, Julia Rive-King and Rudyard Kipling.

FRANK BAILEY MILLARD.

But, outside of newspaper enterprise, Mr. Millard has a gift all his own in writing original stories. His style is terse and crisp and epigrammatic, if a little abrupt. Of a late story of his in the *Overland*, George Hamlin Fitch says in the *Chronicle*:

The best bit of fiction in the number is "Coyote-that-Bites," by Frank B. Millard, a study of the Apache, which contains an original scene as simple in treatment as it is strong and dramatic.

From "A Railroad Ogre":

> You may load some men to the muzzle with honors and they will never be anything but small and mean.

From "Coyote-that-Bites":

> In the low-roofed station the mother crooned to tired little Gay, lying so soft and limp in her arms. She looked out over the desert, saw the sun touching the tops of the solemn giant cacti with purple dots; saw the prickly pear shrubs holding their grotesque arms above the great sweep of sand that ran down to the low horizon, and felt the inspiration of the scene as she had often felt it before. For the desert has a beauty that is all its own.

From an "Idol of High Price":

> Marrying a man to reform him is a ticklish business. They say it can be made to work, but the tenement attics are full of women that have tried it.

The titles of some of Mr. Millard's published stories are as follows:

"At Bitter-Creek Station."
"Forever and a Day."
"His Athletic Wife."
"The Brake-Beam Rider."
"On the Caliente Trail."
"Chumming with an Apache."
"Coyote-that-Bites."

"Chumming with an Apache" was republished in many Eastern periodicals. It was printed in the New York *Tribune*, *Sun* and *Recorder* on the same Sunday, this being something very unusual. "The Brake-Beam Rider" has also been widely reprinted. Both these stories originally appeared in the *Argonaut*.

A volume of short stories by Mr. Millard will soon be issued in the East, and doubtless, as a whole, will be as original and strange in its way, compared with the usual collection of tales, as his separate stories are compared with the usual story. Whether Mr. Millard could sustain himself in the same style throughout the plot and action of a novel is an open question, but there is room for another Californian novel on the same lines as those of "Robert Greathouse," and originality is the chief desideratum, after local color, both of which characteristics mark the style of Mr. Millard most felicitously. While there are always those who criticize, and some who object to the picturing of the Apache as still roaming Southern California, and thus preventing immigration, yet, from the artistic and dramatic point of view, Mr. Millard's stories are admirable.

Standing out, even among the characteristic writings of the *Argonaut* school, is the literary work of William C. Morrow. There is something strange about the delicacy of treatment and gentleness of suggestion conveyed by his method of presentation that combines singularly with the boldness of design and vigor of plot. Mr. Morrow is a purist. All his work is finished and correct and chaste in literary style. He makes no sudden descents. And if he lacks in ruggedness and rustic spontaniety, he more than atones for the lack by his exceeding good taste.

WILLIAM C. MORROW.

While there is a prevailing idea that his stories are mostly morbid and peculiar, yet he has the faculty of touching the heart as well as the imagination, as is shown in that remarkable tale published ten years ago in Somers' *Californian*. It is entitled "The Man From Georgia," and tells of one who, though innocent, has been condemned to pass through the experiences of a convict. Upon his entrance to the world again he is such a creature of self-deprecation that when he is asked his name or addressed in any way, he responds, "Me?" It seems impossible to him that he should have a name, or that any one should address him, save by number or like a dog, according to the custom of the prison system. At his heels drags an imaginary ball and chain, which he frequently has to pick up in order to hasten his steps. He becomes a faithful servitor in a hotel, and when the plague comes cares for the sick and dying until he, too, succumbs to the dread disease. It is a story which once read can never be forgotten. Of Mr. Morrow, Gertrude Franklin Atherton says:

> A more dramatic opening to a story has seldom been written than this: "Looking at my friend as he lay upon my bed, with the jeweled knife-handle protruding from his breast, I believed that he was dying. Would the physician never come?" In this story, "A Peculiar Case in Surgery," W. C. Morrow writes a strong and curious study of a man who lived for years with the blade of a stiletto embedded near his heart. Mr. Morrow's power is further shown in his "Unusual Conclusion," a penetrating psychological study of a dishonored husband of which Maupassant would not be ashamed, and in "A Dangerous Idea," which treats the subject of infusion upon an original basis. I have spoken only of Mr. Morrow's studies, but he is equally a dramatic and interesting story-teller, with a clear, forcible style—a man of fine and peculiar gifts, who is destined to make a mark in literature.

Of a former San Josean, *Library and Studio*, Will Clemens' paper, says:

> W. C. Morrow, the well-known story writer and chief of the literary department of the Southern Pacific Company, is a tall, handsome man, measuring over six feet—in height, of course—a decided blonde, and one of the most delightful companions in the world. In years gone by Morrow was so thin that it was necessary to look the second time to make sure of his presence, but now he weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. His stories deal principally with the hidden motives of men and are interesting—yes, more, they are fascinating—because of the profound learning they show, the deep insight into the mind and soul of man, and the exquisite handling of his phrases and unmistakable English. While the events and characters he portrays in his stories do not always make pleasant characters to dwell upon, they are so full of original thought, give such perfect analysis of abnormal development of the human mind, that it is next to impossible to quit one of his tales when once begun. His writings are by no means all of this character, some of his sketches being models of charming descriptive work.

William Chambers Morrow was born in Selma, Alabama. He came to California some fifteen years ago, and has always been identified with the newspapers and magazines of this State. His articles have appeared particularly in the *Californian*, *Argonaut* and *Examiner*.

There is a certain something about Mr. Morrow—a reserved power, an inner self apart—which makes his presence felt as if he approached the size of greatness. He is one of the few writers whose personality is equal to his name. Worthy of mention, also, is the comradeship existing between himself and his wife, Mrs. Morrow, who is his chief critic and assistant. Mrs. Morrow herself is gifted and able to write a first-class story.

Below is presented an extract from Mr. Morrow's best story, which is entitled "The Ape and the Idiot."

The ape, escaping from a traveling show, the other from an asylum, met accidentally, became friends and journeyed together, and the ape was the brighter of the two. In their wanderings they came upon a Chinese burying-ground where a Chinese baby girl was being interred:

> A small, brown woman, moaning with grief, had tossed all night on her hard bed of matting and her harder pillow of hollowed wood. Even the familiar ranucous sounds of early morning in the Chinese quarter of San Jose, remindful of that far-distant country which held all of her heart not lying dead under Christian sod, failed to lighten the burden which sat upon her. She saw the morning sun push its way through a sea of amber, and the nickel dome of the great observatory of Mount Hamilton turned to ebony against the radiant east. She heard the Oriental jargon of the early hucksters, who cried their wares in the ill-smelling alleys, and, with tears, she added to the number of pearls which the dew had strewn upon the porch. She was only a small woman from Asia, all bent with grief; and what of happiness could there be for her in the broad, yellow sunshine which poured forth the wide windows of heaven, inviting the living babes of all present mankind to find life and health in its luxurious enfolding? She saw the sun climb the ladder of morning with imperious magnificence, and whispering voices from remote Cathay tempered the radiance of the day with memories of the past. Could you, had your hearts been breaking and your eyes blinded with tears, have seen with proper definition the figures of a strange procession, which made its way along the alley under the porch? There were men with three prisoners—three who so recently had tasted the sweets of freedom, and they had been dragged back to servitude. Two of these had been hauled from the freedom of life and one from the freedom of death; and all three had been found asleep beside the open grave and open coffin of little Wang Tie. There were wise men abroad, and they said that little Wang Tai, through imperfect skill, had been interred alive, and that Romulus and Moses, by means of their impish pranks, had brought her to life after raising her from the grave; but wherefore the need of all this talk? Is it not enough that the brigands were whipped and sent back into servitude, and that the windows in the soul of a little brown woman from Asia were opened to receive the warmth of the yellow sunshine that poured in a flood from heaven?—*William C. Morrow.*

There is no work in Californian literature to compare with that of Yda Addis. It is individualized and characteristic. Ten years ago her stories were discussed as if they had been topics of the time. There is no possibility of doing her justice in the few lines here afforded. Suffice it to say that wherever her name is signed there is an article worth preserving. She has traveled over California and Mexico as no other woman has done, and with her rare perception and detective instinct, has obtained possession of scenes, characters and plots such as no other woman writer dreams of as existing. Added to this scientific curiosity which leads her to study all kinds of human nature and all kinds of motives, she is an accomplished linguist as well as scholar. Her English is more than excellent—it is original, forceful. I can always tell one of her stories before I see the signature. It moves along with a characteristic snap of the whip in it. She can deal with the most peculiar situations, but there is never any suggestion nor taint of license in her method of treatment. While alive and pulsing with human feeling, yet wrong remains wrong and right remains right without any glossing over or confounding of the two.

YDA ADDIS

Mrs. Yda Addis Storke is modest and unassuming in regard to her literary work. One may spend a whole evening in conversation with her and never know that she has written a line. But then I have found that this is often the case with those whose works speak for them, thus saving them the trouble. Mrs. Yda Addis Storke was born in Leavenworth, Kansas, came to California when a child, and spent many years of her life in Mexico. In the files of the *Argonaut*, the *Californian*, later *Overland*, *Harper's Monthly*, San Francisco *Chronicle*, *Examiner*, Los Angeles *Herald*, St. Louis *Dispatch*, Chicago *Times*, Philadelphia *Press* and McClure Syndicate, as well as Mexican periodicals, appear the writings of Yda Addis.

The most widely copied of her stories in American and European publications have been those entitled "The Romance of Ramon" and "Roger's Luck." The mere list of the titles of her stories covers considerable space, including more than a hundred.

There seems to be no limit to her mental industry, or to her creative industry. Some day, when she has laid her pen down wearily and gone to sleep, some one will discover these pictures and portraitures of Californian life, and gathering them up, will present them to the world, which will wonder and then exalt the genius who gave them birth.

Few women writers have so strong a hold upon the public as Emma Frances Dawson. She is known and unknown. She is sought and cannot be found. Her name is spoken and all acknowledge her superiority, but the voice drops to a mysterious whisper as they inquire: "Have you ever seen Miss Dawson?"

EMMA FRANCES DAWSON.

It is with pleasure, therefore, that I present the picture of the "fair unknown," and assure those interested in this writer that it resembles her. Miss Dawson is a remarkable woman, gifted with a mind almost masculine in its grasp of thought. Everything she writes is deep and strong, and while celebrated for her clever short stories and prose, yet her special gift is for poetry of a high order. She is best known as the author of a great poem, entitled "Old Glory," the baptismal name given to the flag by the soldiers in the War of the Rebellion. Some ten years ago the Boston *Pilot* announced its decision upon a prize contest thus:

> The first prize of one hundred dollars goes to San Francisco to a lady who

has written a poem that will stand at once among the great poems of American literature. Her invocation to the American flag is superbly conceived—large, free, majestic.

John Boyle O'Reilly also adds:

Emma Frances Dawson of San Francisco has added to our patriotic literature a poem that will rank forever with the immortal "Star-Spangled Banner" of Francis Scott Key, than which it is, in exalted imagery and power, a far grander production.

One stanza is here quoted from the poem:

OLD GLORY.

(Chant Royal.)

Envoy.

O blessed Flag! sign of our precious Past,
Triumphant Present and our Future vast,
Beyond starred blue and bars of sunset bright,
Lead us to realms of Equal Right!
  Float on, in ever lovely allegory,
Kin to the eagle and the wind and light,
  Our hallowed, eloquent beloved "Old Glory."

A weird composition, entitled "Decoration Day," appeared in May, 1881, in the columns of the *Argonaut*, from Miss Dawson's pen. The rhythm and onomatopeia effects were remarkable. It represented the dirge of the musical instruments, the bassoon, the tamborine, the horn, the cymbals, the flute, the trombone and the cannon, each separately, with the chorus of ghosts in the air above, and the refrain of the men marching below on the earth, all in orderly succession, making a grand symphony of commemoration. An extract is here made from

DECORATION DAY.

Ghosts.

"Line upon line, rushing ghosts, we advance—
* Endless, in squadrons, in columns, battalions.*
Infantry!—shadows with shadowy lance;
* Cavalry!—phantoms of riders and stallions:*
* Flying artillery!—heroes, rapscallions!*
Vaporous, wind-shaken, nebulous, grand,
Close by your ranks moves the spectral command."

Music.

Irresolute,
Now loud, now mute,
Like twilight winds dispute
Athwart deserted battlefield—thus sobs and grieves the flute.

Men.

"What recollections thrill our souls to-day!
Too much for words are love and long regret.
They are not dead, though lost in bloody fray;
While we remember, they are living yet.
Could they but know that we do not forget!
Strange chill is on us in this driving mist.
Great God! it half outlines an army tryst!"

Under sadly drooping pennon
Rises sullen blast of cannon.

Like all splendid work of a high order, where there is much praise but little compensation to be given, Miss Dawson has spun her silk and sold it for cotton, the buyer—the editor purveyor to the public—complaining meanwhile that he prefers the cotton. In such a world as this what wonder if Miss Dawson withdraws and dwells within a sphere of her own. "For her mind to her a kingdom is."

Miss Dawson is also gifted in music, and belonged to that profession before she entered the field of literature. Her devotion to an invalid mother, who was also a woman of fine mind absorbed her for many years; but she was happy in it, and wove her very best fabric from her mind under the influence of this congenial companionship.

Her fame has gone abroad, and all visitors interested in literature in San Francisco are sure to inquire for Miss Dawson. But while she is the most unaffected and approachable of women, yet she is endowed with those usual concomitants of genius, modesty and shyness. And so it is that few of the writers living here, though they know her work well, are acquainted with herself.

Beside the *Argonaut*, her stories may be found in the files of the *Overland*, *News Letter* and *Wasp*. "The Dramatic in my Destiny," "A Sworn Statement," and "An Itinerant House" are the titles of three of her best known tales, the last of which, and "Shadowed," called forth from Ambrose Bierce in "Prattle" the statement that "those readers who did not remember them must have minds that are steel to impress and tallow to retain."

Mr. Bierce has also been moved to write at length regarding Miss Dawson's literary ability, from which article the following is quoted:

> It is not my custom to set "the cover of praise" upon every head that is presented, but of Miss Dawson I should like to be understood as affirming with whatever of strength resides in forthright sincerity that in all the essential attributes of literary competence she is head and shoulders above any writer on this coast with whose works I have acquaintance. And on this judgment I gladly hazard my small possession and large hope of reputation for literary sagacity.
>
> Here is a young woman who is a perfect surprise in the extent of her reading, by her precocious instinct, the delineation of character, and what is still rarer, a balanced reserve of power in finishing her sketches with the fewest possible touches.

Of the women whose delicate tracery has beautified the pages of Californian literature, perhaps none has done finer work as a whole, both in poetry and prose, than the late Kate M. Bishop. Unfortunately for her literary fame she wrote under a variety of names, making little impression under her own personality. Some of her poems, under the title of "M Quad," have been preserved and copied in various papers and admired and ascribed to the wrong person, and she would smile and make no effort to set it right. Such is the history of the exquisite poem entitled "In a Hammock."

KATE M. BISHOP.

IN A HAMMOCK.

Carelessly singing, carelessly swinging,
  Now in the sunshine, now in the shade—
What could be fairer, what could be rarer
Than bird-song, day-dream and flower-bloom together,
All growing out of the sunshiny weather,
  Filling their happiness just as they fade.

Branches hang over me, green leaflets cover me,
  Whispering their secrets of wood love sweet,
Fluttering and calling, floating and falling,
Setting in visions of cloud-land palaces
Pouring out wine from the sun-land chalices,
  Kissing my face with their shadows fleet.

Up in the world of sky, out where the echoes die,
  Soareth a gray hawk, atilt for prey,
Circling and sinking, carelessly drinking
Drafts of the infinite—How it brims over!
Everywhere waiting for vagabond lover—
  Summer's own children alone know the way.

Somewhere a grief-note out of a dove-throat
  Troubles the silence like falling tears,
Somewhere a memory comes with a cry,
Calling the past from its shadowy curtain,
Parting the mists from its visions uncertain,
  Breathing the breath of the vanished years.

Swifter the swallows fly, longer the shadows lie,
  While I swing idly twixt shadow and shine;
Nothing of summer-bliss, surely can balance this
Service of bird-note and incense of heather,
Perfect content and cups of glad weather,
  Nothing I care when all these are mine.—*Kate M. Bishop.*

Under the name of "Karen Brendt" she wrote some strong, sarcastic stories which appeared in the *Argonaut.* In the *Californian* and the later *Overland* appear keen, bright portraitures of men and women as she found them in San Franciscan society. The most ambitious of these was a continued story called "A Shepherd at Court," representing a ranchman of fine type amid these peculiar elements, and drawing the contrasts with vivid pen. Ever and anon there appeared choice bits of verse from her active brain, and these were recognized at once in Eastern journals, and finally attracted the attention of Edmund Clarence Stedman who gave her place among the writers in his encyclopedia.

Miss Bishop was born in Illinois, came to California in 1856, when a small child, and received her education here. She passed from earth August 16th, 1891, at Belmont. Her standard was very high, so much so that she occupied the position of being a merciless critic of herself. Her modesty regarding her position as a writer forbade her achieving a name, as she hid her personality continually. She was a brillant conversationalist, her ordinary speech sparkling with repartee and originality of expression. Her industry was great and she left many manuscripts which have not yet seen the light, and possibly never may. It is to be hoped, however, that some time her writings, stories and poems will be published in book form, as they are well worthy of preservation, and would be a distinct addition to our literature.

One of the most faithful of the women-writers of the *Argonaut* is Mrs. Flora Haines Loughead, In addition to her journalistic work for the *Chronicle*, *Examiner* and other daily papers, she has spun silken fabrics in the shape of short stories, that have made a profound impression upon the minds of the public. She has always been true to the interests of her womanly nature, uniting this quality with a great degree of literary art. While the moral purpose is is always kept cleverly in the background, yet it prevails unconsciously, in producing a sort of a stained-glass radiance of optimism. She deals in a kind of heroism that must do the right though the heavens fall. The account of her experience, as one of the first women-reporters in San Francisco, appears in the classification "Journalism." It is one of the truest, most womanly recitals of such an experience that has ever appeared in print. Indeed, I doubt if anything so honest and so uneffected, so touching and so beautiful, in the way of a tribute to the true manhood of the daily press, was ever written by any woman before. There are "no icicle-dripping of the intellect" here introduced to mar the simplicity and heart-touching quality of the recital.

Her stories vary from simple character-studies to romances. Her heroines are never trivial, and her heroes are very human. A strain of humor permeates some of her tales, notably that of "The Fortunes of War," which is honored by a place in the "Library of American Literature." In her "Gold Dust Series" of stories which was published in book form, appeared the following: "Chinatown Contrabands," "Her Political Campaign," "Her First Year in Office," "Nathan Rathburn's Grave," "Santo's Brother." "Baby Bunting," "How Miss Vanderbilt Came Into Her Own," "The Story of the Pazzoulana House," "How the Serpent Lost His Case," "The Silver Cornet" and "The Man From Nowhere."

The "Libraries of California" was a conscientious work by Mrs. Loughead in 1879, one which becomes more valuable each year, as a reference book of the past. "The Man who was Guilty" was published in the East and contains some interesting picture studies of San Francisco and California localities. Mrs. Loughead was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, of New England stock. While she is remarably industrious in her literary productiveness, yet she is one of the most domestic of women, devoted to her home-making and little ones. Mrs. Loughead now lives in Santa Barbara.

Regarding Mrs. Loughead, Mrs. Atherton says:

> She has been known for a number of years as an all-round newspaper woman of the first rank, and has managed to publish at the same time about one hundred and fifty stories. .

Annie Lake Townsend made a great impression with her stories in the *Argonaut.* Not only were the plots striking and original, but her sentences were felicitous and apt. I remember a description of a heroine who was given to indulging in a lawless disregard of consequences. It finished up something like this: "I knew she had a spoonful of gipsy blood in her veins." The criticism made of Mrs. Townsend's writing is, that while it is epigrammatic and brilliant, that there is a metallic glitter about it all; that it is lacking in that impression of tenderness which one expects to find in a woman's writing; that it is hard, finished, elegant work. That, however, I think is merely the influence of the *Argonaut* school. Ten years ago that was the prevailing characteristic of the stories then presented, and these influences became infectious. The best work done by Mrs. Townsend was the department she carried on in the *Wasp*, which she signed "Jael Dence," and is referred to under that journal.

The poetry from Mrs. Townsend's pen is clear-cut and beautiful. Not simple and sweet is the tune of her muse, but complex and strange, revealing a deep undercurrent of thought and philosophy.

All these evidences of her literary instinct and ability were produced when she was in the first flush of youth, and no one can explain the mystery why her talents should no longer be mated to industry. Her novel "On the Verge" was of singular power, especially for a girl of only twenty years of age. When her later novel appears it will contain worldly wisdom and felicitous epigram and strange workings of the human heart. It will be original, and cut down deep through the veneer of society.

A collection of books by Californian writers is now in progress, being made by a society of San Franciscan women formed for that purpose. They have adopted as their trademark the picture of the "Indian Girl" which Fred M. Somers had designed for the cover of the Christmas *Argonaut*, and which now appears as the frontispiece to this volume.

When asked some years ago what the meaning was of the walrus-and-the-bear-heading to the *Argonaut*, Mr. Pixley replied:

> It represents a quandary. As long as the bear remains upon the walrus he won't drown. But meanwhile he is starving to death. If he eats the walrus he can satisfy his hunger, but he will be drowned. Question:—Which death does he prefer?

The Californian.

A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CALIFORNIAN SCHOOL.

1880–1882.

EDITORS:

Fred M. Somers, Charles G. Phelps, Millicent Washburn Shinn.

CONTRIBUTORS:

Joaquin Miller, Edward R. Sill, John Vance Cheney, William C. Morrow, J. W. Gally, Richard E. White, E. H. Clough, D. S. Richardson, Charles Edwin Markham, Daniel O'Connell, Ambrose Bierce, B. B. Redding, T. H. Hittell, T. H. Rearden, W. M. Bunker, Robert Duncan Milne, Warren Cheney, Sam Davis, Clarence Urmy, John Muir, Josiah Royce, John S. Hittell, Leonard Kip, J. H. Gilmour, Alexander Del Mar, Charles H. Shinn, Joseph Le Conte, Ben. Truma Lock Melone, Charles G. Yale, George Davidson, James Berry Bensel, Nathan Kouns and others.

Ina D. Coolbrith, Mary Glasscock, Minnie B. Unger. Mrs. Joseph Austin, Eddie Anderson, Julia H. S. Bugeia, Josephine Clifford, Louise H. Webb, Kate M. Bishop, Margaret Collier Graham, Kate Heath, Agnes M. Manning, Evelyn M. Ludlum, May N. Hawley, Philip Shirley (Annie Lake), Mary H. Field, Isabel Saxon, Sallie R. Heath, Helen Wilmans, Alice E. Pratt, Katharine Lee Bates, Yda Addis, Millicent W. Shinn, Sarah Winnemucca, Kate Douglass Smith (Wiggin).

Though brief the life of the *Californian Magazine*, yet the six volumes of which it consists, contain many pages of most interesting reading. The ordinary lives of the people of this stage of California development are here portrayed—snatches and pictures and choice bits from real happenings of real people, make up the bulk of the contents.

The style of certain writers has become so crystallized, that by the reading of a few paragraphs, one may, with confidence, pronounce the name of the author. As an instance may be mentioned the essays of Josiah Royce, and the stories of Evelyn Ludlum, Yda Addis and William C. Morrow.

The editorial announcement in the first number was as follows:

> The *Californian* will be thoroughly Western in character, local to this coast in its flavor, representative and vigorous in its style and method of dealing with questions, and edited for popular rather than for a severely literary constituency.

The department of "Outcroppings" contained the only humorist of the *Californian* school, and his name was Lock Melone. In "Dips and Spurs" he wrote some very comical experiences. One of these was entitled "A Cataract of Sheep," which tells of the way he took care of a flock of sheep in the mountains of the Sierra, and how they took a notion to spring over a precipice one by one. His style is brusque and laconic, and his points well taken. While on a book-canvassing tour, which was attended with rather depressing circumstances, he stands and gazes at the great stretch of tule land and meditates.

> Thought I to myself, if I had a dollar for every tule in sight, how I could take the world by the tail and yank it from one end of space to the other.

CHARLES HENRY PHELPS.

This magazine may well be called "Somers' *Californian*," in order to distinguish it from Webb's, which preceded it by about fifteen years, and from Holder's, which has followed it about ten years later. Frederick M. Somers was a strong literary influence in California and has been the same in New York. His sketch has been classified under the *Argonaut* school of writers. Upon his withdrawal from the magazine and its sale to the publisher, Antone Roman, the same who started the *Overland*, Charles Henry Phelps followed Somers as editor. Mr. Phelps is a native of California, born in Stockton, January 1, 1853. He lived in Sonoma county as a boy, afterward in San Francisco; he attended the public schools, with two years at the University of California. Later he took course and degree at Harvard Law School (1872–1874) and practiced law in San Francisco (1874–1880). He became editor of the *Californian* at this time, and continued in charge of it two years, going to New York in 1882, where he has since practiced law, and written but little.

Many of his poems have been published in *Harper's*, *Century*, *Atlantic* and *Lippincott's*. He has a charming touch and genuine poetic instinct, as is shown by the exquisite verses scattered through the *Californian*, and which were afterward collected and published in book form. Very expressive in local color is the following poem, quoted from the files of the *Californian*:

YUMA.

Weary, weary, desolate,
Sand-swept, parched and cursed of fate;
Burning but how passionless!
Barren, bald and pitiless!

Through all ages, baleful moons
Have glared upon thy whited dunes;

And malignant, wrathful suns
Fiercely drunk thy streamless runs.

So that Nature's only tune
Is the blare of the simoon;
Piercing burnt, unweeping skies
With its awful melodies.

Not a flower lifts its head
Where the emigrant lies dead.

Not a living creature calls
Where the Gila monster crawls;
Hot and hideous as the sun
To the dead man's skeleton;

But the desert and the dead,
And the hot head overhead,
And the blazing, seething air
And the dread mirage are there.—*Charles Henry Phelps.*

In these pages is to be found a serial story by Joaquin Miller, entitled "One of the World's Builders." This story, with scarcely any changes, has since been dramatized and put upon the boards with the name of "Forty-Nine"—the drama of Western life which was so pathetically played by Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin in their palmy days.

Honor to poor old "Forty-Nine,"
  And honor to "Carats," too;
Here's a tear for the good old days,
  And a sigh for the hearts so true.—*E. S. C.*

Mary H. Field is a woman of more than usual gifts in writing. Her prose articles are all based upon a thorough understanding of the subject in hand, and the bent of her nature is always to radiate goodness and light. Her poems, especially, reveal an insight and a delicacy of touch which belong to the artist only. Mrs. Field's energies have been devoted for many years to the interests of the Chautauqua Circle at Pacific Grove, Monterey, and in that pleasant coterie and atmosphere she has shone *not* with reflected light. Her home is now in the East. But in the files of the *Californian*, as well as the later *Overland*, her work still lives, finished and beautiful, and worthy of preservation in book form. An extract is here given from her poem, entitled

MARY H. FIELD.

MOTHERHOOD.

Far, far away, across a troubled sea
  My mistful eyes espy,
The quiver of a little snowy sail
  Unfurled against the sky.

So faint, so far, so veiled in softest haze
  Its quiet shimmering,
Sometimes methinks no mortal thing it is,
  But gleam of angel's wing.

With my own heart throbs, throbs the tiny sail,
  My sighs its pennons move;
And hither steadfast points its magnet toward
  The pole-star of my love.

What precious gifts do freight this mystic bark?
  There is no sign to show.
What frail, small mariner is there enshrined?
  No mortal yet may know.

I only know the soul divine moves there,
  'Mid two eternities;
Before this secret of the Lord, I bow
  With veiled and reverent eyes.

And vainly does my restless love essay
  To haste the coming sail;
Dear God! not e'en to save from sunken reefs
  Can love of mine avail.

Yet, will I keep vigil and in peace,
  Like many "dwell apart,"
Close to the mysteries of God art thou
  My brooding mother-heart.

Ah, heavenly sweet will be thy recompense
  When, every fear at rest,
My little bark, all tranquilly, shall lie
  Safe anchored on thy breast.—*Mary H. Field.*

DANIEL S. RICHARDSON.

Daniel S. Richardson contributed both prose and verse of a high order to the *Californian*. He is endowed with a keen sensitiveness to the spiritual teachings of nature, and an equally keen sensitiveness to the workings of human nature. His mind and heart are sound to the core—no germs of pessimism nor cynicism find lodgment there. Like William H. Mills, he is the source from which springs much literary encouragement of the younger writers, both men and women — his patience never wearies in well doing. Mr. Richardson's mind is logical and far-reaching. He has the power of winnowing the truth out of the chaff; of not being charmed by an attractive theory, nor yet condemning it absolutely. He is not lacking, however, in that felicitous quality of enthusiasm which goes hand in hand with progress and light. On the contrary, he has almost a boyish impulsiveness in taking hold of enterprises. One of these was in martialing his personal friends from the counting-room, the Postoffice, the schoolroom and similar places, on a legal holiday, Washington's Birthday, of this year, and having them, with their own hands, unused and unaccustomed to labor as they were, build a house for a poor young Englishman whom he wished to befriend. At the end of the day the house was built, the family moved in and the bruised and lame self-appointed workmen hobbled home.

I tell this incident simply to convey an idea of the good-heartedness of the man, for nothing that he has written has ever yet spoken of his genuine self. His everyday discourses are far more beautiful than anything he has yet put to paper, especially one on the theme "The Pathos of Living."

I know that he has not yet written the thought that is in his heart, and hoped to obtain it in time for this volume, that he might be properly recorded in the book of fate, as I sometimes fear this is going to be. So I wrote to him frequently on the subject. The following is the last response he made, since which time I have said nothing. But the response is more typical of him than anything I can find elsewhere.

> I received a letter from you. Such a letter It said, "Write me a poem—something with overlapping lines—something pregnant with human hope, despair and burning with the subtle flame of California's purple hills and golden sunset. Of the moon, the stars in sun-down seas, the ineffable, the unattainable, the bosom of old Mother Earth, the pity and the sorrow of it all." That was the task you gave me. Its execution was to be instanter. Presto! a poem! That calm assurance of yours that I could do it has struck me silent until now, and I have not yet recovered.

His verses are mostly dainty and delicate in texture, as is shown in the following, which first appeared in the *Californian*. It is entitled

QUESTION.

'Twas here, sweet love, beside the stream
  Where tangled blossoms quiver,
And dainty-fingered fern-leaves gleam
  Above the restless river;

Where redwood shadows fall to meet
  The golden sun-tide flowing,
And all the air is still and sweet
  With wildwood odors blowing;
'Twas here I heard thee whisper low
Thy sweet confession—trembling so.

And yet, sweet love, if we had met
  Upon some arid plain,
Where birds sing not, nor waters fret,
  Nor cooling shadows reign;
If on some desert, lone and rude,
  I to thy feet had come,
And nature smiled not while I wooed,
  And all the skies were dumb;
Speak, little heart, my doubt dispel:
Would'st thou have loved me there as well?

—*D. S. Richardson.*

The following is quoted from *Library and Studio* :

Mr. Richardson has probably enjoyed more opportunities than any other Californian writer for his especial kind of work. Animated by a generous love of nature and a desire to get away from the city slopes into the midst of nature's mighty heart, he one day saddled his horse, shouldered his rifle, and started off on what proved to he a most eventful journey from the Sierras to the famous Floating Isles. His experiences are well worthy a good sized volume.

Upon arriving in Mexico he became correspondent for several Pacific Coast and Eastern papers, and his letters published at that time created much favorable comment. He undoubtedly wields a trenchent pen; he has an eye not only for the beautiful and true, but for the humorous and sketchy sides of life as well. He was the last newspaper writer to interview that great and famous old Mexican, General Santa Ana. His interview was copied in hundreds of papers, and it was regarded as a notable utterance of the great Mexican General. Mr. Richardson also was one of ten white men—the only ten—to ascend the dizzy heights of Mount Orizaba, the highest peak on the American continent, over 19,000 feet above the sea level, shrouded in everlasting snow and coronals of clouds that round its mighty crest. He subsequently was appointed Secretary of the Mexican Consular Legation and in this capacity for a considerable period enjoyed opportunities for studying the peculiar phases of high life in the great Mexican capital. With the instinct of a literateur he took advantage of his opportunities, and his forthcoming volume will no doubt perpetuate delightful as well as interesting and exciting recollections of his experiences.

Among the old and nobler school of Californian writers, Richardson is regarded as being one of the staunchest and best exponents of Saxon English. He has an eye for character and color, and is always at home in the broad amphitheaters of Nature. His forthcoming volume will mark his re-entry into the field of literature after a rest of several years. The book will consist of a collection of his famous Californian and Mexican sketches, and many of his poems—for he and the muse are old friends—will be interspersed.

We print an extract from one of the sketches that will be included in the volume which excited the admiration of Edward Rowland Sill, a warm friend of the author.

He is in Mendocino County enjoying a desultory trip to the land of nowhere for all he cares. While in dire straits he sees a herd of sheep and comes upon the shepherd.

We quote:

The day which followed was exceedingly hot, and the uphill tramp through the fine red dust became in a few hours very laborious. However slowly I might proceed, hugging the shade spots on the winding grade, it was impossible to keep cool, and my gripsack, like the grasshopper, became a burden. Life seemed too short and precious for such nonsense on a summer day, so, toward noon, I switched off under a manzanita bush and went to sleep. It must have been mid-afternoon when I awoke, with a mighty vacancy in my stomach and a colony of tree-ants in my vest. Far up the mountain, to my left, a band of sheep were grazing, and it occurred to me, after getting rid of the ants, that there must be a herder's camp somewhere in the vicinity, and perhaps I could "work" that individual for a square meal. Former experiences had led me to the conviction that the average sheep-herder is a pretty good fellow, inclined to be hospitable and glad to see you. It makes no difference whether he be a Dago, Kanaka or Greek, when you meet him on his lonely stamping-grounds. He is human and homely—in keeping with his surrounding—and the smile of welcome which percolates his oily visage is apt to be sincere. Having in my mind's eye the typical representative of this fraternity, imagine my consternation on finding myself confronted by a rosy damsel of sixteen, barefooted, straw-hatted, and sweet-voiced as a meadow lark. She had seen me first, and stood watching me from a little rocky ledge as I labored up the mountain side. For a moment I was dumb with astonishment. Could this be the sheep-herder I sought? I had read somewhere of shepherdesses tending their flocks on Arcadian hills, and ensnaring the hearts of all things masculine; but that was in the Golden Age. What was this Grecian maiden doing in Lake county, and where was her crook? Probably imagining from my startled attitude and voiceless stare that I was about to shy off into the brush, or that I could not talk yet, she said:

"Do not be frightened. Come up."

"Do you herd these sheep?" I stammered.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you not afraid to be out here in the woods alone?"

"Not a bit."

"Are you not afraid of me?"

"No; but I thought you was of me," and she laughed merrily, somewhat to my discomfiture.

"If I am not capable of inspiring fear," I thought, "would that I might excite some gentler emotion." But I shall not tell you all the nice things I thought and said during the next two hours. It is sufficient for you to know that I came up to her side; that I told her I was hungry; that I was a vagabond on the face of the earth, going to teach a school in Coyote; and that if the Lord would forgive me for attempting to walk up the red-hot mountain under a July sun I would never be guilty of like offense again. And then she told me that she had a bottle of milk and some lunch at a spring a little farther up the canyon, and that I should share it with her if I would. And what a lunch we had! Corn bread, a little bacon, some wild blackberry jam and milk. Perched on the bank above the spring, my new-found wood nymph laughed and chattered, and made me eat the most of it. She was not hungry, she said; she had just relieved her brother on the mountain, and had eaten before leaving home.

"Then why did you bring the lunch?" I asked.

"Oh, we sometimes feel hungry toward evening," she replied.

"You knew I was coming, didn't you?"

"No; but I'm sorry you are going."

And so was I. In fact, I was half tempted to turn sheep-herder then and there, and let the Coyote school go by the board; but I could not figure far enough ahead. That vexatious brother to whom she alluded might give me trouble. She also had the misfortune to have parents who might question my continuous presence on the mountain. It would not do.

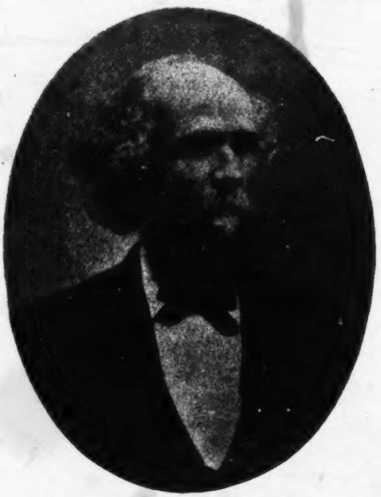
"I will come back to see you," I said. And I mean to do it one of these days.

Diving into the bottom of my sack, I brought out a pair of doctor's forceps, left there by accident, and begged of her to accept them as a token of my gratitude. It was all I had to give, unless she would accept some portion of my wearing apparel, for which latter I presume she had no use. Furthermore, she might consider these forceps as a symbol of the grip she had on my young affections. I had never known them to let go. Stealing a last look into her merry eyes—a little saddened, I thought, when the parting came—I shouldered my baggage and trudged away.—*D. S. Richardson.*

Joseph Le Conte is the great teacher of science in California. In his position at the University of the State he moulds the mind of young California, and in these journals and magazines leaves the impress of his philosophy for those who are out of the reach of his personal influence.

The names and titles of his volumes are as follows: "Sight," "Elements of Geology," "Miscellaneous Writings," "Science and Religion," "Evolution and Immortality." Of the volume on science and religion, the *Overland* says, in review:

This thesis, that evolution is not only not antagonistic to the fundamentals of religious belief, but a strong argument in their support, is advanced and advocated in the third part of the book, with a force and eloquence that confirms Professor Le Conte in his place of honor among the teachers of evolution and the defenders of theism. Let more be said, for it is doing a good deed to encourage the spread of doctrine so sane as this book teaches. It is hardly possible that any scientific materialist can read the last eighty-two pages of this book carefully and not realize that his giving up of religious belief is not the foregone necessity that he sadly imagined when he was forced by cumulative evidence to acknowledge that evolution is true. On the other hand, to many troubled souls in the Christian Church, who have watched with fear the steady growth of this suspicious theory, —which was assumed to show that nature created itself by blind law and needed no God—this book will come like a revelation. Let all such perplexed ones read and take heart, finding that there is a standpoint of calm and clear reason from which this strange doctrine may be made welcome, no subversive and terrible overthrow of cherished hopes, but a breaking away of barriers that shall enlarge their view and make grand their conceptions, as much as did Galileo's telescope when it showed that this earth was not the center of a little group of stars, but only one of myriads of worlds in the universe of God.



JOSEPH LE CONTE.

A pupil of Professor Le Conte's, David Lesser Lezinsky, contributes the following:

What religion has brought to man a more hopeful message than that which evolution gives us through Joseph Le Conte?

Tennyson was the poet of evolution when of the modern man he sang " * * * Heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time." So Le Conte speaks for evolution when he teaches: "The Golden Age is before and not behind us."

In selecting the two most ecstatic moments in the growth of science, Le Conte sees as one moment that in which Galileo, looking through his telescope, realized to man that our earth is not the universe, but only one amid the countless myriads whose song of the spheres choruses its anthem of praise to the Creator; and then, as the second moment, Le Conte points to Buffon arising from his geological researches to announce to man that his epoch is not eternity, but only a second in God's day, to which there is neither beginning nor end. Truly, Galileo and Buffon make us bow our heads in silence before the might of the First Great Cause.

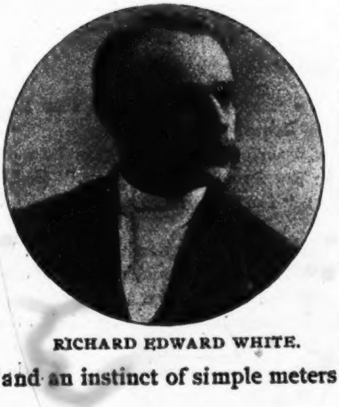
When science selects the third great moment of its growth, it will, perhaps, pass Darwin and Huxley, Wallace and Spencer, to relate as its supremest moment that in which Joseph Le Conte, as reconciler of religion and science, followed the guiding hand of evolution and pointing onward to all the moments to come, said:

"O glorious present moment! As thou art last, so art thou first. All other moments but prepared thy coming. Thou art the greatest moment of creation."

While other scientists make us know the greatness of the Eternal, Le Conte would have us feel His goodness—His goodness to us, who have been blessed in becoming participants in that moment which is "Heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time."—*David Lesser Lezinsky.*

A quotation is here given from an article by Professor Le Conte in the *Californian*, entitled "The Higher Utilities of Science":

Truth is its own exceeding great, unspeakable reward. There are three, and only three, that bear witness here on earth of things heavenly and divine, There are three, and only three, human pursuits that, passing beyond the veil of time and sense, take hold of things spiritual and eternal. These are science, fine art and religion. These three strive ever together, each in its several way, to perfect that image in the human spirit. Science strives ever to perfect that image in the human *reason* as truth; art strives ever to perfect the same image in the human imagination as ideal beauty; religion strives ever to perfect the same image in the human *will* and the human *heart*—in human life and human *conduct*—as duty and love. These three seem often to us widely separate, and even, alas! in deadly conflict, but only because we view them on so low a plane. As we trace them upward they converge more and more, until they meet and become *one*. They are, indeed, but the earthly, finite symbol of a trinity which is infinite and eternal.—*Professor Le Conte.*



RICHARD EDWARD WHITE.

Richard Edward White, a native Californian and a contributor to the *Californian*, has also published a volume of verse entitled "The Cross of Monterey." He has also a gift in writing words for songs, having a correct ear and an instinct of simple meters and musical expressions. "The

Man in the Moon" is a happy conceit of his, containing a touch of humor. The best known, however, of his compositions is that entitled

THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

(*An Extract.*)

Of the mission church San Carlos,
Builded by Carmelo's Bay,
There remains an ivied ruin
That is crumbling fast away.
In its tower the owl finds shelter,
In its sanctuary grow
Rankest weeds above the earth-mounds,
And the dead find rest below.

* * * * *

Still, by peasants at Carmelo,
Tales are told and songs are sung
Of Junipero, the Padre,
In the sweet Castilian tongue:
Telling how each year he rises
From his grave the mass to say,
In the midnight, 'mid the ruins,
On the eve of Carlos' day.

* * * * *

With their gaudy painted banners,
And their flambeaux burning bright,
In a long procession come they
Through the darkness and the night;
Singing hymns and swinging censers,
Dead folks' ghosts—they onward pass
To the ivy-covered ruins,
To be present at the mass.

And the grandsire, and the grandame,
And their children march along,
And they know not one another
In that weird, unearthly throng.
And the youth and gentle maiden,
They who loved in days of yore,
Walk together now as strangers,
For the dead love nevermore.

* * * * *

"*Ite, missa est,*" is spoken
At the dawning of the day,
And the pageant strangely passes
From the ruins sere and gray;

And Junipero, Padre,
  Lying down, resumes his sleep,
And the tar-weeds, rank and noisome,
  O'er his grave luxuriant creep.

And the lights upon the altar
  And the torches cease to burn,
And the vestments and the banners
  Into dust and ashes turn;
And the ghostly congregation
  Cross themselves, and, one by one,
Into thin air swiftly vanish,
  And the midnight mass is done.—*Richard E. White.*

Mary Willis Glasscock is a graceful writer of stories with a strong local coloring. Her contributions have appeared in the *Overland*, *Golden Era*, *Californian* and *Argonaut*, and also in the volume entitled "Short Stories by Californian Writers." Her novel of "Dare" was among the first crop that appeared written by native daughters, the other two being by Annie Lake Townsend and Ella Sterling Cummins.

MARY WILLIS GLASSCOCK.

Mrs. Glasscock was born in Nevada City, California, and is a resident of Oakland. She is a lovely woman in every sense of the word, whose literary instincts have been subdued for the purpose of devoting her entire energies to the home circle and domestic kingdom. "Carmelita" is one of her best stories and a picture of Californian life.

Many of the best stories in the *Californian* are from the pen of Warren Cheney, who shows great originality and literary skill. It is a part of unwritten history that, later in the files of the *Overland*, Mr. Cheney had a sketch on Bret Harte which made him no end of trouble. Some one with a grudge against him in the East wrote an article in a New York paper charging him with plagiarism, in repeating in his sketch what had been already said in their precedent sketches by Edmund Stedman and Richard Henry Stoddard, regarding Bret Harte. In order to do Harte justice, he had taken the trouble to read everything that had been written by everyone and anyone upon the subject. The result was that he could not deny having seen these sketches—and the trouble grew and grew until Cheney withdrew from the *Overland* and from literature altogether. He married and went to Europe, and the name of Warren Cheney has disappeared from the later files. But that is no proof of anything.

The man who could write these stories did not need to copy things. He could write what he wanted, himself. I know that Harr Wagner wrote a defense of Cheney in the *Golden Era* at the time, based upon an ingenious experiment. He went into a library and took down certain books upon certain similar subjects, and found a number of similar paragraphs. And that sort of thing is always happening. However, as a result of this misfortune to Cheney, there has come a great horror over the literary community in regard to these "curious coincidences." And what is more, a liberal supply of quotation marks is indulged in upon all occasions.

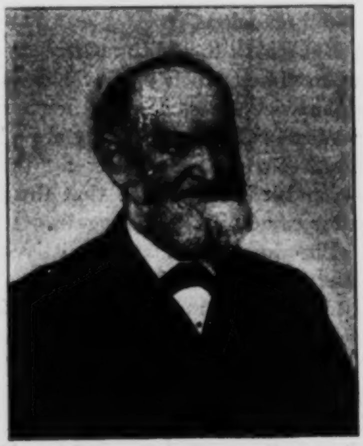
But I wish to add that there are super-excellent stories from time to time, which appear always under another new name, seldom twice the same, but they are all from one pen, and that pen Warren Cheney's. They are of admirable fibre, strong and meaty. No one has better art than the writer of these short tales, and it is about time that the grudge expired and Warren Cheney came back to life again.

Theodore H. Hittell is a native of Pennsylvania who came to California in early times. He was connected with newspapers until he entered upon the practice of the law. His earlier works were entitled "Adventures of James Capen Adams" and "Hittell's General Laws of California." His most ambitious work has been a "History of California, in two volumes, which has taken many years of his life to complete. Mr. Hittell has also written a monograph on "Goethe's Faust," and made translations from the German poets. But his bent of mind is not so well adapted to the grace and beauty of poetry, as he is lacking in enthusiasm, and looks upon everything from a dry and practical point of view. His "History of California" is well spoken of, and considered to be an authority on certain questions. Of his literary style I cannot speak, nor present any extracts, as Mr. Hittell has been unable to provide me with them.

THEODORE H. HITTELL.

John S. Hittell, the brother of T. H. Hittell, is also connected with literary matters, and was a contributor to the *Californian*. His volumes on the "History of Culture," "The Resources of California" and similar subjects are now out of print and unobtainable.

Alexander Del Mar is a fitting subject for a sketch —a man of great impulsiveness and great capacity for work. In his home life, with a gay turban upon his head, singing a drinking song from some opera in a resonant, dramatic voice, he is the picture of an operatic hero. In his writings he is always full of life and vigor, endowing every subject from his pen with a dowry of splendid images, no matter how technical the theme. In addition to this, his mind



JOHN S. HITTELL.

travels by scientific roads in search of truth, and often he makes his own road over a way which has never been traveled before.

Mr. Del Mar was born in the city of New York, August 9, 1836. His father, Jacques Del Mar, was a native of Spain and the heir ot large estates, including a number of silver mines, and thus it came that the son, Alexander, was educated in the rigorous and experienced school of Spanish mining. After many remarkable experiences in connection with governmental questions of finance, Mr. Del Mar was appointed Mining Commissioner, and in this character he proceeded to Nevada in the fall of 1876, to examine and report upon the probable future production of silver in the United States, particularly in Nevada.

This event led to his permanent removal to California as a place of residence, and to the more active practice of his profession as a mining engineer. This official examination and report upon the silver mines of Nevada forms so important an era in the history of the remonetization of silver that it should, itself, fitly form a separate chapter of this volume. But that being impossible, in the limits of the space here afforded, I can only add that Mr. Del Mar's report changed the status of affairs.

By the following year (1878), the explorations in the mine made it plain that Mr. Del Mar's report was singularly and prophetically correct. Then came a revulsion of feeling in his favor which placed him at the head of the mining profession on the Pacific Coast.

Requests to examine and report on mines poured in from every direction—from California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Old Mexico, Great Britain, France, Spain and Germany. It was only necessary for him to report favorably upon a mine in order to enhance its value or promote its development or sale; it was sufficient to cause its abandonment if he condemned it. In the midst of the great temptation which such a position involved, he maintained that truthfulness of speech and rectitude of action which has distinguished him in all the walks of life.

In the pursuance of his profession Mr. Del Mar has examined all the mining districts of California, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico and many of those in Utah, Colorado, Sonora and the northern States of Mexico, South Africa, Brazil, Spain, etc., and become thoroughly familiar with their geology and mining resources.

He has published many scientific works, of which his "History of Precious Metals" is his the chief installment. "The Principles of Money" and "In Search of Gold and Silver" are also of value. In his correspondence from London to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, early in the eighties, he said many clever things. His descriptions were vivid—and I remember so well the picture he drew of Mrs. Langtry, then in the zenith of her beauty. He described her as being "half-angel, half-devil," when the rest of the world saw only the angelic side of her beauty. Mr. Del Mar now dwells in London, and is as busily engaged as ever in preparing scientific articles and volumes on the themes relating to mining and finance in all its thousand-and-one ramifications.

Some of the articles by Professor George Davidson in this magazine were of splendid value, notably that on the subject of "Comets." Professor Davidson is celebrated for his scientific studies in connection with California typography, and also that of Alaska. One of the great glaciers of that land bears his name.

Charles Edwin Markham has an established and growing reputation as a writer of true poetry. Mr. Markham was born in Oregon in 1852, but since the age of five he has been a Californian. When a youth he lived on a stock ranch, which was hemmed in by high and lofty hills. Being alone and having no other companionship but that of his mother's, he sought friends in books and became well acquainted with Byron and Homer. At the age of thirteen he added to his little library Moore, Bryant and Webster's Unabridged, bought with the first money he ever earned. He graduated at the University of the Pacific.

About six years ago Mr. Markham sent some of his verses to Edmund C. Stedman, the famous critic, who broke a rule to write that "the quality of your poetry appeals to me. It seems to me truly and exquisitely poetic." In Crandall's collection of "Representative American Sonnets" are three from the pen of Charles Edwin Markham. Many of his poems have appeared in *Scribner's*, especially that burst of song called "A Lyric of the Dawn," which is like a saga sung by some firstling of earth when Nature-worship was the only religion. Stedman's "American Literature" gives recognition to three of his poems. In the *Magazine of Poetry* there was a prize competition for the best quatrain on

CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.

"Poetry," with the guerdon a purse of one hundred dollars. This Mr. Markham won away from four hundred competitors from all over the world. It is as follows:

POETRY.

She comes like the husht beauty of the night,
  And sees too deep for laughter,
Her touch is a vibration and a light
  From worlds before and after.—*Charles Edwin Markham.*

Mr. Markham's prose writing is remarkable for its epigrammatic strength and brevity. He wastes no words, but conveys his thoughts by an image, tersely expressed. It is a matter of rejoicement that his poems are to be published in book form this summer by an Eastern firm, and thus to be preserved as an evidence of Californian growth in some other direction than mere fruits, flowers or even gold.

Mr. Markham is the principal of the Tompkins School of Oakland, yet not even the grind and monotony of school can dull that inward vision of nature which marks him as her child in deed and truth.

Nature's own children alone know the way.

Weird and strange is the sonnet entitled

A MEETING.

Softly she came one twilight from the dead,
And in the passionate silence of her look
Was more than man has writ in any book;
And now my thoughts are restless, and a dread
Calls them to the Dim Land discomforted,
For down the leafy ways her white feet took,
Lightly the newly broken roses shook—
Was it the wind disturbed each rosy head?

God! was it joy or sorrow in her face—
That quiet face. Had it grown old or young?
Was it sweet memory or sad that stung
Her voiceless soul to wander from its place?—
What do the dead find in the silence—grace?
Or endless grief for which there is no tongue?

—*Charles Edwin Markham.*

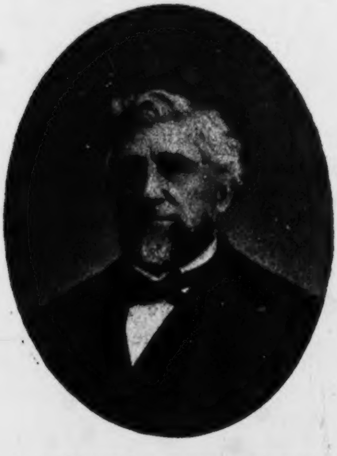
To make an extract from the "Lyric of the Dawn" is like taking a pearl out of its setting, but still one stanza must be quoted.

FROM THE LYRIC OF THE DAWN.

Forbear, O bird, forbear;
Is life not trouble enough forsooth?
Oh, cease the mystic song—
No more, no more, the passion and the pain,
It wakes my life to fret against the chain;
It makes me think of all the aged wrong—
Of joy and the end of joy and the end of all—
Of souls on earth and souls beyond recall.

Ah, ah! that voice again!
It makes me think of all these restless men,
Called into time—their progress and their goal;
It sends into my soul
Dreams of a love that might have been for me—
That might have been—and now can never be.
—*Charles Edwin Markham.*

Among writers on scientific and political subjects for the daily press at this time, there is no one more fondly remembered than Benjamin Barnard Redding. He contributed not only to the *Record-Union*, but to the Sacramento *Bee*, *Rural Free Press*, Reno *Gazette*, San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*, *Californian Magazine*, *Argonaut* and other publications.


BENJAMIN BARNARD REDDING.

There was a certain something about B. B. Redding personally that marked him apart from his fellow-men. And in reading over the writings which he has left the same impression is made. It is all so earnest, so sincere, so on the plane of good to his fellow-man, with a little touch of humor to give it zest and sparkle, that the dullest theme is made interesting and the personality of the man stands out clearly and vigorously.

In turning over old letters and coming accidentally upon an old-fashioned red rose, exhaling sweetness and rich perfume, so is the sensation of feeling in studying over the character and writings of this man. Every line breathes of interest in his fellows, every article has some bearing upon the ultimate good of modern science as applied for the benefit of human kind. He is forever pushing the good-natured but ignorant into better ways for themselves, and giving much of his time and energy to making the dark ways bright.

His love of nature was very great, leading him among the aborigines in his investigations of the early methods of man. His article on "Consolula," in the *Californian*, 1880, has almost become historic, telling how the best arrow-head maker of the tribe of McCloud River Indians made in his presence an arrow-head as he had made it before he had seen a white man or a piece of iron. But more than anything else was he connected in the minds of the public with the instituting of the Fish Commission, of which he became a member, and upon which subject he wrote many articles, as well as recorded his name in connection with the yearly reports, which contain a vast deal of practical information.

Mr. Redding was a Nova Scotian by birth, though of American parentage, born in Yarmouth in 1824, and died in San Francisco, August 21, 1882. He occupied many honorable positions—that of Assemblyman from Yuba in 1853—and was known in that Assembly as "one of the Twelve Apostles." He was also elected Mayor of Sacramento in 1856, and in 1863 Secretary of State under General Low. In 1868 he became Land Agent for the Central Pacific Railroad, and in 1870 became a public benefactor when appointed to the Fish Commission, serving as Commissioner from that time until his death in 1882 without patronage or emolument.

In the tribute offered to his memory by the Academy of Sciences, the Hon. Robert E. C. Stearns spoke as follows:

> He loved the breezy freedom of the hills and mountain peaks, and often climbed their slopes, for nature here he found in ample breadth. He knew all the streams and all their tenants well; the paths that years ago the Indian trod. He loved the monotone the breezes sing among the burry pines and the sprightlier music of the favorite lark. * * * Here was one whose character in fine proportions stands well—form being excellent, with noble heart and great sincerity, in love with generous service for all mankind, who used his high intelligence to make things better than before and lift his fellows to a loftier plane.

B. B. Redding was a man of original mind, an investigator of economics, State resources, climatology and all practical questions of man's relation to the world he finds himself in. There is a vast disproportion between the life of the real B. B. Redding himself and the writings he has left. The music of his life was heard only by those of his personal acquaintance. It is said of him, that with his intense interest in the life of his fellows around him, he would have been magnificent in the pulpit as a teacher of ethics and morality, for he was eloquent upon the themes of morality and justice, and was himself a living model of honesty and sincerity almost to bluntness. As an example of his writing, there is selected a paragraph from an article on "Fish Culture."

> The world can never know the name of the man who first domesticated the ox or of the man who first tilled the ground and planted wheat, but it does know the names of the men who, by their discoveries, have made possible an unlimited supply of food to be obtained from the waters that cover three-fourths of the earth. The time will soon come when monuments will be erected to the memories of Jacoby and Remy, for the world is beginning to recognize that the invention that makes possible an additional supply of food does more for the happiness of the human race than the discovery of an asteroid or the resolving of a nebula.

Another is from a bright sketch entitled "Fishing on the Cloud River":

> When the first of the run arrives and the fish are scarce, the ardent sportsman will climb rocks, crowd through bushes and whip pool after pool. When rewarded with a bite, he will play the fish as tenderly as if it were a maiden that he loved, and, when safely landed, bear it proudly into camp and tell the story of its capture with enthusiasm. But when the river-bed is black with the backs of the fish and every cast is rewarded with a bite, it then becomes labor and not sport. He looks back to see if he can clear the branches of the azaleas, whose gorgeous pink and white blossoms perfume the air, makes a few short casts to take out the kinks and wet the line, and then enters into that heaven where the houris are more beautiful than any pictured in the Koran. *Salmo-quinnat* is the Bride of the Lammermoor, told in prose by Sir Walter Scott, very beautiful, very interesting and very matter-of-fact. But *Salmo iridea*, with its rainbow-and-silver sides, his handsome form and his delightfully aristocratic reserve, is the same story told in rich poetry and finely rendered with the aid of all Donizetti's deep harmony and charming melodies. Salmon is the practical joint of the dinner, very good and absolutely necessary to the feast, but a trout of the Cloud is the anecdote, the repartee and wit over the "walnuts and the wine."

"The Life and Writings of B. B. Redding" is the title of a book, now in press, published by his son, Joseph D. Redding.

O childless mother of dead empires, we
The latest born of all the Western lands,
In fancied kinship stretch our infant hands
Across the intervening seas to thee.

Thine the immortal twilight, ours the dawn,
Yet we shall have our names to canonize,
Our past to haunt us with its solemn eyes,
Our ruins when this restless age is gone.

Thus speaks Lucius Harwood Foote to Italy in his poem, "A Red-Letter Day;" which gives its name to a choice volume of verse, issued in Boston in 1882. Exquisite and fine are all of these lines, a graceful felicity of expression, deep love of nature and an under current of thought uniting to make it a volume of genuine poetry—a credit to our literature. In speaking of a humming bird he says:

And then across the space
The gem incarnate darts apace.

Best known, however, is "Sutter's Fort," which is like a medallion picture. General Foote is a type of Californian rather rare. Born in Herkimer County, N. Y., he came to the coast when but a boy in 1856, and has occupied many positions of distinction, the last being that of Minister to Corea. While there he busied himself, with the ardor of the student, in tracing out the folk-lore tales of that uncanny land, and is now engaged in preparing the result of his researches for publication. He has also completed the translation entire of the poems of Heiue, also ready for print. Besides other literary work, he is engaged as secretary of the Academy of Sciences.

LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

SUTTER'S FORT.

I stood by the old fort's crumbling wall,
On the eastern edge of the town;
The sun through clefts in the ruined hall,
Flecked with its light the rafters brown.

Charmed by the magic spell of the place,
  The present vanished, the past returned,
While rampart and fortress filled the space,
  And yonder the Indian camp-fires burned.

I heard the sentinels' measured tread,
  The challenge prompt, the quick reply,
I saw on the tower above my head
  The Mexican banner flaunt the sky.

Around me were waifs from every clime,
  Blown by the fickle winds of chance,
Knight errants, ready at any time,
  For any cause, to couch a lance.

The staunch old Captain, with courtly grace,
  Owner of countless leagues of land,
Benignly governs the motley race,
  Dispensing favors with open hand.

Only a moment the vision came;
  Where tower and rampart stood before,
Where flushed the night with the camp's red flame,
  Dust and ashes and nothing more.—*L. H. Foote.*

Louise H. Webb wrote dainty verse at this time, both for the *Californian* and the *Argonaut.* She has since passed away, leaving material sufficient for a volume of delicate fancies and musical numbers.

LOUISE H. WEBB.

At the last moment I have obtained a poem written by the late Louise H. Webb, who was a sister of Mrs. Irving M. Scott. It is here presented as a picture of true local color, exquisitely portraying the view of San Francisco bay and surroundings from the Berkeley hills. The picture of Mrs. Webb, with its dreamy eyes and luxuriant bands of hair, is in perfect keeping with the poem.

JUBILATE.

Tired of the dull, flat grooves of life,
I turn aside and seek the height.
Up to the hills I careless stray—
The larks and robins lead the way.

Now like a falcon on the wing
My unleashed fancy slips the string,
Shakes off the boding dreams of night,
Follows the thrushes in their flight,

Mounts with the lark, whose crystal voice
Bids every listening heart rejoice,
Claims kindred with all winged things,
As with the birds she sits and sings.

* * * * *

Springing o'er hills in painted scrolls
Her gorgeous tapestry unrolls,
Spreads out her treasures to the sun,
Re-dyes the colors one by one.

Among the fields of growing grain
I mark the stealthy gliding train—
A white smoke-pennant floating back
Across the ribbed and winding track.

O'er Alameda's groves of green,
With village white, and wave between,
I gaze afar, with charmed eyes,
To where the Coast Range mountains rise.

* * * * *

I know what sylvan charms lie hid,
Thy azure peaks and vales amid,
What ranches rare, what villas grand
Rise bright in thy enchanting land.

* * * * *

There San Francisco sits in state,
Queen regent by her Golden Gate,
Throned on her hills with many a gem
Carved in her palace diadem.

Old Tamalpais, like warder grand
On guard, keeps watch o'er sea and land;
While at his feet the village new
Seems melting in the slumb'rous blue.

Crouched on her rocks, with gaze intent,
Deep-mouthed, strong-chested, vigilant,
Watching anear the Golden Pass
Waits the sea-lion—Alcatraz.

Nested on Contra Costa's coast
The eagle's fledgling and her boast,
Sits Berkeley, wooing to her nest
All singing birds from East to West.

Berkeley the liberal, Berkeley great,
In all that goes to build a State.
By selfish dogmas undismayed,
Gracious alike to man and maid.

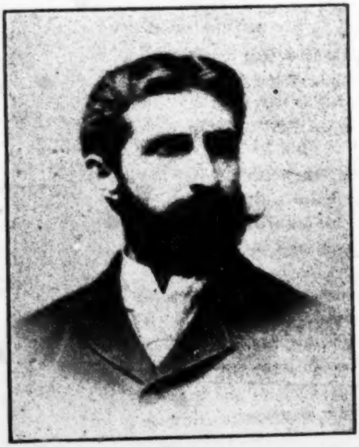
A woman's hand, with pen of gold,
Should write thy praises manifold.
O, nursing mother of the free,
Stretch forth thy wings from sea to sea!

Hail, *alma mater*, full of grace!
The Lord be with thee in the race.
Blessed art thou, and blessed be
The fruit the Master giveth thee!

—*Louise H. Webb.*

Very many verses, to be found in the *Californian*, are from the pen and fancy of John Vance Cheney, whose touch is light and whose art is ever like a bird on the wing. Very much do I like that queer poem entitled "Our Ophidian Friend," which is very serpentine indeed, and here found in the Files of the *Californian*, tells that Mr. Cheney was counted in among Californian writers as long ago as 1880, if not before.

Born in the Genesee Valley, New York, in 1848, Mr. Cheney's boyhood was passed among the hills of Vermont. He graduated at Geneseo Academy at sixteen, and was made Assistant Principal of this institution at nineteen; he afterward studied law in Vermont and Massachusetts, and was admitted to the bar in Massachusetts, practicing in New York City until his health gave way, when he came to this coast in 1876. He got back neither to the East nor to the profession of the law. A writer for the magazines from boyhood, he has continued to write both prose and verse. He has published three volumes—a short character study in prose entitled "The Old Doctor," and two volumes of verse, entitled, respectively, "Thistle-Drift" and "Wood-Blooms." Manuscript for two volumes more of poetry lies in his "den" at home, and he is now reading the proofs of two volumes of prose — one of essays on poetry, the other being his father's work, entitled "Wood-Notes Wild," a series of musical notations of the bird-songs of New England. This work the father, Simeon P. Cheney, left in manuscript, which the son has arranged and edited, with a copious appendix of similar work done by others in various parts of the world. It is probable that both these volumes will excite comment, as they are a good deal out of the beaten track. At present Mr. Cheney is best known as a poet, though he prefers to say less these days about poetry than about the Free Public Library, of which he is the Librarian. On being asked which of his poems he liked best, he replied you might as well ask him which of his two children he liked best. About the library he is much more communicative. He is always ready to enlarge upon the strength and usefulness of that institution. It seems hardly natural that a poet should be inclined to the drudgery of a librarian's desk, but such is the fact in the present instance. The library is Mr. Cheney's work; poetry and literature in general occupy his hours of leisure and recreation.



JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

It was through Mr. Cheney that the Librarian's Convention met here this year. In this convention, and in the publication of his excellent catalogues, his earnest work is apparent to every one, but frequenters of the library know that he is constantly pushing forward unobtrusively just such work, rapidly raising the Free Public Library to the position it should take in a city of the size and intelligence of ours. Of the volume entitled "The Golden Guess," George Hamlin Fitch says in review in the *Chronicle :*

> "The Golden Guess" is the title under which John Vance Cheney has grouped eight essays on poetry and the poets. The author first discusses the old notion of poetry, which, after all, is the best notion, that poetry must be the finest expression of all that is noblest and best in man. "Who are the great poets?" he asks, and in reply he declares that the Hebrew bards excel even Homer, because they come nearer to the main sources of nature and life; because they give comfort to the soul now precisely as they did three thousand years ago. We believe all real lovers of poetry will agree with Mr. Cheney, that it matters not whether the author of Job or the Songs of Solomon understood all the technical requirements of verse so long as they had the true spirit of poetry. Much of modern verse is admirable in form, but it lacks entirely this genuine poetic spirit. The other essays here are on Matthew Arnold, Browning, Tennyson, Swinburne and Hawthorne. The author of "The Scarlet Letter" is included because he is as genuine a poet as any of the others. Mr. Cheney devotes ten pages to a caustic review of Henry James' sketch of Hawthorne in the English Men of Letters series. It is not worth the space, and we fancy that Mr. James, even with his excellent opinion of himself, must have an occasional regret that he let so silly a bit of work go to the publishers. Mr. Cheney's own estimate of Hawthorne is the best thing in the book—an admirable example of suggestive criticism.

The following love song is full of spirit and poetic beauty :

LOVE SONG.

[OLD CALIFORNIA.]

The fields fold in silence the ripened sheaves,
The bright moon breaks on the swinging leaves,
The dark's great daisies are blowing above,
O, leap to my side, my Love—my Love!

You have said not a gem in the blue below
But, on my neck, it would lose the glow;
You have said no bloom in the blue above
Is fit for my bosom, Love—my Love.

You have likened my song to the song of the bird,
My sigh to the tree's by the night wind stirred:
Like the moan of the pine, of the lone wild dove,
My song, my sighing, to-night, my Love.

The fields fold in glory the golden sheaves,
The full moon silvers the swinging leaves:
As the white cloud waits for the wind above,
I wait for you, my Love—my Love.

—John Vance Cheney.

As a bit of local color, nothing can be better than to give Mr. Cheney's unconventional little "send-off," as it were, of the yellow satin blossom which speaks of the gold of Californian hills, and is affectedly known as the "Eschscholtzia."

OUR FLOWER.

[STATE FLOWER OF CALIFORNIA.]

The emperice and flour of floures alle.—Chaucer.

When the rose was made,
I am afraid
A pretty bit of sin
Slipt in;
That blush—nobody knows
The story of the rose.

And the lily white,
A touch of blight
Is on her saintly face;
A trace
Of—what? She and the rose,
Their story no one knows.

But Our Flower's flame,
Nay, doubt, for shame!
Smirch not her sturdy glow;
All know
Our Flower from the morn
The honest thing was born.

"Come," said once the sun,
"I will be one
To shine into the grass,
To pass
New life into the earth
For a god's own beauty-birth."

"*Ay*," replied a star,
In night afar,
"We'll see what we can do.
We two
Will first make golden weather,
Then sow down there together."

Now, deep under ground
Was caught the sound
Out of the western sky:
"And I,"
Spoke up a bright-eyed metal,
"Will help tint every petal."

So, by day and night
Of golden light,
They made the golden weather,
Together
Sun and star did sow
Down in the fields below.

Up the gold did burn,
And, in its turn,
Matched earth's with heaven's glory.
The story
Of our Flower 's told,
Our blossom of the gold.—*John Vance Cheney.*

Here are poems by Edmund Russell, who, thirteen years later, has come to visit California. These poems are pictures of mediaeval lights and shades. "A Funeral in Florence" tells of the passing of a long file of priests and choristers—

And in the midst the young girl still and dead.
I could not tell if she were young and fair—
I only knew that she was young and dead,
And picked a rose all mired from the street—
A torn, white rose—and as I climbed the stair
I heard the bell toll from the Campanile,
And drew the massive portal-bars behind me,
The ballet-music ringing in my ears,
And in my hand the withered Tuscan flower.—*Edmund Russell.*

And the poem entitled "Famine," where a pale ascetic, reading from his missal, sits, illumined by a sacred light within, beneath the stained-glass radiance of the chapel. A wrapt expression as he reads—a sigh. He is like some lost sorrowing angel shut from Heaven—

> Inspired by his glorious dark eyes
> I crept behind his seat and nearer stand,
> To see the psalm, the chapter that he reads,
> What brings the sigh?—across the page
> The sunlight rests on the illumination,
> And bending, so I almost touch his shoulder
> And read "The Book of the Decameron."
> —*Edmund Russell.*

Mr. Russell has lately compiled and published a volume entitled "Readings from Californian Poets," many of which have been collected from the pages of Somer's *Californian*. Chief of these is the grand poem which has found lodgment in the files of this magazine, entitled "Lex Scripta," and signed with the name of Nathan Kouns. I remember that name in the files of the *Argonaut* and also of the *San Franciscan*. But that is all I know of the writer of the poem. It is not necessary, however, to know more, for the poem speaks for itself.

> The white gods standing staight and still,
> Each in his niche of altar-stone.
> Look, with unpitying, sightless eyes.—*Kate M. Bishop.*

LEX SCRIPTA.

"For the Letter killeth; but the Spirit giveth life."—*St. Paul.*

This once I dreamed.—Before me grandly stood
One fashioned like a Diety—his brow
Still, massive, white—calm as Beatitude,
All passion sifted from its sacred glow,
His eyes serenely fathomless and wise,
His lips just fit to fashion words that fall
Like silent lightning from the summer skies
To kill without the thunder; over all
The sense of Thor's vast strength and symmetry of Saul.

Clad with eternal youth, the ages brake
Harmlessly over his majestic form,
As the clouds break on Shasta. Then I spake
Glad words, awe-struck, devotional, and warm.

"Behold," I cried, "the promised One is come—
The Leader of the Nations, pure and strong!
He who shall make this wailing earth our Home,
And guide the sorrowful and weak along
To reach a Land of Rest where right has conquered wrong!

"Oh, He shall build in mercy, and shall found
Justice as firmly as Sierra's base,
And unseal founts of charity profound
As Tahoe's crystal waters and erase
The lines of vice, and selfishness, and crime
From the scarred heart of sad humanity.
Hail, splendid Leader! Hail, auspicious time!
When might and right with holiness shall be
Like bass and treble blent in anthems of the freed!"

Just then I heard a wailing mocking voice
Shiver and curse along the still, dark night,
Freezing the marrow in my bones: "Rejoice;
And may your Leader lead you to the Light!
He laid that perfect hand of His on me
And left me what I am—cursed, crushed, and blind—
A living, hopeless, cureless Infamy,
Bound with such bonds as He alone can bind—
Bonds that consume the flesh and putrefy the mind."

I looked and saw what once had been a girl;
A sense of beauty glinted round her frame,
Like corpse-lights over rottenness that swirl
To image putrid forms in gastly flame.
"Poor, tempted, weak, I did sin once," she cried,
"And I was damned for it—would I were dead!
The partner of my guilt was never tried;
Your Leader there was on his side, and said
That this was right and just." The woman spoke and fled.

The wondrous Being did not move or speak,
Did not regard that lost, accusing soul
More than he did the night breeze on his cheek;
Smiled not nor frowned; serene, sedate, and cold.
And while I wondered that no holy wrath
Blazed from his eyes, a wretched creature came
Cringing and moaning, skulking in the path
A fierce, wild beast, that cruelty kept tame—
A lying, coward thing, for which there is no name.

This whining, human, wretchedest complaint,
  Crouching, as from some unseen lash, thus spoke:
"He held the poison to my lips; the taint
  Corrupts me through and through! his iron yoke,
Worn on my ankles, make me shuffle so.
  'The criminal class'! Yea, that was the hot brand
Which worked me such irremediable woe,
  Writ on my soul by his relentless hand—
  A doom more fearful than the just can understand.

"He careth nothing for the right or truth,
  Believes in naught save punishment and crime,
Regardeth not the plea of sex, or youth,
  Nor hoary hair, nor manhood in its prime.
That which is called 'respectable' and 'rich'
  Seems right to him; and that he doth uphold
With force implacable, calm, cruel, which
  Hath delegated all God's power to gold,
  Making the many weak, the few more bad and bold.

"He never championed the weak; no cause
  Was holy, just and pure enough to gain
His aid without——" a momentary pause,
  Born of some superhuman throe of pain
Let in a calm, grave voice, that quietly
  Pursued the swift indictment: "I declare
Wherever right and wrong were warring, he
  Displayed his merciless, calm forces where
  He might most aid the strong, and bid the weak despair.

"He murdered Christ and Socrates, and set
  Rome's diadem upon the felon brows
Of Cæsars Caligulas, and wet
  Zion's high altar with the blood of sows.
For ever more the slaughter of mankind,
  Oppressions, sacrileges, cruelties,
Thongs for the flesh, and tortures for the mind—
  These are his works!" Astounded, dizzy, blind,
  I gathered up my soul, and cast all fear behind.

"This grand but beautiful thing should die," I cried,
  "In God's great name have at thee!" Then I sprung
With superhuman strength and swiftness—tried
  To seize, to strangle, and to kill, and flung
All my soul's force to break and bear him down.
  The calm, strong being did not move or speak;

The grand face showed no trace of smile or frown;
  The eyes burned not; the beautiful, smooth cheek
  Nor flushed nor paled, but I grew impotent and weak.

A hand reached forth, as fair and delicate
  As any girl's, as if but to caress
My throat; the steel-like fingers, firm as fate,
  Relentless, merciless, and passionless,
Began to strangle me; the chill of death
  Crept on me, numbing brain and heart and eye.
"Who art thou, Devil?" shrieked I, without breath.
  Before death came I heard his cold reply:
"I am Lex Scripta, madman, and I cannot die."—*Nathan Kouns.*

◆

LATER OVERLAND.

1882--1893.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR:

Millicent Washburn Shinn.

ASSISTANT EDITOR:

Charles S. Greene.

CONTRIBUTORS:

E. R. Sill, Joseph Le Conte, John Le Conte, D. C. Gilman, A. G. Tassin, Martin Kellogg, J. W. Gally, D. S. Jordan, Charles Howard Shinn, D. S. Richardson, A. S. Halladie, Henry S. Brooks, Louise Palmer Heaven, Dan de Quille, Flora Haines Loughead, Leonard Kip, Ida H. Ballard, Seddie E. Anderson, Lillian H. Shuey, Herbert Bashford, Melville Upton, Charles Edwin Markham John Vance Cheney, Henry De Groot, Fred M. Stocking, Philip L. Weaver Jr., Agnes Crary, Ninetta Eames, W. E. Dougherty, Irving M. Scott, Ferdinand I. Vassault, Horace Davis, O. Howard, Ada E. Ferris, Helen Elliott Bandini, Kate Douglass Wiggin, Nora A. Smith, Ina D. Coolbrith, Frances Fuller Victor, Enoch Knight, Helen M. Carpenter, Alice E. Pratt, Josiah Royce, F. K. Upham, Kate M. Bishop, May L. Cheney, Mabel H. Clossin, E. C. Sanford, Marie Frances Upham, Florence E. Pratt, Marshall Graham, John Murray, Laura Lyon White, Wm. S. Hutchinson, Martha T. Tyler, W. H. McDougall, S. S. Boynton, Neith Boyce, Sylvia Lawson Covey, C. T. Hopkins, Ella M. Sexton, Warren Olney, John S. Hittell, Frank Norris, Francis E. Sheldon, John T. Doyle, Ramon E. Wilson, Chas. G. Yale, George Davidson, *Clara G. Dolliver, E. J. Coleman, Wilbur Larremore, Charles E. Brimblecome, Frank B. Millard, Alice Gray Cowan, Estelle Thomson, Elizabeth S Bates, Albin Putzker, Douglas Tilden, Allan Simpson Botsford, Carrie Blake Morgan, Clarence Urmy, Virna Woods, Flora B. Harris, E. W. Hilgard, Chas. Dwight Willard Margaret Sutton Briscoe, Morris M. Estee, John P. Irish, James D. Phelan, Katherine Lee Bates, Eliza P. Houghton, E. L. Higgins, Julie M. Lippman, Sam Davis, James O'Meara, Joseph T. Goodman, Grace Ellery Channing, Isabel La Maison, Jean M. Hanna, Jessie Norton. Marie Valhalsky, Ella Higginson, Edward S. Holden, David Starr Jordan, Alice S. Wolf and many others.*

A splendid array of names appears in the list of writers for the later *Overland*. Under the management of Millicent W. Shinn, Somer's *Californian* was turned into the *Overland*, and has maintained itself successfully to the present time. All the names of the *Californian* have continued as contributors, with many additions from year to year, Illustrated articles are now a feature, and add much interest to its pages. The criticism has been made regarding the *Overland* that the spirit which animates it is lacking in warmth and color and sympathy. That its excellent qualities all spring from that which is intellectual—from the head—but that the emotional, the qualities of enthusiasm and spontanity and workings of the human heart are not so highly developed as when Somers directed the pages of the erstwhile *Californian*, now *Overland*.

There have been those who consider this as a more Eastern quality than Western, and those who take the Bret Harte standard for their ideal of Californian literature, have been known to refer to the articles in the *Overland* as "Those icicle-drippings of the intellect." Be that as it may, every one has not the same ideal of literature, and all must admit that the *Overland* has maintained a high standard of literary excellence and developed a school of promising young writers, as may be seen by the record which follows.

Regarding the purpose of the *Overland* and some of its writers, Miss Shinn says:

> The *Overland's* purpose is primarily to afford publication to the best work, literary and intellectual, of the Pacific region; so that, taken altogether, year after year, it shall constitute in a sort the authorized exponent and completest picture of this. One of the most important methods of carrying out this aspiration we have found to be through holding ourselves free of pseudo-literature in the form of "reading notices," "boom articles," "concealed ads," and all that

class of work, whatever the financial temptations, to stand for the *bona-fides* in literature, and for the genuine and disinterested statement of fact in all comment on matters that have any business bearing, is part of our purpose of expressing most truly the best thought of the coast.

Second—Within the ordinary limits of a respectable review, to keep an open forum for discussion of questions concerning the Pacific region—not excluding such as concern us and other regions in common.

Third—While placing before the world the best of this region, to bring also to this region the best of the world; that is, to keep track of the movements of the world, literary and intellectual, and do our part to keep the Pacific in touch with these; to keep one part of the Pacific region in touch with another part in such matters.

Fourth—To present constantly a picture of the interesting natural aspects, the phases of daily life, etc., of the region we describe; and for this descriptive purpose we cover the ground of the Pacific States, the Mexican and South American West, British Columbia and Alaska, China, Japan and the Pacific islands.

Our differentiation from Eastern magazines is in the fact that we deal with a different region, and therefore differ not only in subject matter, but in literary tone, having less fastidious finish and more spontaneity and freshness. From the daily and weekly journals of this coast in that we are not so local, covering a wider region—Pacific life in general, not Washington, Oregon, San Francisco, Southern California; are not advocate of any party, class or interest; and, of course, like all magazines, exclude a great deal of transitory news matter, gossip, society notes, etc., that appear in more frequently published journals.

Our differentiation of purpose from the other magazine recently started here is not clear; it has come in upon a good deal the same field as our own Of course, there are always differences of tone and of method between any two journals.

Mrs. Ninetta Eames has written a great many descriptive articles of the resources, appearance, etc., of different regions, or the conditions of industries, etc., with popular resume of the statistical side and account of the picturesque methods and personal interest—a regular type of magazine work. Without being deeply posted on these things, she has a conscientious care in gathering her facts, tact and judgment in going to the right parties for them, and makes an article that states them in a trustworthy and readable way. Her style in description and sentiment is glowing and pretty, tending a little to be too rapturous at the points of highest color. She writes also stories, which have always an original tone and much feeling, and at least once she gave me a poem that was graceful in a pensive way.

Ida H. Ballard—Young woman—in the University. Strong work—sketches, studies and stories, some quite remarkable for her age. Study of character her strong point. A true, steady insight and freest from girlish subjectivity—from putting herself in—of any young person's work I have seen. She writes as one standing aside and looking sympathetically, but selflessly, on at the spectacle of human life. Very honest work, without affectations. She withholds work from publication, even when she has demand for it and needs the money, in the interest of its bettering. Much of her best work remains unpublished, because she hopes still to better it, and because I have advised her to wait for the best opportunities. The best Eastern magazine editors think as I do of her promise. She has a story accepted by the *Century* now, awaiting publication. Special student in English, history and philosophy at the University, but expects ultimately to take the degree.

Agnes Crary has, I think, the most literary promise of any one who has yet graduated from the University. Daughter of the editor of the *Christian Advocate* (Methodist), and was teacher of literature in the Methodist College at Santa Clara, the University of the Pacific. Some poems, of refined finish, showing delicate critical power, and one story, are all I know her by. Good intellectual quality in her work; knows how to use the language and shows thought; a light touch, not over-sentimental; has her powers well in hand; what you might call cultivated writing; a kind of writing that shows any good thing she did was not a chance hit, but that she knew how, could criticize herself and could do it again. Now A. B. of the University of California and teacher in the State Normal School at Chico.

Melville Upton—Much the same quality of work—mainly poetry. More sense of beauty, more of the poet's point of view; less critical and intellectual quality, perhaps, but a very fine instinct of style. More artistic and delicate writing you do not expect to find. It is the writing of a book-man, but genuine, not imitative; a man who has lived and brooded among the best books and has been fine and fastidious in his choices. Formerly a young schoolmaster in Placer County; then a short time on San Francisco papers; then on Denver papers; now on New York *Times*.

Marie Frances Upton, his wife, met him while she was connected with the *Overland* office, through his visits as a contributor. Has written sketches, stories and verses. A graceful little whimsical touch and much originality, cultivated now to a competent and graceful mastery of style through Mr. Upton's influence. An interest in and clever perception of human nature and human experience, and a pretty, light humor, on the other hand, which he did not have, and which his later work shows somewhat imparted by her. Probably both are growing writers.

Lillian H. Shuey—Writer first of outdoor sketches, then of verse; has also tried stories, but is still new to this field, and it is hard to say what her promise is in it. Most notable quality in her other work, its striking improvement since she began to publish—her power of self-training. An especially fresh, genuine, characteristic tone in her descriptions and poetry; really notable; also her sympathy with outdoor nature. Some of her songs are very sweet in expression of simple human feeling, and there is a natural force and grace of language often quite striking. An occasional crudity; her work is not even and sure. Wife of a farmer.

Virna Woods—Rather fluent writer of verse, almost all descriptive. Very even; work always graceful and available; never touching the highest level, nor falling below magazine grade. Favors sonnets. Schoolteacher from Placer County, I think.

Seddie Anderson—Quaint and characteristic work, with a curious straightforward simplicity; quite unlike anyone else's. Always verse, often sonnets. I think people almost uniformly like it. Its simplicity baffles criticism; the most penetrating and fastidious critic I ever knew always liked it, and plain people always like it. Something staid, demure and Quakerish about the verses, with also a spice of their own. Doctor's daughter in Santa Cruz, and herself a farmer on her own account, and sometimes a hermit on her mountain farm for love of it.—*Millicent Washburn Shinn.*

The following sketch of Miss Shinn is contributed by D. S. Richardson:

Miss Millicent W. Shinn takes easy rank among the first of Western women writers. She is still a young woman, is a graduate of the University of California, and has for the past ten years been closely identified with the history of the *Overland Monthly*. She is at present editor and manager of that magazine. Miss Shinn is a native of California.

Her literary work, both in verse and prose, covers a wide field and is uniformly characterized by vigor and ability. Many of the prose articles contributed by Miss Shinn to her magazine during the past few years have been real factors in the development of the State. With a masculine grip and force of intellect which command respect, she discusses social and political problems, has her say on art, finance and religion, urges the material development of the coast, and illumines all she touches with an art that springs only from keen insight and thorough mastery of the subject in hand.

There is probably no woman writer in California to-day, and few of the other sex, who are her superiors in purely intellectual force.

It is a matter of regret to those who are best acquainted with Miss Shinn's mental attainments that her earnest prose work should have left so little time for the cultivation of her poetic gifts. Some of her earlier poems, written before the duties and cares of life were fairly on her shoulders, have about them the genuine flavor of the Muses. Nothing sweeter than the poem entitled "A Cycle," which may be found in "Readings from Californian Writers," lately published by Edmund Russell, has been written in California. If she would do more of this class of work she would get nearer to the hearts of her widening circle of readers.

Nothing in book form has as yet appeared from her pen, but her contributions to the various magazines and periodicals of the day, if collected, would make a handsome volume. Her future is full of promise.—*D. S. Richardson.*

Regarding the assistant editor of the *Overland*, Flora Haines Loughead sends the following:

Charles S. Greene is one of the later writers who has passed so much of his life editing the work of other people that the public has not had all that it might otherwise have enjoyed from his pen. As a writer of prose and verse he first became known to me through the columns of the *San Franciscan*, though he had already been identified with the *Californian*. For several years past he has been employed as assistant editor of the *Overland*, and he has furnished to that magazine some of its breeziest papers on life in and about San Francisco. Mr. Greene has a simple, unaffected style of writing, which almost veils the fact that all he has to say is in classical English. He has a keen appreciation of character and a delicious sense of humor, with a peculiar faculty for lighting upon humorous incidents, which he tells in a quiet, unexpected way that is sure to stir a hearty laugh in the reader.—*Flora Haines Loughead.*

Some of Charles S. Greene's articles in the *Overland* are as follows: "Parks of San Francisco," March, '91; "Dairying in California," May, '91; "The Fruit-Canning Industry," October, '91; "Los Farrallones de los Frayles," September, '92; "Rabbit Driving in the San Joaquin," July, '92; "Along the San Francisco Water-Front," April, '92; "The Restaurants of San Francisco," December, '92.

J. G. Lemmar has written some excellent papers on botanical and scientific themes for the *Overland*, notably the paper on the "Discovery of the Original Potato in America."

Josiah Royce has written many excellent articles for the *Overland*. He is a native of California and has written a number of volumes, also a novel entitled "The Fend of Oakfield Creek," "The California Commonwealth" and "Religious Aspect of Modern Philosophy." Mr. Royce is now connected with an Eastern college.

Space is limited for the proper characterization of the strong articles which have appeared in the *Overland* for the past eleven years. Suffice it to say that the universities have been called upon and the brightest minds of our educators and scientists have contributed timely articles, such as Martin Kellogg, Joseph Le Conte, whose sketch appears in the previous chapter under the heading of *The Californian*, D. S. Jordan, Albin Putzker, and many others.

Among our business men who also have a claim to scholarship, Irving M. Scott and Horace Davis have been contributors of monographs of value relating to the problems of the day, and phases of public feeling. Some of Mr. Scott's papers have been printed separately for distribution, and of them it is said that they are classical and elegant in style.

Some of the most statesmanlike of the articles which have appeared in the *Overland* have been from the pen of James D. Phelan upon such subjects as "Bent of International Intercourse," "Treason Against Liberty," "The Old World Judged by the New," "Chinese Question," and others of a similar character. Mr. Phelan is a native San Franciscan and was born in 1861. After his graduation from St. Ignatius College he studied law under Professor Pomeroy, at the Hastings College of Law of the State University. For two years he traveled in Europe and continued his post-collegiate education there by studying foreign peoples and customs and the political characteristics of different countries. It was during this period that Mr. Phelan contributed these very American articles to the *Overland* and San Francisco journals. Since his return to the Pacific Coast he has become identified with the interests of the State, freely giving his time and means in behalf of any undertaking which adds to the enlightenment or education of the people, and in all matters which relate to public welfare he has been that *rara avis*, a public-spirited citizen.

JAMES D. PHELAN.

He has the gtft of oratory and is always a popular spokesman, His addresses upon "Gladstone," "Oliver Goldsmith" and "Robert Burns" have been thoughtful and entertaining. His style is logical and inclined to the epigrammatic.

An extract is here given in reduced form, from his article in the *Overland*, entitled "The Bent of International Intercourse."

The recent States of the Union, those of the West, remote from the Atlantic seaboard, which is exposed to the Old World influences, have come more closely to resemble the country of Jefferson than do the Colonial States as they are to-day.

The Easterner, while traveling abroad, is more apt to become enamored of European life, but the Westerner, more sensitive to the artificial character of his new surroundings, will probably become more attached to the life which he has left behind, and long to return.

* * * * *

The years he spends on a foreign shore have a sort of emptiness, and he defers the reality of life until he breathes again his native air. This predilection does not arise from any incapacity to enjoy the magnificence of the old civilization, its treasures and refinements, but he distinguishes after his own manner between a salon and a home, between passing pleasures and permanent interest; between false standards of conduct and what he regards as the more serious duties of life. Such a man has little sympathy with Europe.

* * * * *

Immigration, foreign literature and commerce yield, perhaps, in the effects they cause, to travel, which is one of the principal de-Americanizing forces at work. * * * It is the "respectable class" which is the chief offender. They go to Europe with growing families for residence and education, and generally with the purpose to return. And every ship load of returning tourists of this sort is a Trojan horse of danger. * * * With surface observations they are content. * * * They do not see the resultant misery, the denial of freedom, religious and civil, the enforced conscription, the burdens upon industry and the chronic impoverishment of the people. * * * International intercourse may be instrumantal in "civilizing" America, but is it not on the old lines condemned by the Fathers of the Republic? Is there not danger, by too close contact with Europe, of losing all that is distinctive in American life? And notwithstanding the strictures of foreign criticism, is not American nationality, such as it is, worth preserving?

—*J. D. Phelan.*

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

Charles Howard Shinn is a native of California, and has left the impress of his mind upon the files of the *Overland.*

While he is excellent in the compiling of an article requiring research, yet he also has facility in the writing of an interesting tale where the creative instinct is necessary. His name is best known in connection with the "History of Mines and Mining in California" and the "Land Laws of Mining Districts," though he had written delightful descriptive articles on California for the *Century* and other Eastern magazines.

In the files of the *Argonaut* I found a beautiful poem which is from his pen, and is here introduced.

THE UNBORN SOUL.

Life! I have heard strange tales of you,
Of your weird winds, and starlit dew,
  And temples wonderfully cold;
Your cities, full of loneliness;
Your twin soul, glad in one caress;
  Your face's passion, worn and old.

I have known souls that came from you
With sad brows bound with weary rue,
  And after them a weeping came;
But some without a sound go by
Crowned with unchallenged purity,
  And eyes intense with sudden flame.

Blind cravings urge me in my dreams;
I am not yet, but still it seems
  I shall be soon. The hidden source
Of being seems to slowly fill;
I wait with passive yearning still
  For the great flood of human force.

The souls, as yet ungarmented,
Press round me without noise or head;
  And there is one dear soul who saith
That she will clothe herself ere long,
And if I guide her through the throng
  We shall have love through life and death.

—*Charles H. Shinn.*

Niles, December, 1878.

WESTWARD THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY

LATER GOLDEN ERA.

1882-1893.

EDITORS:

Harr Wagner, E. T. Bunyan, Madge Morris Wagner.

CONTRIBUTORS AND ASSISTANT EDITORS:

Joaquin Miller, Walter Adams, Clarence Urmy, William Atwell Cheney, Frank Blackmar, Theodore H. Hittell, Mrs. Eliza Hittell, Alice Denison, Fannie Isabel Sherrick, Lilian H. Shuey, Fannie Avery, Thomas J. Newby, Adley H. Cummins, Fannie Bruce Cook, Jean Washburn, P. S. Dorney. Ella Sterling Cummins, W. S. Green, H. B. McDowell. E. R. Wagner, J. W. Gally, Mary W. Glasscock, Ben C. Truman, Major Horace Bell, Mrs. D. H. Haskell, Carrie Stevens Walter, J. D. Steell, Adele B. Carter, Frank Rose Starr, Hiram Hoyt Richmond, Sam Davis, Jesse Shepherd, Edward Cothran and others.

In coming back to the *Golden Era* again the same old atmosphere prevails—it is always so kindly, so good-hearted.

When Editor Foard said, "Under Wagner and Bunyan the *Golden Era* has become a sort of Young-Men's-Christian-Association paper and temperance organ, and I don't know what all. It must have surprised itself a good deal, I think. And now Harr Wagner has it and is introducing a sort of German mysticism. I don't go much on those things," he meant it.

But the fact is that it has always been the same, first and last. In the bound numbers before me, treasured as many better things are not treasured, I see the same crude, crisp volume, with its oddities and local images, that it used to be. Here are the beginnings of many writers who since have achieved name and reputation. Here are excellent articles written in a spirit of prophecy long before the other journals have sprung into notice with a timely hint on some new phase of public feeling. The historical instinct always prevails in these pages.

"A Glimpse of Californian Journalism," by Alice Denison Wiley, is a well-defined sketch, giving the situation in 1884. I have noted it with pleasure, especially as it contains facts which are of value to-day. "Recent Californian Poetry," written by J. D. Steell, is also of interest.

There are peculiar chapters here which voice the protests of the laboring classes. They are by Pat Dorney, that Irish veteran of our late war, a man of infinite variety in his newspaper work. So far as is known, he has no earthly abiding place now, but these screeds against the Chinese are still preserved. The best of them was that devoted to telling of the antiquity of the Chinese religion and of the efforts made to convert an educated Chinese to the dogmas of Christianity, showing the impossibility of the Chinese mind working in Occidental methods, because of the great respect the Chinese have for their own ancient belief.

The spirits who controlled the policy of the *Golden Era* after 1882 were Harr Wagner and E. T. Bunyan, comrades and chums and graduates from college out West somewhere. They often left the editor's office to run itself, while they streaked through the country after "ads," "subscriptions" and such things as are necessary to furnish ammunitions of war in running a newspaper. Then they would settle down and grind out serials, poems and editorials, not forgetting some little "perpetration" on the public credulity to arouse interest. Most of the cruel rejections of manuscript, which aroused pity or laughter according to the nature of the sender, were purely imaginary, so that, while the reader was amused, no one really was hurt.

I suppose I ought not to tell these secrets of the sanctum which prevailed in the *Golden Era* office, but it is so long ago, now, that it approaches legendary lore. And then, besides, I desire to convey the feeling of good-heartedness which belonged to that atmosphere.

"The Little Mountain Princess" had just been issued by Loring of Boston, and the editors, hearing of it as the first novel by a native Californian, asked me to allow it to be run as a serial in the *Golden Era*. Thus it was that I first came to know them. But afterwards, when I found the office deserted and the foreman begging for copy, I simply sat down in the editor's chair and found expression for many pet theories which I had long desired to voice. Sometimes people objected to the editorial of such and such a number as too sweeping or too pronounced, but what did the happy-go-lucky editors care? They were only too glad the space was not left empty. I had gotten into rather uncanny methods of thinking from the potent influence of a San Francisco publication that was based on so high a literary standard that the poor *Golden Era* was an infant beside it in mental growth.

But the *Golden Era* had a heart and was wholesome to its core. Its sympathy reached out to the poor and the ignorant. I soon found that the subscription of the less intellectual reader was worth just as much to the journal as the subscription of the erudite. It was an interesting study. Indeed, the human nature of the common classes is always a fruitful theme to the real student, far beyond the uncanny and the morbid, and this was the spirit of the *Golden Era* and the reason why it survived when better literary journals bit the dust.

The homeliness and pathetic poverty which here prevailed was also a touching lesson, written in printer's ink and punctuated by the rolling press machinery. A certain publication, by contrast, was so plethoric that the editor's office was richly carpeted and contained unique bookcases and desks and pictures. But one morning when I went in there was a mirthless ring to the editor's laugh. Everything had stopped. The journal was dead. Sadly I went to the *Golden Era* office. A poor drugget was on the floor; a battered table, a few shaky chairs, an apology for a desk, constituted the furniture of the office. The two poor young editors were burning exchanges in the grate to keep themselves warm. But their laughter rang out joyously as they rubbed their hands over the paper fire. And the *Golden Era* is alive to-day, nine years after, continuing still its existence in San Diego.

E. T. Bunyan returned to his Eastern home, and Harr Wagner continued as editor and proprietor of "the-legacy-from the-days-of-'49." The chief characteristic of Mr. Wagner's writing is a quaint sort of humor which finds its expression in the "perpetration" story. "How I Committed Suicide" is one he enjoys telling by word of mouth to this day. "The Black Cat I Saw on Cleopatra's Needle" is also an astonishing tale. The fantasies called "Zafel" and "Zafel Again," are decidedly queer. As contrast to these are his studies of poverty, which deal with the lives of children and the young among the lowly. "The Street and the Flower" is like one of Fargeon in texture. "The Heart of a Soulless City" gives a gloomy picture, in the center of which is "Ivern," the half Jewish girl, with a branded letter on her bosom.

HARR WAGNER.

As an example of his writing, a quotation is made from a sketch on "Tamalpais," the favorite mountain of San Francisco; it is entitled

A TRIP TO THE TOP.

Personnel: Chaperon, Poets, Blossoms and Guide.

Prose is lonesome in the presence of poetry. The atmosphere that circles at the foot of Mount Tamalpais is laden with the tune which gives the poet inspiration. Up from the waters, across the vine-clad hills and valleys, speeds to a meeting the hushed music of the winds, the psalm of Nature.

The heart of the poet is light, the foot of the poet is free, and even the children, the blossoms, measured their tread in iambics. I jogged along in prose. * * * The children loitered by the way to weave round their fingers the silken thread that the gossamer spider hangs on blades of grass. The poets paused to peer up through the trees, admiring the tints that break out here and there in splendor, and are interested in the fungi that springs up, of every size and hue, from slender scarlet on the decaying log to the bold toadstool, which the children call "the lunch table for the fairies of the mountain." A deer sped across the trail. * * * Two poets remained, too weary to proceed further. The hot sun sent down rays that pierced like needle points. All beauty was forgotten. The chaperon and the blossoms reached the mountain road, then turned back to quaff from the spring. * * * The climb through the underbrush was taken. The physical and the esthetical waged a war. The love of beauty triumphed. My hot thirst for water was abated by the approaching view of the Pacific. The last rock was scaled. I stood on the top with arms outstretched like a cross. Nature had lifted me above the level of vegetation and had cast aside the mountain's drapery of fog.

I could see where wheat fields, groves and orchards meet the waters of the great salt sea, and the little villages of wild romantic beauty, half hidden by the oak trees and the willows. Just beyond the Golden Gate I could see Sutro's heights, with its classic beauty, a landmark of the endless waste beyond.

There are panoramas of the Hudson and the Rhine, but there are none to equal the cycle of Tamalpais, where the human vision leaps from city to city, from bay to bay, from village to village, from lake to lake, from river to river, from mountain to mountain, from ocean to infinite space.—*Harr Wagner.*

MADGE MORRIS WAGNER.

Madge Morris Wagner has beenthe editor of the *Golden Era* for a number of years. And every edition contains some felicitous quatrain or longer poem, or entertaining story from her own pen. Her style is characterized by originality and suppressed fire. She has the gift in her prose as well as in her verse. Her most ambitious work has been a novel, entitled "A Titled Plebeian," which rings with a true note of patriotism. Her shorter stories are intense and strong in local color, such as Buzzard's Roost" and a "Memory of Adamsville." Two volumes of Mrs. Wagner's poems have been issued, containing odd and original verses, and many of which are well adapted to recitation, such as "My Ships at Sea," "The Liberty Bell," "Rocking the Baby" and many others. The last named is here presented:

ROCKING THE BABY.

I hear her rocking the baby—
  Her room is just next to mine—
And I fancy I feel the dimpled arms
  That round her neck entwine,
As she rocks and rocks the baby
  In the room just next to mine.

I hear her rocking the baby
  Each day when the twilight comes,
And I know there's a world of blessing and love
  In the "baby bye" she hums.
I can see the restless fingers
  Playing with "mamma's rings,"
And the sweet little smiling, pouting mouth,
  That to her in kissing clings,
As she rocks and sings to the baby,
  And dreams as she rocks and sings.

I hear her rocking the baby,
  Slower and slower now,
And I know she is leaving her good-night kiss
  On its eyes and cheeks and brow.
From her rocking, rocking, rocking,
  I wonder would she start,
Could she know, through the wall between us,
  She was rocking on my heart?
While my empty arms are aching
  For a form they may not press,
And my emptier heart is breaking
  In its desolate loneliness.

I list to the rocking, rocking,
  In the room just next to mine,
And breathe a tear in silence
  At a mother's broken shrine,
For the woman who rocks the baby
  In the room just next to mine.—*Madge Morris Wagner.*

Years ago, noticing the originality of her metres and the grace of her lines, I sent a copy of her poems to James Wood

Davidson, who had just published a delightful little book on "The Poetry of the Future," a half-protest against conventional versification. I received answer that the poems were to be commended for their felicitous metres, and that they were a long step forward in the direction of true melody as compared with the usual verse of the day.

The verse of Madge Morris Wagner may be divided into two kinds—one is that which contains the pathetic note, the other the suppressed fire. "The Little Brown Bird" is typical of the former, the "Mystery of Carmel" the latter.

Of the subject of this sketch, Joaquin Miller says:

> Fame found Madge Morris Wagner in the blazing Colorado desert, her fingers on the pulse of Nature at fever heat. Now and then the winds blew a leaf of hers from the desert or from San Diego, where she edits her *Golden Era Magazine*, away beyond the seas to Europe. But her own country has been careless about her, save to pick up her thoughts and air them in the poets' corner of the classics as time surges by. But the *Lippincott's* found her the other day, and through them she has spoken to the world. * * * Here are the two extremes of song—the solitude, nakedness, desolation, mystery and awful death and dearth of the boundless desert, and the crooning cradle song, the baby whose utmost bound and limit of life is its mother's encircling arms. She has pictured life and death. You can hear the mother's rocking, rocking; you can see the dead men lying in the sands in her song of the Colorado desert, as you rarely see shapes in any song.
>
> And this is what she said, like all who are truly great teachers, making a text of the place and the time:

TO THE COLORADO DESERT.

Thou brown, bare-breasted, voiceless mystery,
Hot sphinx of nature, cactus-crowned, what hast thou done?
Unclothed and mute as when the groans of chaos turned
Thy naked burning bosom to the sun.
The mountain silences have speech, the rivers sing,
Thou answerest never unto anything.
Pink-throated lizards pant within the shade;
The horned toad runs rustling in the heat;
The shadowy gray coyote, born afraid,
Steals to some brackish spring and laps, and prowls
Away, and howls and howls and howls and howls,
Until the solitude is shaken with an added loneliness.
Thy sharp mescal shoots up a giant stalk,
Its century of yearning, to the sunburnt skies,
And drips rare honey from the lips

Of yellow waxen flowers, and dies.
Some lengthwise sun-dried shapes with feet and hands
And thirsty mouths pressed on the sweltering sands,
Make here and there a gruesome graveless spot
Where some one drank thy scorching hotness, and is not.
God must have made thee in his anger, and forgot.

—*Madge Morris.*

Not since I can remember have I heard a voice so true as this. It is like the sublime and solemn bass of St. John. It is even John the Baptist crying in the wilderness.—*Joaquin Miller.*

As this form of "The Californian Story of the Files" goes to press I add the following from a morning paper, the *Chronicle:*

THE WORLD'S LIBERTY BELL.

IDEA OF A SAN DIEGO WOMAN TO BE PUT IN EXECUTION

San Diego, April 6, 1893.—Harr Wagner has received a letter from William O. McDowell, secretary of the Pan-American Congress, stating that Mrs. Madge Morris Wagner has been appointed honorary member of the committee to create and direct the use of the liberty bell to be rung at the World's Fair.

The bell is to be made up of slaves' chains from all parts of the world and contributions of silver, gold and copper money, and will be cast at Troy, N. Y., on April 30. McDowell adds that the express companies of the country have agreed to carry free to Troy all contributions that are to enter into the bell's composition.

The idea, expressed in one of Mrs. Wagner's poems, was adopted as the fundamental motive in the casting of the bell, hence her appointment to an honorary position on the committee having the work in charge.

The special achievement of the *Golden Era* was the collecting of a number of Californian tales by the typical writers of 1883, and publishing them in covers under the title of "Short Stories by Californian Writers." These included contributions from J. W. Gally, author of "Big Jack Small," Harr Wagner, Ben. Trueman, Mary Willis Glasscock, William Atwell Cheney, H. W. McDowell, Will S. Green and Ella Sterling Cummins.

The story by McDowell entitled "The Marquis of Agnayo," in finished and clear-cut English, was the best of them all.

Two pathetic stories go with the history of the *Golden Era*, one of which has since brightened, and the other darkened, in the later years. Again comes in the sorrowful recital of women who endeavored to live by journalism, and found it bitter hard.

But it is too soon to speak of them. When twenty years have elapsed it will be more in keeping to tell their histories.

Clarence Urmy was the first native Californian to publish a volume of verse, some of whose delicate lines appear in these pages. Theodore H. Hittell furnished some substantial articles, as also did his wife upon her favorite theme, "Technical Education."

Lilian Hinman Shuey furnished a serial entitled "The Boone Ranch," beside many dainty conceits in verse.

Alice Denison Wiley has left some excellent articles behind her in the files of the *Golden Era*. And some dainty bits of philosophy and touches of humor are also signed by her name. She now dwells in Chicago, and California is no longer her home, but there are facts to be found in these strong articles from her pen which are of value to-day from a historical point of view. There are many ideas expressed in her poems, but I have selected one which I have never seen expressed elsewhere. Many of the thoughts which came to her had also come to others, till she naively expressed herself: "I don't see why out of the riches of their thoughts they could not have left me my one poor little thought." This selection is characteristic of Mrs. Wiley's style of writing.

ALICE DENISON WILEY.

A WINGLESS BUTTERFLY.

From the dense shadows of a moss-grown wall
I saw a patient worm in sunshine crawl.

The time was near, so dear to creeping things,
For it to spread its shining, golden wings.

Its prison cell was breaking, soon 'twould upward soar,
To crawl supine on lowly earth no more.

But lo! a stone fell from a crumbling wall
And crushed the worm beneath it in its fall.

Its trembling quiver seemed a living moan.
I stooped in pity and removed the stone.

In agony it lay, poor suffering thing,
'Twould ne'er mount the air on tireless wing,

Or starlit nights in snowy lilies lie—
Only a worm till death, never a butterfly—
One moment plumed to soar, the next to die.
—*Alice Denison Wiley.*

Fannie H. Avery wrote very thoughtful articles for the *Golden Era*—strangely so for a young woman who had not been surrounded by such an atmosphere originally. She seemed to strike a prophetic note—prophetic of her early death—in nearly all her verse, which makes it rather sad.

FANNIE H. AVERY.

She was the daughter of Peter Job, who was celebrated in the early days for his famous French restaurant. Born in San Francisco in 1860, she received her education in the public schools of the city; but twice in the course of her girlhood she made trips across the Atlantic and visited Great Britain and Paris. Of Scotch extraction on her mother's side, Mrs. Avery combined with French vivacity the energy and grit of the Caledonian. Her mind was active and inquiring. She had lively intellectual ambition and aspirations, and beside her proof-reading of and contributions to the columns of the *Rural Free Press*, she wrote for the *Evening Post* and San Francisco *News Letter*. She was always a student and an eager reader of Thoreau, Richter and Emerson.

She was also a talented and pretty little brown-eyed woman, spoke French fluently, sang Scotch ballads with taste and expression, was modest and unassuming. She attempted to support herself and children, and succumbed at the age of 27, December, 1887.

Many friends who were shocked to hear of her young life being snapped off so suddenly like a tender plant in a storm, thronged to bid her farewell. And upon the occasion was read aloud her poem--

HIS MOTHER MADE HIM A LITTLE COAT.

'Tis long since Samuel's mother wrought
  A little coat for him to wear,
In token of her loving thought,
  Her tender, unforgetful care.

Strong emblem of maternal love,
  Sweet story from a distant age!
We mothers prize it far above
  More striking tales on history's page.

For we, too, fashion little coats
  For loved ones of our own to-day,
While Fancy, many a banner floats
  Above our needle's gleam and play.

The prophet's mother's hopes and fears—
  Her love—are changeless links that bind
Our hearts to hers through all the years,
  And ebb and flow of humankind.

—*Fannie H. Avery.*

Inseparable friends were Alice Denison (now Wiley) and Fannie H. Avery. The thoughtful minds of these two young women made a bond of congeniality between them. In this connection I feel that I must include a poem from each, bearing upon this beautiful friendship and comradeship which existed between them amid all their hardships and vicissitudes.

TO F. H. A

Last summer, dear, we stood upon the heights,
Fair green hills all around and sloping down
Encrowned with flowers to where the silver sea,
White wings upon its breast, lay silently.
The scene was fair, but fairer your sweet face,
Yet troubled, and the light from your brown eyes
Was like the pale transparent glow which shines
Within a temple, and I turned and said,
Clasping your small, white hand, "What is it, dear?"
"O, do not ask, I pray"—like stone stirred brook
Your gentle voice athrill—"Look at this weed
Here at our feet—'tis but a weed, and yet
It might have blossomed had it had more soil

And kinder nourishing, but so near the ledge,
And stones all round, what chance has it to live,
Far less to blossom? I am like that weed—
What good is all the dew of gracious thought
Shed on my roots? They have no room to spread."
A sudden turn, a slight twist of my foot,
I did not mean it—'twas an accident—
But the brown earth was loosened, and the weed
Fell down the chasm. "Why grieve you? Let it die—
A weed! What use?" Then, for our hour was spent,
We went together homeward—but another day
Upon the self-same spot we stood and there we spied
Half way adown the chasm and jutting out
A ledge of earth, and lo! the weed despised
Had caught a footing somehow and had blossomed,
Helped by the accident to fuller life.
So friend beloved, may it not be with you?
Out of the touch that loosed thin earthly roots
Heaven must have given thee chance for perfect bloom.

In sacredness of morn, or starlit night,
Canst thou not send some fragrance to the friend
Who loved and knew thee always for a flower.
—*Alice Denison Wiley.*

TO A. D.

Sweet friend, your letter brings me hints
Of sights and sounds that bear my soul away
Whence you, love, snatched them on that royal day,
Far from the city's walks, 'mid Nature's mints,
I see the purple haze and tender tints
Of rose and pearl and green and misty gray;
I hear the wind-harp's gently chanted lay,
And catch, through pine-tree boughs, soft azure glints.
The nestling birds, the bees, the crystal stream,
The flowers, the wooded byways, dim and lone—
I see them all, and 'mid them sweetly dream.
But, list! dear heart, to that faint undertone;
You hear it, 'neath the world's external gleam—
The whisperings of the mighty, vast Unknown!
—*Fannie H. Avery.*

Another tireless worker and brave woman has been Carrie Stevens Walter. She has done everything in the line of writing that hand can turn to—advertisements, commercials, "write-ups," short stories, serials, and last, but not least, poems of a high order. If she could ever have had the time to stop and finish her work, I am convinced that something of value from her pen would have been added to our literature. As it is, she has a creditable book of verse which bears her name, and from which many poems are being culled. The volume is entitled "Rose Ashes." Some of the verses lend themselves delightfully to the voice for song, and in sentiment are rich and sweet. "Nirvana" and "Ojala" have been included in the "Readings From Californian Writers," which is on sale everywhere. Mrs. Walters' quatrain on "California," which is well known, first appeared in the *Golden Era*.

CARRIE STEVENS WALTER.

CALIFORNIA.

Across the San Joaquin's broad reach of vines and waving wheat,
The old Sierras toss their gold at fair Los Angeles' feet.
Soft sighs of pine and orange groves woo sea-winds from the west,
And over all a spirit broods of romance and unrest.

—*Carrie Stevens Walter.*

Another of her poems which was widely copied is

A WIFE OF THREE YEARS.

He goes his daily way and gives no sign
Or word of love I deemed once fondly mine.

He meets my warm caress or questioning eye
Without the tender thrill of days gone by.

Once at my lightest touch or glance or word
The mighty being of his love was stirred.

And now the clasping of my yearning hand
He meets unanswering—does not understand.

He gives no word of praise through toiling years,
To say he reads my truth through smiles or tears.

I cannot take for granted as my own
The love that speaks not in caress or tone.

For this—my life's sweet hopes fade sad away;
For this—my heart is breaking day by day.
—*Carrie Stevens Walter.*

One of the later editors, before the *Golden Era* was moved to San Diego, was Walter E. Adams, a young Australian surveyor, who became very much interested in the study of Californian literature. Among some of his contributions were several odd stories and poems, one of them particularly so.

As indestructability is claimed to be a property of matter, so he applied a similar rule to the atoms of mind and self-consciousness after the death of the individual, putting these atoms through the most terrible processes of migration through living forms. I remember that in the story the germ passed through a giant squid, and then after various rounds was evolved by means of the egg of a vulture to settle in the new vulture's brain. No horror of the Middle Ages could be so repulsive a punishment as this process of transmigration, for germs of self-consciousness having an affinity for such a fate.

Odd also is his poem on a strange tree of Australia. The shea-oak is of somber hue and found in the Australian "bush." It is often found in groves round a swamp, where it helps to add to the dismalness of the surroundings. The breeze, passing though its long, dark-colored, hair-like leaves, produces a mournful, wailing sound. This poem is here quoted from the *Golden Era.*

SONG OF THE SHEA-OAK.

What can it be,
What can it be,
That is sad in the spot where care is not,
And whispers so drear,
To many an ear, the tale of an unknown woe?

The Shea-Oak tree,
The Shea-Oak tree,
With his whispering leaf and voice of grief,
Seems ever to weep
In agony deep, and brood o'er a wild despair.

When the gale blows,
When the gale blows,
And the shadows of night phantoms invite,
A deep stricken wail
Is borne with the gale and heard 'mid the howling blast.

The twilight gray,
The twilight gray,
And the soft, sighing breeze and rustling trees
Brings never relief
To the restless sleep that troubles the weird Shea-Oak.

The sad Shea-Oak,
The sad Shea-Oak,
To the forest's green glade brings tintful shade,
And its mournful tone
And sorrow unknown, wakes many a gruesome thought.

—*Walter E. Adams.*

After the removal of the *Golden Era*, with its Indian and all, to San Diego, a new cluster of names began to brighten its pages. There came also a change o'er the spirit of its dream. Instead of homely studies of poverty and human nature and little bits of humor, there came in a mystical glamour. As Editor Foard would say, "It must have surprised itself, I think."

Dr. Jerome Anderson discoursed on "Theosophy," and others upon the problems of the ages and various transcendental systems of philosophy.

Edward E. Cothran has contributed to many other publications besides the *Golden Era*, but it is here that his name was first made known in a familiar way. Mr. Cothran was born in California. His English is rich and poetical, his ideas weird and peculiar. Some of his verses are exquisite in music and depth of meaning, others are vague and mystical. And yet this tendency of thought does not prevent him from being a practical business man, engaged in the profession of the law. I have not been able to obtain the poem I desired, so I quote one from an Eastern magazine which is at hand.

THE IMMORTALS.

There is a hidden lore, a mystic shrine,
Within whose halo, evermore divine,
Immortal and serene, or nearer far,
The mighty spirits of the ages are,
Veiled by shadows of the rainbow's light,
Warmed in the luminous stars of night—
The wizard angels of a phantom host,
Weird and enchanting as a moonbeam's ghost.
The soul of a flower, the heart of a shell;
Dim as a dream, fine as a poet's spell;
Oft heard in the mournful voice of the dove,
Or the soundless, beautiful music of love.
Their thoughts and deeds are one in potency
With the Nameless Rule of Eternity.

—Edward E. Cothran.

That strange genius, Jesse Shepard, also has written for the *Golden Era*. His writing is as mystical as his peculiar piano and vocal performances all over the world, and for which he is celebrated.

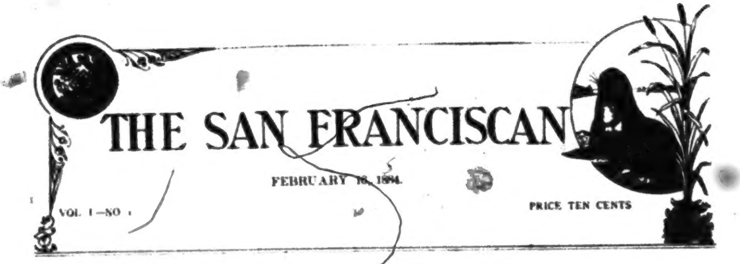
David Lesser Lezinsky, a graduate of the University and a native of California, has lately published a number of contributions in the *Golden Era*, more than in any other publication, though his name has appeared also in the *San Franciscan* and the later *Californian*. His verse is rather unconventional, and is a combination of the mystical and vague and too-deep-to-be-understood classifications. He is an ardent admirer of Walt Whitman, and holds very pronounced views of philosophy, which he discourses upon under the title of "The True Life." He has been an active worker in the effort to give Richard Realf's poems a proper setting and presentation to the world in book form. The sketch upon Professor Le Conte

DAVID LESSER LEZINSKY.

is contributed by Mr. Lezinsky. From his many odd, thoughtful poems, I quote the following:

RESURGAM.

Ye days of April came so sweet—
I seemed to hear the flowers' feet
Come running upward 'neath the sod—
Yearning to lift their heads to God!
The days of April.—*David Lesser Lezinsky.*



THE SAN FRANCISCAN

FEBRUARY 16, 1884.

VOL. I—NO. 1

PRICE TEN CENTS

1884–1886.

EDITORS AND MANAGERS:

Joseph T. Goodman, Arthur McEwen, Thomas E. Flynn, W. P. Harrison.

CONTRIBUTORS:

Thomas Fitch, Mark Twain, Sam Davis, Clinton Scollard, C. C. Goodwin Hiram H. Richmond, Dan O'Connell, Dan de Quille, Lock Melone, Nathan C. Kouns, Adley H. Cummins, H. N. Clement, E. A. Walcott, Ben. C. Truemann, Thomas Vivian, J. D. Steell, Derrick Dodd, Robert Duncan Milne, Joaquin Miller, Minnie Buchanan Unger, Anna M. Fitch, Luly A. Littleton, Flora Haines Loughead, Frona Eunice Waite, Marion Hill, Ella Sterling Cummins, and others.

When a new literary journal called the *San Franciscan* was announced as a possible rival to the *Argonaut* there was quite a sensation in the Bay City. The fact that three well-known journalists had inaugurated the movement seemed propitious, and the announcement that young writers would be encouraged and recompensed for their work sent quite a thrill through the part of the community thus interested. The *San Franciscan* was as good as its word, and it paid generously for its stories and articles.

There was a flavor to the journal that was distinctively its own. The opening number was a fine one, containing articles by Mark Twain, Rollin M. Daggett, C. C. Goodwin, Sam Davis, Joseph Goodman, Ina D. Coolbrith, Arthur McEwen, Thomas

E. Flynn and Mr. and Mrs. Fitch, an array of talent never since equalled in any one issue of a journal in California or on the Pacific Coast.

By this number a bent was given to the shaping of literary effort in San Francisco which continued as long as the journal, and possibly longer—one cannot tell how far the circles extend from the casting into the lake of even a little pebble. There was an air of genuine sympathy with the feelings of the human heart that never failed to impress the reader. There was an independence of spirit that rang through the columns like the tocsin of fate. There was something refreshing in the editorial announcement when it declared allegiance to no party, "being weary of all of them." Necessarily the life of such a journal is brief. It is too good to live, and therefore the people look on with bold apathy and watch it in its dying struggles. Any paper which does not first secure its support by the upholding of some particular sect or party or individual is not comprehended by the people, and may as well prepare to die at once as to continue a feeble existence.

Joseph Thompson Goodman is a rare man. He combines the generosity of the past with the good sense of the present. For a man's idea of a man whom he admires, I refer to Arthur McEwen's sketch of Mr. Goodman in the School of Sagebrush Writers.

All the policies and inspirations of the *San Franciscan* came direct from the brain of Mr. Goodman, whose name, as I have said before, has been embroidered all over our Californian literature. He enjoyed himself for six months in his own independent fearless way, and then suddenly one day wearied of the whole thing and sold it out to W. H. Harrison.

JOSEPH THOMPSON GOODMAN.

Since then he has written a series of fine historical sketches of early California and Nevada times for the *Chronicle*. One of these, particularly, is worthy of mention. It is entitled "A Battle-Born State," and relates to the coming into the Union of Nevada.

Mr. Goodman is a native of Delaware County, New York, and he came to California in the fifties when a mere boy. His unpublished work is a remarkable study of the Mayan inscriptions of Central America. But there is no subject of human interest that he cannot elucidate with ease to himself and entertainment to his reader or listener. While he has a play of cynical humor running all through his writing, yet, at the same time, that great quality of human sympathy which underlies his nature, sweetens and modifies the context, and exerts a wholesome influence upon the younger minds of the generation, who look upon him through a kind of legendary halo.

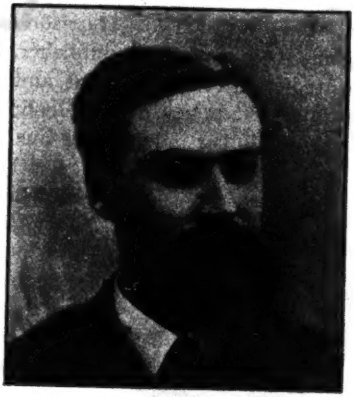
When I first meditated the gathering together of these names of the past, not thinking then of those of the present, which any one could gather at his leisure, I wrote to Mr. Goodman on the subject. His response was apt:

"You have undertaken a task too heavy for your shoulders to carry. Why! there are kings and kings before the Agamemnons that you could not by any possibility remember."

But after the study I have given the subject for all these years—indeed, I may say since I was born, for my mother always talked to me on these themes even before I could read—I wish to state as my opinion that Joseph T. Goodman is one of the Agamemnons himself—the brightest and best type of our literary leaders of California. I remember in the *Territorial Enterprise* of Virginia City how much of genius and literary quality he gave to its columns, even in their rough days. And though of late years he has been a gentleman of leisure, enthroned upon his ranch or dwelling in the shades of Alameda, he has ever continued to exert this influence through the press by articles of honest, sincere worth, written by himself, or by the encouragement of sympathetic work by others, for his journal, the *San Franciscan*.

For many years Arthur McEwen has been the great admirer and comrade of Joseph T. Goodman. Mr. McEwen is as much of a study as any other ten men of Californian literature put together.

His tensity and energy and vigor of mind mark every line he writes. He is a truth teller as merciless against himself as his neighbor. He has great scorn for pretension, and great admiration for modesty and genuine worth. His work in the *San Franciscan* was remarkable. Chief of all was his department of "Persiflage," and signed "The Twadler," which in its clear-cut English and crisp style was Biercian in its effect. But that he was capable of doing other work as well is shown in his story, "Brother Judas," in the *Argonaut* and others in the *Examiner* and elsewhere.



ARTHUR McEWEN.

His wonderful picture of "A Dream of a Tramp," in the *San Franciscan*, represented Christ going from door to door of the ministers of the city of San Francisco, asking for help, and the result of his unsuccessful quest. It is a beautifully done satire upon an actual suggestion of the ministers that tramps be lashed to make them work.

Mr. McEwen is a native of Galwayshire, Scotland, but came to America when a child. At the age of nineteen he came to California, and with the exception of several trips to New York and Europe, has spent most of his time in San Francisco and been identified with the journals of that city. His capacity for work is not the least of his gifts, mentally, and it occupies his wife's spare moments trying to keep track of his writings, and obtaining them to preserve in her family scrap-book, of which she has reason to be proud and to which he is totally indifferent.

From his satirical writings, tinged sometimes with malevolent fury, some people are led to believe that Mr. McEwen is lacking in faith in woman and embittered against human kind generally. On the contrary, he is the mildest of human beings in his own home and assumes ferocity merely with his pen.

His literary style is clear cut and his English vigorous and elegant.

When William Pitt Harrison bought the *San Franciscan* and became its manager and publisher, he enjoyed very much being the stepfather to so excellent and admirable an offspring. He continued the policy of Mr. Goodman and indulged in some fads of his own in the independent line. One of these was to ignore "society and society slush." He published Mrs. Loughead's serial story, "The Man Who Was Guilty," and encouraged local writing. It was very nice while it lasted. But one day he, too, wearied of the experiment, and as his other journal was suffering for lack of attention, he stopped the *San Franciscan* and returned to practical life. Like Mr. Carmany of the *Overland*, Mr. Harrison looks back upon those free and independent days of running a literary journal to suit himself, with a degree of pleasure that cannot be expressed in words. His files are carefully bound and exhibited with a pride, in which he is entirely justified.

WILLIAM PITT HARRISON.

The chief article contributed by Thomas Fitch, the orator, is upon the subject, "The Crime of England Against Ireland." Mr. Fitch is celebrated as the "silver-tongued" orator. He arrived in California in the early sixties, and made an impression upon the public through a strange incident which has now become legendary lore. The arrival of the steamer with news of the conflict in the East was always a great occasion, and especially so on this day. when the wharves were alive with people and the steamer brought greater tidings than usual. The war news was proclaimed at once and every one became wild with excitement. A spokesman was called for, the name of "Tom Fitch" called out, and a young man sprang upon a convenient barrel and then and there gave an address that rang with a clarion note. At the close a support was improvised and the young man placed upon it and borne upon the shoulders of four men through the streets, followed by the patriotic populace. It was an event which has never been forgotten. Since those times Mr. Fitch has devoted himself to the legal profession, and been also connected with mines.

THOMAS FITCH.

There is not a more beautiful comradship than exists between himself and his wife, Mrs. Fitch, who is as eloquent in her way as is her husband. She was connected with "The Hesperian" in early days, and was among the first of Californian women to produce a novel. The title of this book, which was published in 1871, is "Bound Down; a Book of Fate." Local color abounds and the strange theories of reincarnation are here set forth from the innocent lips of a child, named Cora.

ANNA M. FITCH.

"Persia" was the name of the contribution to the *San Franciscan* by Mrs. Fitch, consisting of extracts from an unpublished poem, something on the order of "Lucille." Nearly ten years have elapsed, and this same poem, completed, is now being issued by Putnam in New York, under the title of "The Loves of Paul Fenly." While it is difficult to maintain the dignity and poetical spirit of a metrical narrative, yet Mrs. Fitch has succeeded in introducing the most beautiful bits of description and philosophy throughout the story which shows a thoughtful mind and a cunning fancy. Such is the following :

> When Augusts are ended and autumn suns shine
> Through vari-hued barkage and crimsoning vine,
> A little brown spider comes out of the haze,
> With soul of deceit, yet with softest of ways;
> And clad to the eye in some leveling shade
> Of russet and gray, he proceeds to invade
> The sacredest forest, with armies of schemes
> Of fine-spun illusions, as subtle as dreams,
> For entangling some feeble and unwary wing
> In meshes as fateful as mirage.

Strange incident! As I am copying this extract from the page of the *San Franciscan*, there comes stealing across the printed lines the tiniest of spiders, as if seeking to read what is said about his kind.

"Better Days or a Millionaire of To-morrow" is a collaboration by Thomas and Anna Fitch, published in 1891, It is a study of the methods by which a millionaire may help the wage-worker to help himself. The opening chapter is devoted to a competitive locomotive race which is told of prophetically, as occurring in the future. Then the story swings into place in the mountains of Santa Catalina, in Arizona, with a fine description of a storm. A discovery of a mine of fabulous wealth follows.

> By the discoveries of gold in California and Australia, fourteen hundred millions was added in ten years to the world's stock of precious metals * * * But this addition was made gradually, while the product of forty years of all the gold mines in the world was not equal to the sum which in less than four years might be taken from David Morning's mine. * * * Knowledge of the extent of the Morning mine would immediately enrich the debtors and ruin the creditors of the world, unless the Governments of each should demonetize gold, deny it access so the mints, refuse to coin it, and so degrade it to a commodity.
>
> —*Thomas and Anna Fitch.*

From this, as a text, the bent of the story may be perceived :—

> The truth is a persistent fly that cannot be brushed away by the wisps of ridicule.

A pretty creature with Spanish temper and nature comes in as a bit of dramatic life into the story, thrusting pins into the eyes of the photograph of her rival, and stabbing her canvas portrait.

The hero is pursued by all the world to share his wealth with them, when fortunately the "Morning Mine" gives out.

> "Bob," said Morning, "on my soul I am glad of it. The problem of over-production of gold will no longer vex the world, and now I shall have a chance to pass a few hours in quiet with my wife."

Among the more serious writings in the *San Franciscan* were those contributed by the late Adley H. Cummins. The themes of some of these articles were as follows, "Has Any Man the Right to be Worth Twenty Millions of Dollars," "An Impending Conflict," "Out of the Labyrinth," "What Profit Hath He That Worketh?" "Whither do we Go?" "Between Two Silences," "Things we Do Not Know," "Why Monstrosities and Idiots Should Not be Chloroformed."

ADLEY H. CUMMINS.

Adley H. Cummins was a scholar as well as a practical business man. A native of Chester County, Pennsylvania. He received his college education at the Northwestern University of Evanston, Illinois, coming to California in 1869 with General Towne of the Southern Pacific Railroad, when but 19 years of age. He continued his course of study with such devotion and systematic method that by the time he was 30 years of age he understood the grammars and constructions of sixty languages and dialects. To obtain these books in order to pursue his studies he was compelled to import them from the book centers of the world. And to show his aptitude for philology it is only necessary to state that he studied many of these tongues through the medium of other languages than English. For instance, the study of Persian was carried on by means of a German Grammar and Lexicon. He was well known in London as a scholar, and his "Grammar of the Friesic Language" stands today as the standard.

His lectures before the Academy of Sciences upon "The Semitic Race," "History of Liberty," "Alphabets and Numerals," "Race Limitations," and other subjects, were imbued with so much enthusiasm that those past peoples seemed martialed forth from the dim shades of antiquity to walk by in solemn procession. Even in the lodge-room of various societies to which he belonged, when called on for an address, he gave from the riches of his mind. Of him it has been said by a good-hearted but not educated admirer: "Alvays ven Mr. Cummins gits up to speak it gits so quiet you can hear a little mouse nibblin' in the vall, 'cause ve know he's goin' to tell us 'bout some of dem old ancient Romans and people vat nobody knows nothin' about—someding' to take home to our vives and talk about for a month."

From a letter I cull the following as the opinion of Ambrose Bierce:

> I remember Mr. Cummins as one whose work was thought too good and scholarly for the public, to whom I was employed to throw smoked pearls. I remember, too, that he impressed me rather oddly as being out of place in San Francisco.

From Bancroft's "Essays and Miscellany" is quoted the following paragraph:

> Comparative philology has engaged the attention of Adley Horke Cummins, whose contributions to the study of old Germanic languages have procured him an enviable record.

Dr. Gustav Adolph Danziger, himself a well-known scholar and writer, says of the subject of this sketch:

> The late Adley H. Cummins was the greatest philologist I ever met. He suggested to me that the story of Cain and Abel might be traced to ancient Chaldaic mythology—to that myth which told how man feared winter's blasts and hated them, while he loved the sunshine. "The word 'Cain,'" he said, "is analogous with the Chaldaic word which means hatred, envy, fretting, longing, while the word 'Abel' stands for the Chaldaic word meaning breath, blast, dreariness, murkiness." It is a bold suggestion and has given me food for reflection in this line ever since.

Among the scholars and students who took pleasure in discussing these themes, which were like second nature to Mr. Cummins, was William Emmette Coleman, the owner of a fine library and a member of a number of Oriental and European societies. In expressing his opinion upon Mr. Cummins' scholarship, he says:

> Adley H. Cummins was a man of whom the Pacific Coast may well be proud. As a scholar he was unique, and he has had no successor. Men such as he are rare in this world. His broad scholarship, his liberality of thought, his unvarying geniality, the many kindly graces adorning his personal character—all combined to arouse the respect and admiration of his fellow-men. Having been a student for years of comparative philology, Orientalism, ethnology and kindred sciences, association with one of his extensive erudition in these matters was a delightful treat.
>
> As an illustration of the range of his linguistic attainments, it may be mentioned that at my last visit to him, while he was ill and shortly before his decease, we discussed the proper use of certain words in the Zend or Avesta language—a tongue in which only three or four persons in America take interest, as I am informed by Professor A. U. W. Jackson, Columbian College, one of America's leading Avestan scholars. I inquired of Mr. Cummins what the masculine form of "who" or "that" was in Zend. His response was immediate with the full explanation. "In the sentence, 'Ahmi yat ahmi,' translated 'I am that I am,' 'yat' is the neuter," he told me. "The masculine form 'yo' (who) should be used when a man or God is speaking, instead of 'yat,' neuter. But generally it should be 'Ahmi yo ahmi,' to express 'I am who (or that) I am."
>
> Mr. Cummins' grammar of that little known Frisian language compares favorably with the best work of the great German philologists.

As recreation after hours spent in connection with his legal profession, Mr. Cummins read the Mahabarata and Sakuntala and the Vedas—those treasures of the Sanscrit language—as other people read novels. While he found great pleasure and delight in the pursuit of these great masterpices of language, yet his physical strength was not sufficient to meet the demands made upon it. And primarily as a result of over-study his life came to an abrupt close. He died of heart disease at the age of 39, and is buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland. His philosophical library is preserved as a whole in the Free Library of San Francisco for the benefit of future scholars who are not able to possess these volumes.

It is to the credit of Joseph Goodman and Arthur McEwen that they did not think that the work of Mr. Cummins was "too good and too scholarly" for the public, and that his essays have found place in their journal, the *San Franciscan*. The public, as a whole, may not have justified them in their high estimate, but in individual cases these editors *have* been justified. For these articles have been cut out and placed in scrap-books as material worthy of preservation. An extract is here given from an article on "The Corrupter—Wealth."

> It is wealth that kills a nation; not as wealth, but because of the inequality of its distribution,
>
> No nation has ever yet gone to decay because it was poor.
>
> This is a matter which concerns us deeply as Americans—not to prevent the increase of wealth, but to remedy and prevent the monstrous, the gigantic inequality of its distribution now permitted by society.
>
> Whither are we drifting? Let us see. Look along that parallel of latitude that skirts the Mediterranean and passes on to the East. It is the Campo Santo of nations. The monuments of their decayed grandeur and glory are to be seen in the pillared aisles of the temples and palaces of desolated cities—of busy marts gone to ruin and destruction. The hum of trade and industry, the jarring of the looms that wove rich cloths, the din of the busy artificers, have long ago vibrated into thin air. The busy multitude and their marvelous activities have departed into oblivion with the dim region of dreams.
>
> There is an engraving hanging on a wall in this city of San Francisco, an engraving which thousands have stopped to admire and study. It is like the voice of one crying in the wilderness—like the eloquent tongue of the desert preacher. It represents, I think, the ruins of Persepolis. Stately columns and graceful pillars rise on every side; in the foreground a flight of marble steps is pictured. It is midnight and moonlight on the desert. In that bright light, which many have observed to illumine such solitudes, a vivid evidence of life appears. Those halls are no longer tenantless, silent and forsaken. A king and his queen have deigned to visit them.
>
> Ages ago one who was pleased to term himself the King of Kings—whose reign extended from the Golden Horn to Samarcard, from the Hydaspes to the Ægean—was wont to pace those corridors in luxury and pride; but up those marble steps now pace in solitary grandeur the king of beasts and his consort, and his roar sounds out the requiem of the departed State.
>
> And yet within that city and all the countless towns along that line of latitude there was a time when life was sweet to the human inhabitants; when mothers looked with holy joy upon the budding promise of youth; love looked into the eyes of love and told in silence, or in soft and tender words, that old, old story, which man has ever told his mate, and will continue so to do as long as
>
> Myrtles grow and roses blow
> And morning brings the sun;

Where sorrow-stricken people with breaking hearts laid away their dead to rest and asked, "When shall it please God that we meet again?"

The young, the bright, the beautiful, the mourned and the mourner, have alike passed away, and the state and majesty of their country have departed. Why so? Because the Corrupter came to dwell with them; because wealth accumulated and men decayed. The rich became richer, the poor poorer. While the one rioted in ill-gotten opulence, the other pined away in infinite pain. So alongside the name of that nation, upon a blank space in the page of history, is written: "*This nation became so vile and infamous that it was no longer fit to live; it therefore died.*"

The sword of vengeance is ready drawn for any other nation which permits such a state of society. The executioner, though not in sight, will appear at the critical moment and smite the worthless head from the infamous trunk."

—Adley H. Cummins.

Among other writers was Hiram Hoyt Richmond, who wrote an epic on "Montezuma" which was published in the East, and received favorable comments from some of the critics.

A quotation is here made from a later poem by Mr. Richards entitled

A MAN OF SORROWS, BUT A SMILING LORD.

"A man of sorrows and acquaint with grief,"
So did Isaiah name him when his eyes
Blazed the dark night with deep read prophesies,
Yet, in eternal measurement but brief.

I love to think of him as happy crowned,
Crowned with a purpose that he knew full well
Would break the dark environments of hell
And pierce the casement of each dark profound.

And though no scripture wreathes him with a smile,
So may the sun smile on without re-cord,
Yet, let us look upon a smiling Lord
With reverence deepened, and no thought of guile.

Sunshine and starstine let our gospel be,
That it may drive the blackness from the skies
And fill the earth with love's sweet symphonies,
And leave each soul fresh panoplied and free.

—Hiram Hoyt Richmond.

Minnie Buchanan Unger was the dramatic critic of the *San Franciscan*, and has been placed with the trio of women who have succeeded in this line with Mrs. Austin of the *Argonaut* and Mrs. Chretien of the *Examiner.*

Kate Waters has also essayed this work with success, and her department in the *San Franciscan* (signed "Francesca") was most excellent.

I must admit that I loved the *San Franciscan*. It is as dear a memory to me as the quartz mills of my early childhood. And there I brought my contributions to be milled and crushed and ground, and to learn that process which cast out the refuse, and with quicksilver caught up the little glints of gold and silver that were left. They were not many, it is true; but the quartz man had ever a kind heart and never failed to find a glint somewhere. Mr. Goodman and Mr. McEwen were both kind enough to approve of my story of the great cattle range entitled "Gentleman Joe," which has been reprinted several times elsewhere and is still traveling the rounds.

From the *World's Fair Magazine* the following is quoted:

ELLA STERLING CUMMINS.

> Ella Sterling Cummins was born in Sacramento County, California. It is stated that as a child she was cradled in the miner's gold rocker. She grew up among the silver quartz mines and mills of Esmeralda, Nevada, in the region of the Sierra Nevadas. Her education was received from a mother of literary tastes—Mrs. D. H. Haskell, now of San Francisco—and the Sacramento public schools. Mrs. Cummins' husband, the late Adley H. Cummins, was well known in San Francisco as an active business man and attorney. Mrs. Cummins has written for the coast press since her fifteenth year and has also contributed to Eastern magazines. Her first novel was issued in 1880—"Little Mountain Princess."

It was during Mr. Harrison's incumbency of the *San Franciscan* that the holiday number was issued, which, for its chief feature, presented the "sea-lion" in his finest pose.

2

FROM CHRISTMAS TITLE PAGE OF "SAN FRANCISCAN."

The Ingleside

1884

1881–1883.

EDITORS:

Harry McDowell and Harry Bigelow.

CONTRIBUTORS:

Flora Haines Loughead, Minnie Buchannan Unger, Adelaide Holmes, Ella Sterling Cummins, Frona Eunice Waite, Sarah Lawson and others.

One day it occurred to an *Argonaut* editor to start a paper containing serial stories, something sensational and not on so high a literary plane as the *Argonaut*. As the result of this brilliant idea the *Ingleside* was born. The public did not "catch on" to the idea until it had passed from the office and control of the *Argonaut* into the hands of two young men, who proceeded to wind up their new toy and see how fast the machinery could be made to revolve. After many experiments, enough to fill a volume, they settled down to a definite plan, and the result was something remarkable. Harry McDowell and Harry Bigelow were both clever students of human nature, had no compunctions about telling the truth about people, and forgot all about trying to curry favor with some rich monopoly or individual or power to sustain them while they carried the paper on. It was a grand thing while it lasted, but that was not long.

Such columns of inner history of ourselves as appeared in the *Ingleside* under the direction of these two writers. Bigelow's department, "Notes From My Journal," was something most peculiar. He would stay up all night and travel into the dark corners of the city to find out what people were doing. He would listen to people in the car and hear what they said and it was always something out of the ordinary. Mr. McDowell wrote up the Japanese village, which was on exhibition here at that time. And he had every detail of the lives of those mannikin people presented like a living picture. I happened to know, because I was writing it up at the same time myself, and could appreciate the little touches of insight which were there revealed more than the casual observer. He picked out the prettiest Japanese tea-house girl and made a study of her. That sort of thing is common enough now, but it was unique then. The stories of Mr. McDowell were drawn with bold lines, but compact and to the point. His "Marquis of Aguayo," a Mexican story, while not exactly pleasant in its plot, yet is an example of literary excellence. "His "Story of a Kingdom," a sort of allegory, with side lines like the "Ancient Mariner," is a prose poem.

Harry Borden McDowell was born in Texas, coming to California as a child and attending school in San Francisco. After finishing his education in an Eastern college and having a trip abroad, he returned to San Francisco and shortly afterward devoted his energies to the *Ingleside*. He was correspondent for the *Argonaut* under the name "Viveer." With a special knack for getting hold of Oriental things, he wrote studies upon the "Chinese Theater" and other similar themes for the *Century*.

After the *Ingleside* faded away, Mr. McDowell went to New York and for years was engaged upon a volume entitled "Chinese Philosophy," while working at the Chinese Embassy. Lately he introduced the idea of making known the rejected plays of dramatists in New York to the public, a venture which has attracted attention.

But it is doubtful if he has ever eclipsed his literary efforts in the old *Ingleside*.

Henry Derby Bigelow—but words fail in trying to give a proper representation of this Californian writer. Mere commonplaces seem absurd when placed beside his name. He was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1860, took naturally to writing and gained his literary start from the *Argonaut*.

When people begin to discuss Harry Bigelow it seems to me as if I had never known him nor seen him. Mine is the conventional idea—a brisk figure passing along the street, with dainty flower or even large bunch of flowers in his buttonhole; either with long hair and Van Dyke beard, or else the other extreme—shaven and shorn as close as a priest. He always seems interested in some trivial little thing that concerns yourself, and then suddenly flies along to attend to some journalistic enterprise. But people laugh at this being the man. So many legends have clustered about his name that it seems impossible to believe him anything but an extraordinary human being.

HENRY DERBY BIGELOW.

Paragraphs are always flying through the daily press relative to some new exploit of Mr. Bigelow's in connection with the *Daily Examiner*, the journal with which he has been connected for the last seven or eight years. The last is here quoted from Arthur McEwen.

> **The achievement of Harry D. Bigelow in interviewing, for the *Examiner*, Evans and Sontag, the train robbers and murderers, who are hidden in the mountains of the King's River region—a wild and broken country, to penetrate which is as much as an officer's *life* is worth, as the experiences of the pursuit**

has proved—has brought that original and variously gifted young man into public notice.

There is only one "Petey." He is known to the profession and all his friends as "Petey," because that's the most inconsequent, frivolous name that can be invented for him. And there never was a more inconsequent, frivolous human being born than Bigelow—that is, apparently. He is tall, slight, wears a bang, dresses elegantly, and is so frail and pale that once when he shaved his beard off, a drunken man started back at sight of him and muttered, in startled amazement, "Good God! the Holy Grail!"

Life to him, on the surface, is one long jest and giggle. Seeing him dancing along the street, flower in button-hole, cane in hand, and rigged out in Poole's best—for Petey buys his clothes in London—one would take him for a gay young man of fortune. He is stopped every few yards, for he knows everybody. All the club gossip, all the society scandals, all the funny stories, creditable or discreditable, concerning men-about-town he has at his tongue or pen's end. Let a distinguished actress, actor, musician, author, traveler or criminal come to town, and within twenty-four hours Petey is the bosom friend of that celebrity. He gives them dinners, sends them flowers, exchanges notes every hour or two, shows them through Chinatown, leads them in triumph to view the *Examiner* press-rooms, sees them off on the trains and steamers, kissing the ladies and wringing the hands of the gentlemen, and his mail from all parts of the world from such people is as extensive nearly as a theatrical manager's. There is a box at his disposal in every theater, all the florists have him on their free lists, and the proprietors of the best restaurants bow to the ground before him.

He has been everywhere—on the press of New York and London, and two years ago he sped across the continent and the Atlantic, and strapping a knapsack on his back, refreshed himself with a pedestrian tour through the south of France. It happened thus: Petey had just finished a long article in the *Examiner* office, and, throwing down his pen, sighed in his gentle way, saying: "I'm tired of this grind. There's two things I'm going to do right now—have a glass of beer and go to France." He took the beer instanter and was off to Europe next day.

Land him anywhere on earth and give him time to get the returns from his copy and Petey will be in clover, for he can write well, with extraordinary versatility, and he is too highly strung, nervously, to know what laziness is.

Under Bigelow's laughing Bohemianism and utter disregard for the morrow, as well as veracity, there is a whole lot of grit and steadfast perseverance. His slim body is iron in its powers of endurance and he has astonished people more than once by his cheery nerve in the presence of danger, though he's the last man one would associate with the idea of fighting. Those to whom he is only a rattle-brained, foppish young fellow, fond of the promenade and given to cavorting, like a poodle, when he is unusually merry, cannot figure him as the interviewer of desperate bandits on whose heads a $10,000 price is set. But the newspaper men, aware of Petey's diplomatic genius, his singular power of winning the liking and confidence of women, and his deathless determination to succeed when he sets out on an enterprise, only laugh and shake his hand in congratulation. When he blew into the *Examiner* office the other night in a flannel shirt and rags, unshaven, unshorn, dirty and looking like a bandit himself, there was no surprise.

"Well, Petie?" asked the news editor.

"I got 'em," answered Mr. Bigelow briskly, and sitting down as he was, wrote out for the morning's paper his four-column interview with the sanguinary train robbers.

It is fine to see how Petey is enjoying his triumph. He is back in his fine raiment again, the boutonnier is restored and he smokes cigarettes from a beautiful gold case, studded with diamonds and pearls and flatteringly inscribed, with which the *Examiner* has presented him in recognition of his feat—a feat that will shine for years in the newspaper history of the city, and be talked over by generations of reporters yet to come. He says he feels the need of rest and would drop down on Honolulu, only he is not *persona grata* at court there since he induced the Queen regnant and Queen dowager to pose kneeling at Kalakaua's bier, while the body lay in state, that they might thus be photographed, and then was unable to resist the humor of this ghastly incident when he wrote it up. He informs me that he is undecided whether or not to run over to Japan and learn from the Mikado how he likes constitutional government as far as he has got. The supreme ambition of Petey's life, however, is to interview Queen Victoria. He tried it once and failed—a circumstance of which he seldom speaks unless midnight beer has washed away the levees of reserve. But the canker of that failure cuts into the joy of his young existence. Proposals to put him on the stage have already been received by Mr. Bigelow, and if he could be just himself on the boards, he would make more money than Corbett; but Petey owns that he is too modest for the theater, and shrinks from publicity in any form.

—*Arthur McEwen.*

But there is a deeper view to be gained of Mr. Bigelow than this. While he has a morbid instinct for and a scientific curiosity regarding what other people are doing and thinking, he has himself run the gamut of human experience. In all that he has seen of mankind, he has not become cynical nor hardened. With acute insight, he tells the pretender from the genuine, and espouses the cause of the hunted, the forlorn, or even the love-maddened. His sympathy flows sincerely for the convict in his cell, the man condemned to San Quentin. "I feel this way," he said, "because if justice prevailed, so many who are in prison would be out, and so many who are outside would be in."

His accounts of his first travels in Europe are like those revelations made in his *Ingleside* "Notebook" or "Journal," on San Francisco. The life of the people is told with a microscopic closeness of vision, and through it all runs the golden thread of sympathy, which gives Mr. Bigelow's writings a value not at first sight perceivable. But if we had such portraitures of past nations and races as these will be, if preserved, to those who are to follow us, we should, indeed, discover that all "the world is akin.

Flora Haine's Loughead's best story appeared in the *Ingleside*, under the encouragement of McDowell and Bigelow. The title was "Laughing Freda," and it told of a young women who was considered to be trivial and frivolous, because of her much merriment. Even her husband was inclined to reprove her. But when, in a snowstorm out in Dakota, he had to leave her and her baby in a hut, while he went in search of help, she proved her quality of nerve. She made a little fire to keep her baby warm, and the fuel she used was her own apparel, bit by bit, until she was left shivering and naked in that awful hour of devotion. When the husband returned with help, she was lying frozen beside the babe whose life she thus saved.

Another writer of note upon the *Ingleside* was Minnie Buchanan Unger, who wrote many columns of bright, breezy philosophy. Her stories also were of superior workmanship.

ADELAIDE J. HOLMES.

Adelaide J. Holmes, who has always been known as the "Pretty Mrs. Holmes," quite surprised San Francisco when she began to spin stories for the literary weeklies. She was the wife of a rich mining man, and shone resplendent in "purple and fine linen" and jewels. It seemed unbelievable when she began to write with grace and originality many pretty tales, all with local color. One of the best of these was a picture of Nevada in all its desolation, heightened by a heroine who contrived a land-ship which carried her over the desert at her will. This story was one of the sensations of the *Argonaut*, while in her column in the *Ingleside* she had opportunity to express many curious themes and ideas, which showed her to be possessed of a creative instinct in her mental working. Lately she has moved to Seattle, and while there has devoted some of her moments to writing for the Seattle *Spectator*. The following is from her column on "Vanities":

> To see Alhambra by moonlight is not to see it as it actually is. Moonlight purifies, beautifies, covers up the crevices and jagged edges that the teeth of time have gnawed. If you have ever seen Alhambra by moonlight, dear girl, or if you should ever chance to, don't hang around the place and view it by daylight. If you do, you will go away with all your imagination left behind. So it is with your life. Your dreams, your books, your imaginings, cover the world with the cold purity of moonlight. Stay in your mountains with your books. You are happier than you know. We who live beyond the hills can never see by moonlight again. We must always know where all the rough places are; we have learned that the pure whiteness of the Alhambra is only the false lustre of the night, and we stand back and smile sadly while you wonder. We are proud of our poor clear-sightedness, too. We are almost ashamed to think we were ever blind like you, yet we would not have you as we are. What faith yours must be. But I must return and ask again, which shall we cultivate, the romantic or the real?
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> There are many of our women who will never learn how to be practical They still have clinging about them the old-world idea of what a gentlewoman is. What has this country to do with gentlewomen? We are all women here. Gentle by nature whatever we do, whether handling the pen or the broom. There is no true American woman but can do either with grace and spirit. What is a gentlewoman? She exists only in those countries where work is considered unworthy those who are born to estates. What have we to do with gentlewomen? We whose mothers or grandmothers rocked our cradles with the foot while they diligently knit our stockings, kept the fire up and watched the kettle and the clock; whose fathers all worked at something; whose grandfathers were proud to earn a living in a far country away from bondage and slavery. Why should any American woman fear work? We are all descendants of the best, for it is only the brave, the pure, the trusting, that left all to come to this new land. They worked, they soiled their aristocratic hands with brooms and kettles and the like, and handed down to us both the hands and the ability that they possessed.
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> Practicality comes from good hard reasoning, but it pays when it does come. It will bury your dead and dry your tears. It will enable you to go

hungry with very little murmuring. It will ease your thirst and make your old clothes look respectable. It will show you how to live, how to make what money there is to be made, how to stand rain, cold or heat. It will help you to part from all you love best on earth, and better still, will enable you to live with disagreeable people. Will romance do this? Will day dreams mend your stockings? Will wishing and longing for the unattainable bring it to you? It will paint the cloud sometimes and put music in the wind. It will tinge the seasons with beauty, and often will beautify even age itself, but it is not a profitable reality in the long run. —*Adelaide J. Holmes.*

Another writer for the *Ingleside* was Frona Eunice Waite, who attended to the fashion and other departments for women. Some of her sketches were excellent, notably one on Clara Foltz, the lady lawyer.

Many other writers of greater note than these appeared, but as they were Eastern contributors and out of the province of this volume, the attention has been directed entirely to those of the Pacific Coast.

1542
ΕΥΡΗΚΑ

CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

1891—1893.

EDITOR AND MANAGER:

Charles Frederick Holder.

CONTRIBUTORS:

W. C. Morrow. Theodore Van Dyke. Lionel A. Sheldon, Richard H. McDonald Jr., Abbott Kinney, Caspar T. Hopkins, George Hamlin Fitch, Wm. F. Channing, Rev. Frederic J. Masters, Edward S. Holden, Grace Ellery Channing, J. C. Cantwell, Jeanne C. Carr, Dorothea Lummis, George Charles Brooke, Professor W. H. Carpenter, Emelie T. Y. Parkhurst, Julia H. S. Bugeia, Daniel Morgan, Harry R. Browne, Mrs. M. C. Fredericks, Mrs. E. S. Loud, Dr. P. C. Remondino, Mrs. M. G. C. Edholm, Eugenie K. Holmes, Yda Addis, Stephen M. White, Lewis A. Graff, W. L. Merry, Charles F. Lummis, R. E. L. Robinson, Robert McKensie, Dr. Hint, M. H. De Young, H. N. Rust, John P. Finley, Walker Lindley, Don Arturo Bandin, Gustav Adolph Danziger, Gertrude Atherton, August Wey, David Starr Jordan, W. A. Spaulding, W. H. Mills, Ellwood Cooper, Elliott Coues, Joaquin Miller, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Ina D. Coolbrith. Charles Edwin Markham, John Vance Cheney, Emily Browne Powell, Herbert Bashford, Rose Hartinck Thorpe, Jean La Rue Burnett, Pauline Bryant, Mary Imlay Taylor, Madge Morris, George Martin, Daniel Morgan, Harry R. Browne.

Charles Frederick Holder is the editor and manager of the *Californian Illustrated Magazine*. With a mind enriched by the study of the sciences, and a close acquaintance with Southern California, he is well qualified to undertake the literary work of such a periodical.

His published volumes are as follows: "Elements of Zoology." "Living Lights or Animal Phosphorescence," "A Frozen Dragon," "The Ivory King," "A Strange Company," "Marvels of Animal Life," "Pasadena and Vicinity," "Charles Darwin; His Life and Work" and "Southern California."

Mr. Holder is a great lover of nature and never so happy as when out riding through the country, surrounded by his baying pack of hounds. He puts this nature aside, however, and takes up his duties in the sanctum equally as cheerfully, and devotes his best energies to the *Californian*. Some of the numbers have been admirable, and the illustrations the highest of the art.

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

The following sketch upon the aims of the *Californian* is contributed by the assistant editor, Genevieve Lucille Brown, who also contributes verse of very musical quality:

SOME CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

It has been the aim of the *Californian* ever since its establishment, October, 1891, to cover as broad a field of general literature as possible, and while giving particular attention to Californian subjects and writers, to represent foreign countries as well. At the present time a glance over the index of any of its volumes will show a great variety of well illustrated matter, descriptive, scientific and philosophical, while the fiction is quite up to the standard, and poetry is one of its most attractive features. Most of the contributors are Californians, though the magazine has many Eastern and foreign writers.

Theodore Van Dyke of San Diego is a frequent contributor to the magazine, and one of the best descriptive writers in California. His delineations of woodland scenery are gems. The "Still Hunter" and many of his works on Southern California are widely quoted.

Among its contributors the most distinguished political writer in the West is ex-Governor Lionel A. Sheldon of Pasadena. He is the author of a work on New Mexico and many papers in the *Arena*, *Forum*, *Californian*, *North American Review* and many other prominent periodicals.

Richard H. McDonald Jr. of San Francisco is one of California's keenest political economists. His papers in the *Californian*, "Nicaragua Canal" and other essays, have attracted widespread attention. The California Publishing Co. is bringing out a book of his writings, published in the *Californian*, which promises to attract widespread attention.

Another contributor on political and economic questions is Hon. Abbot Kinney of Lamanda Park, Cal. He is an authority on Forestry, and has written some valuable papers for the *Californian* upon this subject. Mr. Kinney is ex-president of the State Board of Forestry, and author of several important works.

Caspar T. Hopkins, A. M., author of the "American Idea" and other works, is also a contributor to the *Californian* on political and economic questions.

The literary editor of the *Chronicle* of San Francisco, George Hamlin Fitch, is one of the finest writers on the coast. He is a contributor to the *Century* in the Californian series, and has also written a series of articles for the *Californian* on the scenery of Northern California. He contributes extensively to the literary press of the country.

A contributor on historical questions is William F. Channing, M. D., of Pasadena. He is the son of Ellery Channing, the famous Unitarian, and author of several works on scientific topics.

Rev. Frederick J. Masters, the superintendent of the Methodist Chinese Mission, is a Chinese scholar, thoroughly understanding the language and customs of the Orient. He has written a series of articles on Chinese questions that have attracted attention all over the world, and have been widely quoted in this country and Europe.

Among astronomical writers have been Dr. Edward S. Holden, director of the Lick Observatory, who has contributed a valuable series on his specialty, and William M. Pierson, president of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific Coast.

One of the clever fiction writers of California is Grace Ellery Channing of Pasadena, granddaughter of Ellery Channing and author of a work upon his life. She has contributed short stories to *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, the *Century*, the *Californian*, and many other magazines. During her residence in Florence, Italy, she contributed a series to the *Californian* on Italian subjects. She also writes verse.

Other fiction writers who write for the *Californian* are J. C. Cantwell, U. S. N., who writes sea stories, the vivid descriptions of which remind one of Clark Russell, Jeanne C. Carr and Dorothea Lummis.

Stories have also been contributed by W. C. Morrow, George Charles Brooke, Professor W. H. Carpenter of Columbia College, New York, Emelie T.

Y. Parkhurst, Julia H. S. Bugeia, a clever writer of dialect stories, Daniel Morgan, Harry R. Browne and others.

Among the general descriptive writers are Mrs. M. C. Fredericks of Santa Barbara, Mrs. E. S. Loud of San Francisco, Dr. P. C. Remondino of San Diego, Mrs. M. G. C. Edholm, whose articles on white slaves and Chinese slavery have attracted widespread attention, Eugenie K. Holmes, and Yda Addis on Mexican subjects.

On political questions the *Californian* has received contributions from the pens of United States Senator Stephen M. White, whose papers on the tariff are the center of considerable attention, and from Judge Lewis A. Graff and Captain W. L. Merry on Nicaragua. Charles F. Lummis, the author of many books, has written upon Arizona and New Mexico. R. E. L. Robinson has also written interesting papers upon Arizona. The writers upon religious subjects are Rev. Robert Mackenzie, Dr. Hirst and Rev. Dr. Masters, who strike at the roots of the great questions of the day.

Other distinguished writers have been M. H. De Young, editor of the *Chronicle;* Hon. H. N. Rust, the Indian Commissioner of the Mission Indians; Lieutenant John P. Finley, on the weather; Dr. Walker Lindley, Superintendent State Reform School, on the climate of Southern California; Don Arturo Bandin, Gertrude Atherton, August Wey on Spanish America and on folk-lore, David Starr Jordan, L. L. D., President of the Stanford University, on fruits; W. A. Spalding, Hon. W. W. Mills, Hon. Elwood Cooper; on psychological subjects, Dr. Elliott Coues of the Smithsonian Institute.

In poetry the *Californian* has established a high standard, and publishes contributions from such eminent poets as Joaquin Miller, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Ina Coolbrith, Charles Edwin Markham and John Vance Cheney. Poems have also appeared from the pens of Emily Browne Powell, Herbert Bashford, Rose Hartwick Thorpe, Jean La Rue Burnett, Pauline Bryant, Mary Imlay Taylor Madge Morris and George Martin.

The *Californian*, while making it a point to satisfy the demands of the public in the selection of matter, endeavors to preserve a certain degree of independence of character, which gives it individuality. In this it seems to have succeeded, and it is said in some of the reviews that it is the best magazine edited outside of New York.

—*Genevieve L. Browne.*

Very interesting are the studies contributed to the *Illustrated Californian* by George Hamlin Fitch, who is also the literary editor of the *Chronicle :*

Educated as a boy in the San Francisco public schools, and afterward spending ten years at the East, he is equally familiar with both sides of the country. He combines the executive and literary in his work. His specialty is literature, and he has made the book reviews of the *Sunday Chronicle* known all over the coast for their honest and clear-cut criticism.

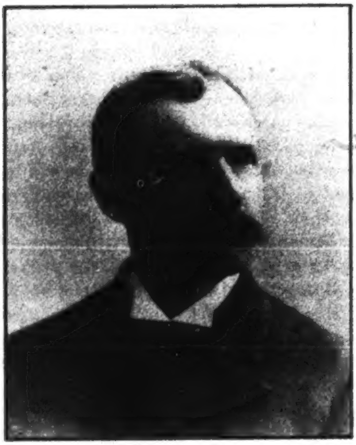
Mr. Fitch is thirty-nine years old, a graduate of Cornell University, the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, *Harper's*

Weekly and several other Eastern newspapers, and also a contributor to the *Century*, *Cosmopolitan* and other magazines of the day. Of Mr. Fitch, Mrs. Atherton says in her *Cosmopolitan* article:

> In fact, he is the only literary critic we have worthy the name.

From a personal letter I cull the following regarding Mr. Fitch:

> It is my opinion that Fitch is the only purist on the San Francisco press to-day. You take his sentences and you will find them mathematically correct. They are well rounded, and, in addition, he uses a tone of conviction. It shows he has been well grounded. Then, again, he is one of the few men who has a thorough knowledge of literature and a comprehension of past and present literary values. He is analytical and critical, and yet he is entirely just. Read his book reviews. They are far superior to those which appeared in the New York *World* when it paid James a fabulous sum for that department. He is undoubtedly my ideal of a literary and newspaper man.



GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH.

In addition to his capability and nice sense of adjustment and balance in the treatment of timely articles of historical value, Mr. Fitch personally is generous and kind-hearted. He is one of the few who takes the trouble to encourage young writers and to give them a helping hand. The chapter on Samuel Seabough in this volume is from the pen of Mr. Fitch, as is also the one upon John Hamilton Gilmour.

One of the most striking individualities among the writers for the *Californian* is Dr. Gustav Adolph Danziger. He was born in Thorn, Austria, coming to America while still young and to California in 1887. Having a gift for language and being a scholar in his own tongue, he devoted himself to the acquiring of English, and soon began to write for the papers. Besides the Jewish periodicals and journals of the United States, he contributed to the *Cosmopolitan*, *Californian*, *Examiner*, *Wave*, *Wasp*, *News Letter* and other representative magazines and journals. His subjects are as follows: "Labor Union Strikes in Ancient Rome," "The Laboring Man Among the Ancient Hebrews," "Suicide and Martyrdom," "Oriental Aphorisms" and others of similar scholarly tendency. A volume entitled "Jewish Folk-lore" is ready for publication," and also a novel entitled "In the Confessional and the Following." The beautiful tale of "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter," a collaboration by Dr. Danziger and Mr. Bierce, has been referred to in the chapter devoted to the latter.

The literary industry of Dr. Danziger is something marvelous. His mind and his pen are ever in active collusion, and story or scientific or scholarly article is ever being evolved outside of his professional duties of every day business life. He is now planning a series of publications by "Western Authors."

GUSTAV ADOLPH DANZIGER.

As an example of Dr. Danziger's style of writing, the following is quoted from his article in the *Californian* entitled

TWO GREAT JEWS.

We have not hesitated to place Jesus side by side with Hillel; both were great and most lovable characters. But in placing them in juxtaposition we are willing to give the palm to the man who literally sacrificed himself for humanity.

Hillel appears to us as a wise teacher and a good man; but in his words there is no tinge of sorrow, no shadow of trouble. In the words of Jesus, however, one almost hears his tragic fate; in the announcement of the Kingdom of Heaven one can hear the beats of the hammer upon the nails that pierce his hands.

He was the hero of the Messianic drama which ended with his death, until Paul rose and transformed the scheme of Jesus and of Hillel. He could facilitate the propagation of the "Son of God," because nearly all heathen nations believed in some such legend. The Palestine Peter, therefore, opposed the "Apostle of the Gentiles," because the "Sonship" of Jesus or any other being was paramount to dualism, a thought most repugnant to Hebrews, who adhered to the axiom of Moses: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord, our God, is one God." But Paul knew very well that the idea of a Messiah, a redeemer, would not be understood by Gentiles. The free Arabs, the martial Romans, the esthetic Greeks needed no Savior. While the Hebrews had made the Messianic idea a cardinal principle of faith, on account of their constant troubles the aggressive heathens ridiculed it. A "Son of God," however, was not only more congenial, but it really opened the eyes of the Pagan world. The vicarious sacrifice was a most comfortable thought, and the heathen accepted the faith of the Hebrews in a modified form, because it harmonized with his own mode of thinking. And that which Hillel's tolerance but slowly would have brought about was afterwards readily communicated by the sublety of Paul, through the martyred Rabbi of Nazareth. Had this not come to pass, had Jesus lived and died like Hillel, who knows but the Jews might have solved the great problem of civilization more readily and peacefully than the barbarous means which are now employed? For, in spite of the latter's death for the humanitarian principle, the world is not yet redeemed. That love of which men have dreamed, and for which men have died, is as yet unrevealed. Perhaps the time is near when from the cradle of Messianic ideas—Palestine—a new Christ will rise, who will lead us to light and truth, and who will teach us to love each other as fellow-men and brothers. And we shall follow him whatever be his name.

The late Mrs. Emelie Tracy Y. Parkhurst was assistant editor of the *Californian* and wrote many interesting articles of review and timely topics for the departments. Her place has been taken by Genevieve Lucille Browne, who, in addition to the editorial work, has a gift in verse writing far beyond her years.

Mrs. Jeanne Carr's articles on "Basket-making Among the Indians" have been of great interest.

* * *

FEBRUARY 11th —— Price 10 cents

THE WAVE

A JOURNAL FOR THOSE IN THE SWIM.

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA

1888-1893.

SOCIETY
MUSIC
SPORT
BOOKS
PICTURES
THE MERRY LIFE

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS:

Hugh Hume and J. O'Hara Cosgrave.

CONTRIBUTORS:

Lesley Martin, Ambrose Bierce, W. C. Morrow, Arthur McEwen, Harry D. Bigelow, Ina Lillian Peterson, Frona Eunice Waite, Genevieve Lucille Browne and others.

A bright and clever little paper was the Del Monte *Wave*, especially devoted to the amenties of the summer vacation and goings and comings of society, and published presumably in Monterey. But one pleasant day it decided to move to the Bay City, and there became the San Francisco *Wave*. Society still claims it as its own, and in a department signed "The Witness" are collected numberless incidents and freaks and fancies prevailing among the dwellers of the hill-tops of fashionable San Francisco. The editors are Hugh Hume and J. O'Hara Cosgrave. Mr. Hume is a native of Edinburgh, Scotland ; Mr. Cosgrave of Melbourne, Australia, but both are now identified with California and its interests. In addition to the *Wave* they have lately purchased the *Evening Post*, and are now managers and editors of both journals.

J. O'HARA COSGRAVE.

From a mother of unusually bright mind, Mr. Cosgrave has inherited his business sagacity and that practical good common-sense which crowns effort with success. Mr. Cosgrave has the critical faculty very highly developed. His book reviews are super-excellent. His descriptive power is also shown in many articles, notably one published in the *Call* upon the removal of the incurable insane to a new asylum specially built for the purpose. The picture drawn had a lurid effect, as it portrayed the early hours of the morning, men with torches, and keepers and maniacs in eccentric procession from the asylum to the cars--and among them appeared the names of old-timers, actresses and notables whom the world had forgotten or believed to be dead. It was a weird tale of reality.

The department set apart for drama and music is under the direction of Lesley Martin, and one of fashion is admirably carried on by women with more than usual literary ability.

In line with the other papers of this nature, Mr. Cosgrave and Mr. Hume endeavor to give encouragement to the growth of literature in California by employing the best talent for their Christmas and holiday numbers. And in this way many bright stories and poems come into being which otherwise would never appear. The *Wave* presents on these occasions the usual original stories of local color which are indigenous to this soil.

Especially excellent a year ago was the story of Arthur McEwen, relating to a wealthy young lady who loved an artist. He had, however, a coarse grain in him, which made him find pleasure in association with another young woman of less cultivation. The refined young woman felt this lack in his nature intuitively, and finally was induced to give him up. He married the ordinary woman, lived on a ranch and relapsed into an ordinary man. Ten years later the refined young woman, riding by with her husband, meets the erstwhile lover face to face, and she is shocked at the change in him, and at the same time rejoices to think she has escaped such a bondage as might have been hers. Admirably told is this, as are all of Arthur McEwen's stories.

Excellent material in story form by W. C. Morrow, G. A. Danziger, Harry Bigelow, Ambrose Bierce and others is here to be found.

Frona Eunice Waite has written some strong articles for the *Wave*, mostly of the sensational order, but expressed in original terms and with directness. Mrs. Waite has been connected with the National Commission of the Columbian Exposition.

Ina Lillian Peterson, the niece of Miss Coolbrith, has developed a gift for verse writing which promises well for the future. The titles of some of her sonnets are as follows: "The Gift of Dreams," "Unrest," "The Ineffable," "The Land of Repentance," "Recompense;" of some of her stories in the *Examiner*, and elsewhere, "An Occurrence at Brownville," "From Cloistered Walls." Miss Peterson is a native of California. One of her poems lately appeared in the *Lippincott*. As an example of her style is presented the following:

THE INEFFABLE.

I may not utter what the stars repeat
And chime each to the other in the grey

Of morning silences. I may not say
Nor sing their harmonies; they are replete
With majesty and might. Each living beat
Of pulse of sea or land doth but betray
A sympathy with them, and like a ray
Of sacred light doth fall each song most sweet
Upon my heart, and trembling, nestleth there.
Were it mine to give the world as purely
As they are sent from out the changing dawn,
Those messages and melodies of prayer,
Mortal eyes would gaze and lips say, "Surely,
She is one of those whom God hath smiled upon!"
—*Ina L. Peterson.*

Genevieve Lucille Browne has also contributed verses to the *Wave*. Miss Browne is a newcomer to the city, but is assistant editor ot the *Californian Magazine* and is a verse writer of great promise.

◆

READINGS FROM CALIFORNIAN POETS.

1893.

Compiled by Edmund Russell.

PUBLISHER:

William Doxey.

SELECTIONS FROM

Seddie E. Anderson, John Vance Cheney, Ina Coolbrith, Captain Jack Crawford, Ella Sterling Cummins, Rollin M. Daggett, Emma Frances Dawson, Lucius Harwood Foote, Joseph T. Goodman, Bret Harte, Sarah Edwards Henshaw, Nathan C. Kouns, Emilie Lawson, Charles Edwin Markham, Adah Isaacs Menken, Joaquin Miller, Daniel O'Connell, Annie S. Page, Charles Henry Phelps, Ina Lillian Peterson, Edward Pollock. Alice E. Pratt, Richard Realf, Charles H. Shinn, Millicent W. Shinn, Lillian Hinmon Shuey, Edward Rowland Sill, Lorenzo Sosso, Charles Warren Stoddard, Annie Lake Townsend, Clarence Urmy, Madge Morris, Josephine Walcott, B. P. Avery, Kate M. Bishop, J. F. Bowman, Anna M. Fitch, Irene Hardy, W. A. Kendall, Anna Morrison Reed, Hiram Hoyt Richmond, John R. Ridge, M. B. M. Toland, C. H. Webb, Carrie Stevens Walter, Virna Woods.

This collection of poetry grew out of a studio-evening devoted to Californian writers of verse. Most of the readings were new to those present, and as it was found that no collected representation had been made for more than twenty years, the reader, Edmund Russell, began to study up the literature of California as it appeared in the files of the different journals and magazines, and also in volumes. As a result, this collection was decided upon, with Mr. Doxey as publisher. "It would seem," says Mr. Russell, the compiler, "that perhaps no other State in the Union could show more original and dramatic power. The glory of the eschscholtzia, the wierdness of the madrone, the grandeur of the unsurpassable redwoods, the awe of the desert mescal, blossom into strange verse that can belong only to the Pacific Coast—to California."

This is the most important addition to our literature for years, in that it has culled the best along the way, and in this form preserved many poems which otherwise would be scattered and impossible to find a few years from now. The table of contents is an admirable one, and the poems beautifully arranged with appropriate head lines from some other writer.

It is not inappropriate that Mr. Russell should have been the compiler, inasmuch as his name appears in the files of Somers' *Californian Magazine* as far back as 1881, as a contributor of verse, where he first became interested in Californian writers and has since made a study of Californian poetry. As a result of this study, this volume appears, which will give the world outside a better idea of the Californian literary status than any other one volume which has been presented to the public.

* * *

PICTURESQUE CALIFORNIA.

1888.

Edited by John Muir.

PUBLISHERS:

The J. Dewing Company.

CONTRIBUTORS:

Joaquin Miller, George Hamlin Fitch, William Bartlett, John Vance Cheney, Joseph Le Conte, Charles Frederick Holder, Theodore Van Dyke, Kate Field.

ARTISTS:

Thomas Hill, William Keith, C. D. Robinson, Ernst Narjot, Julian Rix, Thomas Moran, Hamilton Hamilton, S. J. Ferris, F. O. C. Darley, Harry Fenn, J. S. King and many others.

Very beautiful are these volumes of the "Picturesque California," devoted also to the region west of the Rocky mountains, from Alaska to Mexico. The illustrations are superb and in every way it is creditable to the coast. It is not of such historical value as the Bancroft Histories, as it contains merely descriptive writing; but it is like a portfolio of beautiful views, adapted to delighting the eye and the imagination.

The proof editions are magnificent specimens of the art of book-making, while the photogravures and etchings appear on the finest India paper, artistically mounted.

Of this work George Hamlin Fitch says:

> A work so comprehensive as this will give to Eastern readers for the first time a satisfactory idea of the wonderful grandeur, beauty and variety of California scenery. Its illustrations will form a picture gallery of the superb natural features of the slope.
>
> In the sheets that have appeared we would call special attention to Emerald lake, in the Sierras, which is printed in green, and to a glimpse of old Carmel Mission, which forms the vignette to the article on Monterey, and which is

printed in the tawny hue that the Carmel valley wears during the greater part of the year. A photogravure by the new process, which is especially worthy of note, is that of Midway point, on the drive at Monterey, from a fine painting by Rix. There is an etching of Moran's "Half Dome in the Yosemite" that is exquisite in its skillful handling of light and shade. The wood-cuts are also uncommonly well done by the engravers, who are so well known by their work in the best American magazines.

Muir's description of the great fall of the Yosemite is perhaps as good an example as could be selected of his power of painting a picture in words, and of the patient observation and skillful search that bring to him every secret of Nature.

This description, worthy of Ruskin in its power of bringing the scene before the mind's eye of the reader, is beautifully illustrated by a photogravure from a painting of the falls by C. D. Robinson. This is a triumph of the new process of reproducing paintings, as it preserves with a fidelity which can scarcely be believed without seeing it all the salient features of the picture. The down-rushing masses of foam, the shadow cast on the great cliff, even the huge pines that are thrown into silhouette against the somber cliffs at the base of the falls—all are brought out with remarkable clearness and power.

Thus far this is the first illustrated work on the Pacific Coast that is worthy of the scenery it represents. Its strongest claim to support is that it gives the Eastern reader who has been unable to see the wonders of California an adequate conception of the grandest scenery in the world, while the descriptions and sketches will furnish an idea of the resources of the Pacific Slope—a region which is still underrated by most Eastern people.

—*George Hamlin Fitch.*

* * *

THREE POEMS.

(Received too late for classification.)

Wallace Bruce, W. O. Dickson, Elizabeth Chamberlain Wright.

Around the camp-fire in the grand valley of the Yo Semite, with the great moon looking over the cliffs at us, the following poem was recited with wonderful effect. After two years I have succeeded in obtaining a copy of the poem, which is by Wallace Bruce. It is here presented that it may be preserved.

YO SEMITE.

Waiting to-night for the moon to rise
O'er the cliffs that narrow Yo Semite's skies;
Waiting for darkness to melt away
In the silver light of a midnight day;
Waiting, like one in a waiting dream,
I stand alone by the rushing stream.

Alone in a temple vast and grand,
With spire and turret on every hand;
A world's cathedral, with walls sublime,
Chiseled and carved by the hand of time;
And over all heaven's crowning dome,
Whence gleam the beacon lights of home.

The spectral shadows dissolve, and now
The moonlight halos El Capitan's brow,
And the lesser stars grow pale and dim
Along the sheer-cut mountain rim;
And, touched with magic, the gray walls stand
Like phantom mountains on either hand.

Yet I know they are real, for I see the spray
Of Yo Semite Fall in the moonlight play,
Swaying and trembling, a radiant glow,
From the sky above to the vale below;
Like the ladder of old, to Jacob given,
A line of light from earth to heaven.

And there comes to my soul a vision dear,
As of shining spirits hovering near;
And I feel the sweet and wonderous power
Of a presence that fills the midnight hour;
And I know that Bethel is everywhere,
For prayer is the foot of the angel stair.

A light devine, a holy rest,
Floods all the valley and fills my breast;
The very mountains are hushed in sleep
From Eagle Point to Sentinel Keep;
And a life-long lesson is taught me to-night,
When shrouded in shadow, to wait for the light.

Waiting at dawn for the morn to break,
By the crystal waters of Mirror Lake;
Waiting to see the mountains gray
Clearly defined in the light of day,
Reflected and throned in glory here.
A lakelet that seems but the valley's tear.

Waiting—but look! The South Dome bright
Is floating now in the sea of light;
And Cloud'r Rest, glistening with caps of snow,
Inverted stands in the vale below,
With tow'ring peaks and cliffs on high
Hanging to meet another sky.

O crystal gem in setting rare!
O soul-like mirror in middle air!
O forest heart of eternal love,
Earth-born, but pure as heaven above!
This Sabbath morn we find in thee
The poet's dream of purity.

The hours pass by; I am waiting now
On Glacier Point's o'erhanging brow;
Waiting to see the picture pass,
Like the fleeting show of a wizard glass;
Waiting—and still the vision seems
Woven of light and colored with dreams.

But the cloud-capped towers, and pillars gray,
Securely stand in the light of day;
The temple wall is firm and sure,
The worshippers pass, but it shall endure,
And will, while loud Yo Semite calls
To bright Nevada and Vernal Falls.

O grand and majestic organ choir,
With deep toned voices that never tire!
O anthem written in notes that glow
On the rainbow bars of Po-ho-no!
O sweet *Te Deum* forever sung,
With spray, like incense, heavenward swung.

Thy music my soul with rapture thrills,
And there comes to my lips "the templed hills,
Thy rocks and rills"—a nation's song.
From valley to mountain born along:
My country's temple, built for thee!
Crowned with the Cap of Liberty.

O country reaching from shore to shore;
O fairest land the wide world o'er;
Columbia dear, whose mountains rise
From fertile valleys to sunny skies,
Stand firm and sure, and bold and free,
As thy granite-walled Yo Semite.—*Wallace Bruce.*

At the last moment I have received a poem written by Elizabeth Chamberlain Wright, who wrote under the names of "Topsy Turvy," and "Carrie Carlton," and whose picture may be seen in the *Golden Era* School, page 31. It was written only a short time before she died, and is so similar to that other celebrated poem beginning "If I Should Die To-night," that it is no wonder that the latter should be credited to her. But of the two, the poem by Mrs. Chamberlain-Wright is the stronger and more vigorous. It is here presented.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

When you are dead and lying at rest
With your white hands folded above your breast—
Beautiful hands, too well I know,
As white as the lilies, as cold as the snow,
I will come and bend o'er your marble form,
Your cold hands cover with kisses warm,
And the words I will speak and the tears I will shed
Will tell I have loved you—when you are dead!

When you are dead your name shall rise
From the dust of the earth to the very skies,
And every voice that has sung your lays
Shall wake an echo to sound your praise.

Your name shall live through the coming age
Inscribed on Fame's mysterious page,
'Neath the towering marble shall rest your head,
But you'll live in memory—when you are dead!

Then welcome, Death! thrice welcome be!
I am almost weary waiting for thee;
Life gives no recompense—toil no gain,
I seek for love and I find but pain;
Lily white hands have grown pale in despair
Of the warm red kisses which should be their share.

Sad, aching heart has grown weary of song,
No answering echo their notes prolong;
Then take me, Oh, Death, to thy grim embrace!
Press quickly thy kiss on my eager face,
For I have been promised, oh, bridegroom dread,
Both Love and Fame—when I am dead!
—*Elizabeth Chamberlain Wright.*

("Carrie Carlton," "Topsy Turvy." See *Golden Era* School.)

A man of singular gifts of mind was the late Wm. O. Dickson of Alameda. He was Principal of one of the schools, contributor to the press, a scholar of the classics, and a student of psychic science. As an example of the thoughtful cast of mind, the following poem is quoted:

A VOICE.

A struggle to death, with the problem of life—
A life that at best was a turbulent strife—
While battling with theory, science and art,
Refusing assent to each time-rusted part
Of dogmatic creed, or fossilized thought,
Save where reason supreme its truthfulness taught;
Not needing, nor asking, on help to depend,
But taking for motto—"To stand by a friend!"
Such had all the years left,
And work just begun;
Of fear now bereft,
The first victory 's won.

For despondence, too buoyant; for dullness, too gay;
Well balanced for study, and yet, when each day
Left its mark in the brain and its trace on the brow
A thought still persisted in saying that "Thou,

Who pridest thyself on advancement each hour
Art a fool in thy learning, and know'st not the power
Of Psyche, thy soul!"
What will wake the lost chord?—
'Twas in vain through the years to seek for the word.
Thus on, on she slumbered,
Nor once saw the light,
With care unencumbered,
Deep-buried in night.

O, Psyche, sleep on! nor wake from thy rest,
And though in thy waking the life may be blest
By the union of sympathy, binding each heart.
It may also be cursed—be pierced by the dart
Unfaithfulness hurls, all envenomed with hate.
Then slumber, thou Psyche, nor care—
Hark!
Swelling o'er the silent sleeper
Like a strain through echoing halls,
Growing stronger, moving deeper,
Comes *a voice* that erst enthralls
By its sympathetic sweetness,
Softness, purity of tone;
Breathing in its clear completeness
More than melody alone.
'Twas a voice, so deeply stirring,
That it spoke unto the soul,
Telling, while its boon conferring,
Of a nature's sweet control
Pure as dew on lily petals,
Soft with sympathy and love;
Coming like the twilight settles,
Like it—star-gemmed from above.
Wakened, held, with passion glowing,
Thrilling with an untried life,
Psyche rouses, half unknowing
Whether rest it is—or strife.
Fear thou not! Doubt thou not! Spirit of Power.
Life is thine! Love is thine! Thine every hour!

—*William O. Dickson.*

FICTION, DRAMA AND MISCELLANEOUS.

DRAMATISTS AND LIBRETTISTS:

Clay M. Green, Archibald C. Gunter, Dan O'Connell, Peter Robertson, Henry Guy Carleton, George Jessop, Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco.

FICTION:

Bret Harte, Mark Twain, A. C. Gunter, Richard Henry Savage, Ambrose Bierce, Joaquin Miller, Gertrude Franklin Atherton, Kate Douglass Wiggin.

AUTHORS:

(ONE OR TWO VOLUMES.)

John Franklin Swift, W. H. Rhodes, Rollin M. Daggett, Sam Davis, Will S. Greene, C. C. Goodwin, Henry R. Mighels, Fred H. Hart, Dan de Quille (William Wright), W. C. Morrow, O. French Richards, William Simpson, James Doran, Frank H. Powers.

WOMEN AUTHORS:

(ONE OR TWO VOLUMES.)

Rowena Granice Steele, Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, May Wentworth, Carrie Carlton, Laura Preston, Anna M. Fitch, Annie Lake Townsend, Ella Sterling Cummins, Mary Willis Glasscock, Flora Haines Apponyi, Frances F. Victor, Josephine Clifford McCracken, Alice Kingsbury-Cooley, Louise Battles Cooper, Ada L. Halstead, Eliza G. Birkmaier, Nellie Blessing Eyster, Mrs. C. Stevens, Emma Wolf.

POETRY AND VERSE:

(ONE OR TWO VOLUMES.)

Edward A. Pollock, Edward Rowland Sill, Charles Warren Stoddard, Ina D. Coolbrith, John Vance Cheney, Dan O'Connell, John Ridge, James Linen, B. P. Avery, Lucius H. Foote, Frank Norris, Clarence Urmy, Richard E. White, Frank Stewart, J. D. Steele, Albert Kercheval, George Homer Meyer, Lorenzo Sosso.

POETRY AND VERSE:

(WOMEN.)

Clara G. Dolliver, Virna Woods, Lillian H. Shuey, Carrie Stevens Walter, Madge Morris Wagner, Amie S. Page, Alice E. Pratt, Mary Lambert, Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, Ella Ferre (Hannah B. Gage), Sarah Edwards Henshaw, Josephine Walcott.

HISTORY:

H. H. Bancroft, Theodore H. Hittell.

POLITICAL ECONOMY:

Henry George.

HUMOR AND TRAVEL:

George H. Derby, J. Ross Browne, Charles Nordhoff.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE AND REFERENCE:

Joseph Le Conte, Charles Frederic Holder, Alex Del Mar, Prentice Mulford, George Davidson, Charles Howard Shinn, John S. Hittell, Oscar Shuck, Adley H. Cummins, Francis Blackburn, Frederick Hackett, John Swett, Robert W. Murphy.

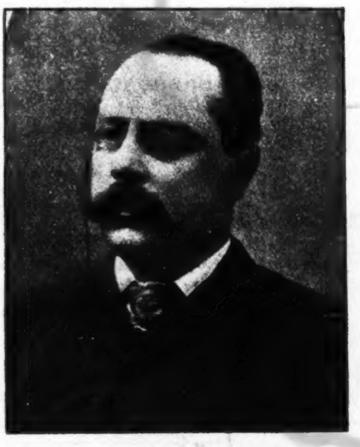
MISCELLANEOUS:

W. C. Bartlett, Rev. Alfred Vehr Mehr, T. A. Barry, A. Delano, Alexander Del Mar, William Davis Heath, William Wright, Robert W. Murphy, Alexander Badlam, Jeremiah Lynch.

The writers of volumes who are not otherwise classified under the titles of the different journals and magazines will here be sketched briefly. The numbers have increased so that it is impossible to do justice to these different volumes, and a blank page will be left at the end of this division to be marked "Unknown Authors," that no one may feel that he is omitted for any reason save that he has not made himself known.

After Bret Harte, Mark Twain and Joaquin Miller, the greatest addition to the fiction written by Californians has been made by Archibald Clavering Gunter. While there are those who claim that there are no Californian writers, yet there has arisen in the atmosphere of San Francisco, particularly, a school of active literary workers whose first efforts were produced here, and who thereby have become identified with the State of California. In order to make of literature or dramatic writing a success they have been compelled to leave the shores of the Pacific and carry their wares to the Eastern markets. But the brain with which they produced these works has been originally developed in the atmosphere of San Francisco. As Arthur McEwen says of Mark Twain: "He got his point of view here."

When a child Archibald C. Gunter came to California and attended the public schools of San Francisco, in which city he grew to manhood. The first successful work of a literary nature with which he was connected was a drama, entitled "Two Nights in Rome." This was a surprise to the theater-goers of San Francisco—a rich, glowing picture, through which setting vivid characters passed, each closely woven into the plot and containing a sustained concerted action which never allowed the interest to flag. Besides it was a study of human nature. Perhaps "Diplomacy" had suggested something in the treatment of the dialogue, but it was all the better for that. I remember that we were charmed with the play, and thought it an achievement that a San Franciscan could produce a drama that should even be classed or compared with "Forget-Me-Not" and "Diplomacy." Next followed "The Soul of an Actress," which was presented for the first time to any audience by Clara Morris, and was most respectfully spoken of by the critics, though it was considered too much of a study to suit the popular taste.



ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER.

After this, like all Californians who wish to better themselves and attain success in this field, Mr. Gunter took his way East. "Fresh, the American," "Strictly Business" and "Prince Karl" are the names of three comedies which Mr. Gunter successfully produced. Then there came a great stirring of the "dry bones" when the novel "Mr. Barnes of New York" made its appearance. It was not founded on the high literary plane of his first two dramas, but evidently Mr. Gunter had resolved to succeed. And he had discovered that the "high plane" goes a begging. Of this first novel of his, many stories of his wonderful business enterprise are told. In analyzing his work, Gertrude Franklin Atherton says in the *Cosmopolitan:*

> Although Mr. Gunter makes no claim to literary elegance, few accomplished writers have written such a rattling good story as "Mr. Barnes of New York" or achieved a more remarkable success. His books have been on every stand in three continents where our language is read, and by a large proportion of the reading public abroad he is regarded as the representative American author.

The same demand followed for "Mr. Potter of Texas," "That Frenchman," and his other works as they came out in quick succession. The style grew rather jerky, in order to keep the mind of the reader up to the highest pitch of excitement, but it was a reaction from the long-drawn out monotone of the usual novel, and served its purpose well. Away out in the outskirts of civilization, in Arizona, in Modoc County, California, in the places cut off from the great stream, these volumes come in like a freshening breeze to these lives of hopeless monotony. I have seen them bring a zest and sparkle of life that was of itself sufficient reward to the author. He who entertains the brain-weary and the heavy-hearted, making them forget themselves, even for one brief hour, verily, his name should be placed near unto Ben Adhem's.

Richard Henry Savage is another San Franciscan who grew up in the public schools and graduated in the long ago. He tried his 'prentice hand on the old *Golden Era* as far back as 1861, and always had a facility in the use of the pen, writing prose and poetry for the *Argonaut*, *Chronicle*, *Army and Navy Journal*, *N. Y. Herald*, *Cosmopolitan*, and West Point *Scrap-Book*. For the *Call*, *Post* and *Bulletin* he wrote under the name of "Tom Burke." Besides these articles he has always been active in writing political speeches, diplomatic, scientific, legal and official documents, and general *belles-lettres.*

In 1868 he graduated in law from West Point, and has been identified with the San Francisco Bar and also that of New York. His military record is extensive, relating both to the National

Guard and regular army, and including also the Egyptian army. His civil record also embraces a number of honorable positions, notably that of Vice-Consul to Rome.

But this would represent very little if it were not that Mr. Savage, one day, out of the fullness of his thousand and one experiences in Europe, Egypt and America, resolved to write a novel. The title of his novel was "My Official Wife." While it was decidedly Frenchy in some particulars in its vim and go, yet it was so lifted out of the unwholesome and fetid atmosphere of French literature by the heartiness of the American Colonel, the hero of the story, that it was refreshing and attractive to the most critical taste. Afterwards dramatized by Archibald C. Gunter, this American spirit of wholesomeness was still so preserved that the play was a delight. Other books have followed in succession and have been popularly received. But that malady of style, of striving for continual climax upon every page, has crept into his later works, spoiling the enjoyment of the story. "The Little Lady of Daguinitas" and "Prince Schamyl's Wooing" are marred by this defect. Of the latter book the Berlin *Post* says, in regard to the subject of which it treats: "It is the best semi-political novel of the past ten years." And it is considered in German, Austrian and Russian higher circles "as an accepted diplomatic prophecy."

RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE.

"My Official Wife" was translated into French, German, Swedish and Italian, and is now in its tenth American edition, in its eighth English and seventh German editions. This record surpasses all his previous achievements in military, legal or civil procedure. There is now such a demand for his novels that the mere announcement of a new one is sufficient to call forth a demand of 30,000 on the first day it is out of the press. This has been the case with his last book, "The Masked Venus; a Story of Many Lands." Like the others, it is intensely interesting and wrought upon the dramatic design throughout. It deals with camp, court and society, and is full of that thrilling incident and sparkling dialogue with which Mr. Savage is so well acquainted from his own personal experiences.

In contrast to the preceding work is the fiction of Ambrose Bierce, elsewhere referred to in detail. It is all polished and sculptured and elegant in literary style, and treats of the weird, the uncanny and the satiric. In collaboration with Gustav Adolph Danziger he has produced one work that is beautiful and heart-touching, that of "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter." Mr. Danziger is also engaged in heavy literary labors, and from the promise of the story above mentioned, may be one to add to the beautiful in our literature.

It has been asserted that California is lacking in children of genius, because of those who have achieved anything none are Californian born. And Mr. Bierce has attempted to explain this fact by his statement that the early population of California did not belong to the "genius-bearing sex." Whoever else has been imported and educated in order to keep up the supply, there is no doubt about Clay Meredith Greene. He may wander the earth over, but he is a Californian still, for he has it placed on record that he was born in San Francisco—the first child born of American parents.

CLAY MEREDITH GREENE.

I should like to do justice to the sketch of Mr. Greene;

indeed, there are no letters in my great letter-book of writers half so delightful as those which, by dint of infinite patience and continued effort, I have obtained most unwillingly from our Californian dramatist who now dwells in the East. His response has been that he does not feel that he has yet produced anything great enough to be chronicled. Having been hampered by the taste of the public, and being only the servant of the public, until lately, he has been compelled to build up constructions most uncongenial to himself. But having at last reached a position where he is independent of the sordid side of art, he hopes now to weave some of the fancies of his brain and shape unrestricted and unfettered.

The industry of Mr. Greene, however, is deserving of mention, to say nothing of his work from an artistic and dramatic point of view. He is a hard worker. His brain responds to the demands made upon it, whether congenial or not. For years he has been studying the intricacies of the art of dramatic writing. Some of these plays written to order to suit some specialty artist, so called, have not been remarkable, it is true ; yet there has not been one which has not served its purpose in entertaining or amusing the public for its brief hour, with a wholesome and refreshing influence. Whatever other crimes Mr. Greene may have to answer for, it cannot be said that he has ever revenged himself on the public for its lack of artistic appreciation by pandering to its lowest tastes His border dramas are clean and wholesome, if they do deal with the "wild and woolly West," and always contain clever studies of human nature, which require the highest kind of literary art.

The names of his best-known plays are as follows : "M'liss," "Golden Giant," "Forgiven," "The Chinese Question," "Dublin Lights," "Blue Beard Jr.," "Our Jennie," "The Deadwood Stage," "Last Days of Pompeii."

In collaboration he has written, "Freaks of Fortune," "An April Fool," "Nora Machree," "Struck Oil," "Gabriel Conroy,' "Under the Polar Star," "Pawn-ticket 210," "Caught in a Corner," "Lord Drummersy."

About to be produced are : "For Money," for W. H. Crane ; a drama for Joseph Grismer ; "The Maid of Plymouth," an opera for Lillian Russell (lately produced); "The Filibuster," an opera for the Tillotson Opera Company; "The Three Graces," a comedy for Charles Frohman; "The Cuban Conspiracy," "The Widow Ames," a comedy, and others not yet named.

Industry should have its reward. It is to be hoped that Mr. Greene will live to produce the play of his heart; that his physical strength will enable him to continue to make demands upon those creative instincts of his brain; that he may attain a position at the top of the ladder of fame, from which he can glance down at the public without bitterness, and acknowledge that those wholesome and refreshing little plays of his taught him his art.

Among the first of the women writers of California was Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, who published a novel entitled "Montalban." In the reviews upon this work it was said that the dramatic possibilities of the novel were great. A few years after Mrs. Pacheco tried her hand upon a society play, and finally upon a comedy farce—the first, so it is said, written by a woman. This has contained such ingredients of humor and refined wit and grotesqueness that it is being played continually by a stock company, with no sign of the interest abating. "Incog" is the name of the play, and once seen can never be forgotten. "Nothing but Money" followed shortly after and was accorded a similar success. There are those who maintain that the latter play is the cleverer of the two; that the wit is keener and more Damascus-like. It is a pleasant thought that California should produce the first woman dramatist who excels in humor, and that her work should be of such a high order, containing wit that is clever and sparkling and vivid.

MRS. ROMUALDO PACHECO.

It is almost impossible to classify Daniel O'Connell under the heading and banner of any one journal or magazine, for the reason that he belongs to all. The page of the CALIFORNIAN STORY OF THE FILES is brightened and beautified by the touch of Mr. O'Connell's pen. His industry alone is sufficient to waken surprise. Every Christmas or holiday issue bears some quaint, grotesque or poetical number from his fancy and creative instinct. In addition to these, he has written a number of dramas, and lately turned his attention to libretto-writing with great success.

Daniel O'Connell was born in County Clare, Ireland, in 1849. He came to California in 1868 from the English navy, where he was serving as midshipman. He became Professor of *belles letters* in the College of Santa Clara, and afterward held a professorship of Greek in St. Ignatius College of San Francisco. He then became connected with journalism, writing for all the San Francisco journals, and acting successively as editor of the *Morning Herald*, San Francisco *Times*, the *Bulletin*, the *Chronicle*, the *Wasp*, the *Bohemian*, and that wonderfully excellent, but short-lived paper, inaugurated by J. M. Bassett, called the *Portico*.

Mr. O'Donnell edited "Caxton's Book," and wrote admirable stories for the *Overland*, especially the one entitled "Thrust and Tierce." "The Red Fox" was an Irish play successfully produced in San Francisco and elsewhere. "The Conspiracy" was written for Emelie Melville. The grotesque stories of the Christmas issues have been mostly of the serio-comic aristocrats whose claim to greatness consists of owning a goat and a shanty upon the sandhills of San Francisco.

The volume of poetry entitled "Lyrics" by Daniel O'Connell contains the genuine article. I never enjoyed the reading of any poem more than when the beautiful young daughter of Mr. O'Connell, who is appropriately named Gipsy, showed me her father's poem entitled "Sing Me a Ringing Anthem," and read it over for me in a simple, earnest way that spoke of her pride in her father's literary work. The poem is here quoted:

SING ME A RINGING ANTHEM.

Sing me a ringing anthem
  Of the deeds of the buried past,
When the Norseman brave dared the treacherous wave
  And laughed at the icy blast.

And fill me a brimming beaker
  Of the rich Burgundian wine,
That the chill of years with its chain of tears
  May unbind from this breast of mine;

For working and watching and waiting
  Make the blood run sluggish and cold,
And I long for the fire and the fierce desire
  That burned in the hearts of old.

I can dream of the fountains plashing,
  In the soft still summer's night,
And of smothered sighs and of woman's eyes,
  And ripe lips, ruddy and bright.

But better the tempests fury
  With its thunders and howling wind,
And better to dare what the future may bear,
  Than to muse on what lies behind.

Then chant me no tender love-song,
  With its sweet and low refrain,
But sing of the men of the sword and the pen,
  Whose deeds may be done again.—*Daniel O'Connell.*

Very successfully produced was the comic opera entitled "Bluff King Hal," for which the music was composed by Humphry J. Stuart. Mr. O'Connell's lyrical gift came into full play in writing the libretto to this opera, and outside of the comic element and grace of the early English style of dialogue, were some exquisite sentiments and felicitous expressions in the songs, a point that is rarely made in comic opera, But this is really the excelling quality of Mr. O'Connell's genius.

There are few songs containing such a depth of genuine feeling as that expressed in "Love Endureth After Death," but the audience was so taken up with the funny business that the gem of the opera was not given its just due. But when I heard Donald de V. Graham sing that song, that night, as if he understood and comprehended the sentiment that O'Connell meant to convey, I felt thrilled, for it voices the grief of the human heart, and of the feeling of those who love their dead—a sentiment that is universal. The song is here quoted:

LOVE ENDURETH AFTER DEATH.

[*Leonard is about to be captured and put to death by the King's men. Phyllis, his love, comes to warn him. In the shadow of the parting she asks if his love will continue, and then follows the song in which both voices blend in the refrain.*]

Doubt that streams through forest flowing
  Kiss in sands the yearning sea,
Doubt the stars at noontime glowing,
  Doubt the stars, but doubt not me.

Refrain.

Love shalt live for aye and ever,
  Stream and wood and zephyrs breath,
Murmur naught shall love dissever,
  Love endureth after death,
  Love endureth after death.

Phyllis, Solo.

Say those dear words o'er and over
  'Till the birds with carols sweet
Fill the woodlands, and each lover
  To its mate their vows repeat.

Refrain.

Love shall live for aye and ever,
  Stream and wood and zephyrs breath,
Murmur naught shall love dissever,
  Love endureth after death,
  Love endureth after death.

—*Daniel O'Connell.*

Henry Guy Carleton is one of the later California coterie who has achieved reputation in the East as a dramatist. Born in Texas, he grew up in California, attending the Santa Clara College and intending at first to enter the priesthood. He left his novitiate, however, and entered upon the busy life of the outer world as a journalist, writing for the *Chronicle* and other papers. He won a prize for his poem entered in the contest duriug the Centennial in 1876 at Philadelphia. It is said that he varied his experiences by taking a turn at serving under Uncle Sam, being commissioned in the Fourth Cavalry of the Regular Army. Upon going to New York he returned to journalism and wrote for *Life* and other comic journals. "The Thompson-street Poker Club" and negro dialect stories were the contributions of Mr. Carleton. He then attained entry to the circles who gave recognition to his dramatic work, which has since given him great reputation. The best known and most romantic of his dramas is "The Lion's Mouth," a tragedy.

Lyttleton Savage. a writer for the *Argonaut* back in the seventies, was born at Savage Station, Virginia, near Richmond. The battles of Malvern Hill and Seven Pines, I am told, were fought on his father's estate. Mr. Savage was a graduate of the University of Virginia. His verses and stories in the *Argonaut* were characterized by originality and delicacy of style. The titles of some of his stories were as follows: "The Platonist," "Cavaliers," "The Story the Shell Told." Mr. Savage is now a well-known writer in the East.

From the September number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is quoted the following sketch of Gertrude Franklin Atherton, one of the best known of our Californian woman writers:

GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.

> The author of "The Doomswoman" was born on Rincon hill, San Francisco, in a quarter since fallen from its former eminence and a house now propped on the edge of a "cut." In her blood were mingled opposing streams from the older States—New England and Louisiana. She was reared by her grandfather, Stephen Franklin, a nephew of the famous Benjamin, one of the pioneers of California, editor of its first paper, the *Golden Era*, and a man of strong literary tastes. He was counted the handsomest man in the State, and died in 1889 at the age of eighty. From him Gertrude's inventive faculties received their early direction, and she made and told stories long before she could put them on paper. While at school she supplied her mates with original fiction, and at fifteen wrote a play which was acted at Benicia. Finishing her education at Lexington, Ky., she married into a leading Californian family, whose estates included the picturesque mission of San Antonio. Early

widowed, she spent much time in travel, but in 1890 returned to her native State to study the primitive period—the prehistoric period, it might be called—of its career. For this purpose she took up her abode in old towns and hamlets and diligently cultivated the sad lingering remnant of the original Spanish settlers, aiming thus to gather material which had never before been utilized in American literature.

In saying that she values the fruits of these researches above her earlier works, we do not imply that Mrs. Atherton is or could be a dry and dusty chronicler. The briefest glance at any of her pages would prove the contrary. But her romances are at least founded upon reality. Though her *senores* and *donas* died too soon to claim the privilege of her acquaintance, she has come into close communion with them through their descendants, and mastered their traits and manners. So far are these from ours that she has found it best to soften rather than heighten the tints of her portraiture, and to select a hero and heroine far more serions and intellectual than most of their race. Unselected and unimproved by contact with cooler heads, the native Californian was like her minor characters—a grown-up child, joyous, moody, frivolous, passionate, early mature in body, much the reverse in mind and spirit. Him, his belongings and his fortunes, Mrs. Atherton has made her peculiar field, and in it she is unlikely soon to meet rivals. She counts "The Doomswoman" her truest work, and her readers are likely to agree with her. On this topic it is easy to write melodrama, bnt who else can present actual, vivid reality—the early Californians in their habits as they lived?

"The Doomswoman" goes back to the territory she has already made her own in "Los Cerritos"—to Spanish America. She has taken for her scene the earlier days of California, when it was still under Spanish rule, and has thus obtained a rich color and movement. It dwells in the memory like some picture of mediæval pageantry. She has painted her heroine from the inside, and given us a startlingly vivid presentation of the inner soul of a maid, with cunning insight into the weaknesses, the shy timidities, the inconsistencies, the all-surrendering love, that hide themselves behind the proudest virginal exterior. In her hero she has made a daring attempt to enlist our sympathies in a real man, a man of strong passions, of many foibles, even stained with many crimes. And in a measure she succeeds. We yield up our sympathies, yet he never carries the same conviction of reality as the woman. So far as we believe in his existence, we like the fellow. Yet in real life we wouldn't like him quite so well. Perhaps it is all the better, then, that he should not be too visibly realized by us. However, read the story. I think you'll like it.

Mrs. Atherton deserves the commendation of all who respect industry and indefatigable devotion to one central idea. She never spares herself in studying up the backgrounds to her stories that they may be true. She is still a young woman, remarkable in her personality and in the poise of her mind, and out of her experience, having published already some four or five novels, each peculiar of its kind, will yet write something that will live as a study of the best elements of Californian life. Her studies heretofore have taken her into the field of the abnormal—with the exception of that graceful tale, "Los Cerritos," where the young girl has fallen in love with a giant Sequora—but as time goes by she will doubtless see enough in the study of normal peculiarity to attract her, and then she will produce something great. "A Question of Time" deals with a phase of Californian life which is not yet acceptable to society—that of a rich woman marrying a man half her own age.

Mrs. Atherton's style of writing is characterized by originality and intensity. She is unconventional to the point of daring. And yet, I maintain against the declaration of those who insist otherwise, that Mrs. Atherton has a deeper undercurrent of meaning in her novels than appears on the surface. The character of "Chonita," as she is portrayed in the "Doomswoman," is an embodiment of early California. The lover is the man that has affiliated with the incoming race and combines the qualities of both races, and it is a fratricidal conflict that finally lifts her out of her superstition and gives her to the arms of the man she acknowledges as her conqueror. "Amidst the silence of mountain tops in a snow-storm" is one of the felicitous images found in her sentences. A quotation is here made of the picturing power of Mrs. Atherton, which she possesses in a high degree:

> We were followed in a moment by the Governor, adjusting his collar and smoothing his hair. As he reached the doorway at the front of the house he was greeted with a shout from assembled Monterey. The plaza was gay with beaming faces and bright attire. The men, women and children of the people were on foot, a mass of color on the opposite side of the plaza, the women in gaudy cotton frocks girt with silken sashes, tawdry jewels and spottless camisas, the coquettish reboso draping with equal grace faces old and brown, faces round and olive, the men in glazed sombreros, short calico jackets and trousers, Indians wound up in gala blankets. In the foreground were caballeros and donas on prancing silver-trapped horses, laughing and coquetting, looking down in triumph upon the duenas and parents who rode older and milder mustangs and shook brown knotted fingers at heedless youth. The young men had ribbons twisted in their long black hair and silver eagles on their soft grey sombreros. Their velvet serapes were embroidered with gold; the velvet knee-breeches were laced with gold or silver chord over fine white linen; long deer-skin botas were gartered with vivid ribbon; flaunting sashes bound their slender waists, knotted

over the hip. The girls and young married women wore black or white mantillas, the silken lace of Spain, regardless of the sun which might darken their Castilian fairness. Their gowns were of flowered silk or red or yellow satin, the waist long and pointed, the skirt full; jeweled buckles of tiny slippers flashed beneath the hem. A few Americans were there in the ugly garb of their country—a blot on the picture. —*Gertrude Franklin Atherton.*

There has been nothing Mrs. Atherton has done which so well portrays her felicitous power in writing as the sketch she wrote for the *Cosmopolitan* in November, 1891, upon the subject of "The Writers of California." It is a brief but vivid chapter. She covers over the ground admirably, and, with a few touches here and there, the whole story is told.

KATE DOUGLASS WIGGIN.

Very different in literary style is Kate Douglass Wiggin, who also has found it necessary to seek the encouragement of the Eastern atmosphere. While she is not a native of California, yet her literary talent developed here while she was engaged in her kindergarten work, and she stayed with us as long as she could. When a very young girl, Mrs. Wiggin (then Kate E. Smith) was given the very first kindergarten school established in San Francisco, for her to experiment on and see if there was any virtue in the system. As a result of her success with that initial effort to reach the neglected children of the poor and ignorant, there has been established a magnificent system of kindergartens—fifty-six separate schools—all carried on by private aid. Her literary firstling was "The Story of Patsy," a touching account of one of the pitiful little creatures who came under her care in the kindergarten. She already had been a contributor to *St. Nicholas* and other periodicals, but "The Story of Patsy" was written and printed to raise money for the school, and not for her own benefit. Three thousand copies were sold without the aid of a bookseller. "The Bird's Christmas Carol" was printed and sold for the same purpose.

Having married in the meantime and moved to New York in 1888, away from her beloved kindergarten, Mrs. Wiggin began to think seriously of literary effort. She submitted her two books to Houghton & Mifflin, who issued them at once. These attained such immediate popularity that they were soon followed by "A Summer in a Canyon" and "Timothy's Quest." In collaboration with her sister, Miss Nora Smith, Mrs. Wiggin has also issued "The Story Hour," for kindergartens and nurseries. The sale of her books has reached 23,000 copies.

Mrs. Wiggin's writing lends itself delightfully to the needs of the elocutionist, as the elements of humor and pathos enter largely into her conceptions of things. Especially is "The Bird's Christmas Carol" a favorite of public readers, and the chapter about the "Ruggleses" was adapted and played in Cambridge by ten professors, who acted the parts of Mrs. Ruggles and the nine little Ruggleses.

Mrs. Wiggin herself is a charming reader of her stories and often gives parlor recitals for charity. All her literary work is characterized by sincerity and earnestness. And there is a constant demand for her stories from the best magazines and journals. She is a great favorite in the circles of the *St. Nicholas*, which lately published some of her children's stories. But while representing different phases of human nature and insight into the working of the human heart, Mrs. Wiggin's work is not particularly Californian in its elements and constituency. She has only begun her literary career, however, and may yet have in view some picturing of our land that shall be vivid and strong, as well as in sympathy with the pathetic side of life.

Of Mrs. Wiggin, Alice W. Rollins says:

> The delicate humor of her literary talent is one that would have found food anywhere in human nature, rather than in New England or Western nature; but the pathos in her books, a pathos invariably associated with the best humor, has come largely from the keen observation, swift insight and ready sympathy which were required for her work among the poor, and which, given fully, reaped richly, in experiences and intuitions as invaluable for her artistic as for her charitable effort.

Among the romances written by Californians, relating to another land than our own, is one entitled "Zanthon." It is a strange volume, containing a field of operation intimated rather than expressed, scarcely a novel, hardly a romance, certainly not an epic, and yet combining some of the features of all three. Those who like "Zanthon," like it very much; those who cannot get over a page or two condemn it. For my part, I enjoyed reading "Zanthon" with a keen relish, because there was so much depth to the story, because the pictures were so vivid, because there were so many little touches of human nature in its warp and woof. No name is given to the country in which the action takes place, but presently it begins to steal over one that this beautiful, wretched country in which live these ignorant and hopeless mortals must be Ireland. And then comes the potato blight and the famine, and the reader is in the midst of it, as if he were present, and beholding these scenes of wolfish desperation. But, then, only a few miles distant rise the walls and towers of ancient aristocracy, and here no famine enters—all is good cheer and comfort. And then the reader begins to wonder if it may not be nearer home than Ireland that such discrepancies of justice occur. The central figure is the son of a patriot who has lost his life in an effort to free his country. He hides in this wretched village and endeavors to teach the people—to lift them out of their ignorance and superstition and to benefit them by his superior knowledge of tilling the crops and in showing them how to live. That he may become strongly identified with them he marries a peasant woman and rears his family and dwells among them. The study of the poverty that prevails, the horrors of the famine, the decimation of the man's family, the survival of but one child—the strongest—all these are simply told, and yet in a poetical strain that gives a hint of the epic tale of the earlier tribes of men. Little Zanthon survives under strange conditions. His first experience in tasting bread is so strange to us that we cannot comprehend it. But to a seven-year-old who had just come out of a famine and beheld bread for the first time it was a sensation.

The bread given to Zanthon by Big Nancy had been taken from the oven about midnight. Fresh and palatable, it emitted that rich flavor peculiar to bread when made by efficient workmen. To the senses of the boy it was delicious. It filled the whole atmosphere around him with an odor whose delicacy and sweetness appeared to equal the accumulated perfumes of all the flowers he had ever seen congregated in one place. His limbs grew weak beneath him with excessive pleasure. He thought for an instant this place might be the land lying near the entrance to the abode of the blessed, or at least to the far-famed domains of the rich. Never before did he taste food having such extraordinary virtues as this seemed to possess.

He was almost intoxicated with the taste which came into his mouth while eating the bread, as it resembled a sweet principle of honey, irresistible in its power of charming the human heart. At this stage of his entertainment tears filled his eyes. Every crumb was as precious to him as if it were a diamond. Ah, if only his sister or his father were now by his side! He did not eat fast; such action would terminate too abruptly his immense gratification. But he held the bread up occasionally before his face, turning it over and gazing at it. And finally he said, "Oh, Nancy, did this bread come from Heaven?"

A little later on in the story strange things befall him. Any one who strikes him comes to a sudden death. Then a good woman befriends him and gives him good advice.

There is something else I want to warn you about. It is ingratitude. People will be ungrateful and you must expect it. My experience has been singular. I never went out of my way to do a good turn that I did not get punished for it. I sent milk every morning free to a family for a whole year. But one day it did not reach them in time and they called me bad names. I bought clothes for the poor in winter; the boys of these people came and stoned my windows. Everywhere I turned my hand to do a kindness I met a similar experience. Even my own relatives were hard against me.

But never mind, Zanthon. I found afterwards that ingratitude was useful. We should not expect any return from doing a good act, save the satisfaction that it brings. A noble deed is injured by compensation. Therefore, my dear, when you relieve others in distress be a stranger to them.

A very curious little study is that of the peasant to whom was given a silk hat.

He, Mehill, accustomed all his life to the coarsest and cheapest of head gear, to don a hat like this in the full light of day and before all people, to be laughed at, jeered and stared out of countenance? He trembled as if the reading of his death warrant was in progress.

Mark, however, the strength of human vanity. The next morning, when satisfied that his wife had left the house, Mehill returned to it, locked the door to prevent interruption, and prepared to gloat over the acquisition of his new hat alone. As preliminary actions he rubbed the tips of his fingers on the sides of his pantaloons, in order, probably, to make his grasp more secure, coughed, groaned with excessive delight, then seized the hat daintily in his hands. After examining its beauty with the keenest relish imaginable, he raised it above him for an instant, like one about to crown himself, then permitted its soft lining to encompass his head. The hat was on! There was a looking-glass on the wall near him, up to which he glided, and the sight that met his eyes there roused every latent power of his body and mind into ecstacy.

He laughed, giggled, screamed, bowed to himself, threw his feet up alternately in the air, as if executing a Highland fling, and performed many other wonderful movements, until compelled to stop for want of breath. He never imagined the world capable of affording him such pleasure. It would make him a new man, with patience to bear twenty years more of life, even such hard life as his, and gild the passage of all that time with golden memories. Having delivered this decision to himself in his own way, he hastily replaced the hat in its receptacle and returned to his work in the fields.

Being the grandson of a patriot, Zanthon, too, becomes a martyr to his country. Finally, however, he escapes from the prison in which he is confined and comes to America. He never marries, never loves nor is loved, but devotes his energies to helping his fellow-man.

JAMES DORAN.

This singular story has been the work of James Doran, who came to America in 1867 and entered the regular United States army, with which he has been connected more or less ever since. A school-teacher in County Mayo, Ireland, he has always devoted himself to self-education, and attracting the attention of certain officers, notably the Chief Surgeon, Dr. J. V. S. Middleton, was encouraged in taking up certain courses of study, and thereby became connected with the medical staff corps. During this time he wrote a number of articles for papers. While in Oregon a serial story of his, entitled "Our Brother," ran in the daily morning paper, which srory was a satire on the methods in use in our politics. But it aroused such opposition that he withdrew it from publication, as it was considered to be personally directed against certain politicians in Oregon. Since then he has avoided Californian subjects and written upon other lands. Mr. Doran is a resident of Oakland. His wife, Mrs. Doran, was a Californian school-teacher and assists him in his literary work.

The first novel written by a woman in California is, so far as known, that of Rowena Granice Steele. It is entitled "The Victims of Fate," and appeared in 1857, being published by Sterrett & Co. One thousand copies were sold in San Francisco and five thousand throughout the State. Mrs. Granice Steele is still active and about and lives in Modesto, She is well known for the little entertainments which she gave in early times in the mines, and later I remember seeing her over in Nevada, when, with her little son, she gave scenes from Shakespeare and bits of comedy. Her son is now connected with the Modesto *Herald*.

"Poseidon's Paradise" is the title of a romance written by Eliza G. Birkmaier, which portrays life as it might have existed in the famed and lost Atlantis. An able Eastern critic says of this volume:

> But for her German name I should wonder at so careful and imaginative a romance of the pre-Hellenic unknown coming out of the newest new world. I don't know that Ebers and the rest have done anything more readable than this archælogical prose poem. But it is expected that the Republic of Letters will require every pilgrim to bring tribute from the productions of his own province. There is abundant suggestion for tales of lost races and histories in the very region from whence this gift comes to me.

Mrs. Birkmaier was born in Baltimore, Maryland, and is of Revolutionary stock. She came to California in 1852, when a child, and now lives in Alameda. Like Alice Kingsbury Cooley, she has lived in her mind rather than in the external world, and has taken on little local color, finding more pleasure in her meditation with the ancients. Her story is beautifully told, and of absorbing interest to those who enjoy studies of the past. Of this volume the *Overland* says:

> A remarkable book to be a San Francisco production is *Poseidon's Paradise*, a story of Atlantis. Mrs. Birkmaier has studied such material as was to be had in mythology, Plato, and down even to Ignatius Donnelly; but when it is put together the result is very scanty, and there is required a vast deal of creative imagination to make a living picture of the misty Atlantis. The result in the present case is good;—such anachronisms as occur are apparently unavoidable;

for though we may suspect that Mrs. Birkmaier has made her ancients too far advanced in civilization in this or that particular, who shall say it was not her right to do it? The plot of an antique civilization, machinating priests, and a final convulsion of nature as the catastrophe, makes the book inevitably compare itself to "The Last Days of Pompeii," to the disadvantage of the present work, as was to be expected. But even so, there is still reason for reading and enjoying *Poseidon's Paradise*.

A charming, sweet story is that entitled "Other Things Being Equal," which is written by Emma Wolf, a native San Franciscan. There are many beautiful touches of feeling throughout the story, especially in the love scenes between the two characters of the book. For a first novel it is exceptionally well done. In review, the *Overland* gives the following:

> The most notable novel to be reviewed is by a local writer. "Other Things Being Equal" is the story of a Jewish girl of the best type who falls in love with a Christian physician. The scene is properly laid in San Francisco, for nowhere else on this continent, probably, is there a more cordial feeling between Jew and Christian, or a more influential Jewish community. Except for this, Miss Wolf makes but slight use of local coloring. She tells us that her characters are walking on Van Ness avenue, but there are none of those descriptive touches that make it real to those who know the street. But it is not fair to complain that the author has not done this thing or that, when she has done so well what she has tried to do with her whole heart. She has drawn a picture of the best family life of the Jews that they should be proud to own—of a Jewish girl, Ruth Levice, that is an addition to the Jewesses of literature—of a Jewish father that is a character sketch of the best sort.

Among the more serious works of philosophy relating to the scheme of life and its relation to the hereafter is a strange little volume by Robert Wilson Murphy. It is entitled "The Key to the Secret Vault," and relates to the mystery of death which is to unlock all the treasures of the future destiny of man. Dr. Murphy is a native of Virginia, and came to California in 1849.

ROBERT WILSON MURPHY.

From Charles Shortridge of the San Jose *Mercury* is quoted the following:

> Mr. Murphy cannot be classed among the Emersonians in his theology, but there are strong reminders of Emerson in his literary style and in his method of treating

subjects. He writes his conclusions at every topic of his book—clear cut and decisive, without troubling himself to give the reasons by which he arrived at them. He is a Christian evolutionist, and without questioning the first chapter of Genesis, gives from the "Book of Nature," as he calls it, a brief summary of the evolution of the world in exact accordance with the order laid down in the Bible. He quotes from Kant the saying: "Give me matter and I will explain the formation of the world; but give me matter only and I cannot explain the formation of a caterpillar." From this conception of evolution it will be seen that there must necessarily be a God to endow matter with conscious life and intelligence. The processes by which, life having been given, the characters of nations and individuals are formed, are taught in the same succinct and unargumentative way. God, we are told, is the prime factor in history. It is He who puts men in the great world movements and through them He dominates events. The greatest of these God-directed men is Jesus—the ideal man who is the "Divine clothed with and dwelling in a fleshy body." Through Jesus we are taught to understand the painful riddle of the earth and to conquer death. As the law of evolution is a law of antagonisms, it is through sorrow and suffering that the human soul is made capable of the highest happiness. The secret vault which contains the most precious good, or rather all that which the soul has stored up, each in its own way, while on earth, *is opened by the key of death.* This is but a brief outline of a system of philosophy which, stated as the author has done it, will be interesting to many. It seems to be a perfectly harmonious and consistent reconciliation of science and Christian theology, but it is not a reasoned system of philosophy. The author preaches to his readers as one who knows the truth, and does not argue with them as one who is seeking it. Whether it would be possible to elaborate this little book into a volume in which every conclusion would be shown to be the result of a clear system of reasoning is not for us to say. Being as it is, the book forms a notable addition to our essays on this exhaustless subject, and will well repay the reading to every thoughtful and reflecting mind.

Regarding the success which greeted the appearance of the charming Egyptian sketches by Jeremiah Lynch, George Hamlin Fitch says:

The favor with which London critics received "Egyptian Sketches," by Jeremiah Lynch, the well-known San Franciscan, was deserved. The book, while it can lay no claim to literary merit, gives one a remarkably clear idea of modern life on the Nile, as well as of that early Egypt whose remains threaten to be made cheap and common by the huckstering Arab. The author disclaims the title of Egyptologist, and it is fortunate for the reader that he does not indulge in those tedious historical essays that have been so cleverly caricatured by Cherbuliez in "The Golden Bull of Apepi." That he has been a careful and enthusiastic student of Egyptology, however, is evident, for no one who had not made a specialty of the subject could reproduce for us in a few chapters all that is best in the science. The feature of the book that impresses the American most pleasantly is its entire originality. The author never scruples to give his opinion frankly, although this may be flatly in defiance of the conventional dictum, and he never fails to give good reasons for his judgments. He seems to have gone through this old land, shadowed by a hoary antiquity that melts in the horizon of history, with the same alert glance and eager curiosity that he would carry into a new land unknown to the world. What was written about Egypt seems to him well and to be carefully considered, but he has adopted the plan of seeing things with his own eyes and judging them by his own lights. The result is refreshing after the dull echoes of other books which tourists in Egypt have given us.

Mr. Lynch spent nearly a year in Egypt and took pains to get some insight into native life and character. He lived in the native quarter of Cairo for six months, and mastered enough Arabic to understand the street story-tellers and to talk with the natives. In this way he gathered many facts and saw many scenes of which the ordinary traveler remains in ignorance. One of the best chapters relates the experience of an American whom he calls Carleton. Carleton's experiences with native cooks and servants are very amusing, and the climax is reached when he marries, on the Egyptian plan, the pretty young daughter of a Turkish soldier who fell at Tel-el-Kebir. She agreed to live with him if she were allowed to bring her mother and sister. She proved docile and devoted. She astonished the American by refusing to go out on the street more than once a week, and she gave him his greatest surprise one day when she besought him to marry her younger sister Farida, and take them both back with him to America. She said: "I am afraid to go away all alone from my family, so if my sister could go with us, and I know she loves you, too, we should be the happiest Egyptian girls in the world." Carleton acknowledged it was a tempting offer, and in talking of it he said: "Since then Farida comes into the saloon where I am talking to Hanim much oftener than before. She is a true daughter of Isis—black hair, eyes and eyebrows, erect as Rebecca, and looks as if she could be a Medeo when aroused by jealousy. Of course, it cannot well be, for we do not live in the time of the Pharaohs, and America is not Egypt." This chapter also contains the best description we have seen of the professional Egyptian dancing girl, with a good portrait of a chief dancer. These girls are luxuries that can only be afforded by the wealthy, for the services of four girls and two old women who played the instruments cost Carleton $75 for one entertainment. He records also that they drank sweet sherbet and cheap cognac, ate candy and smoked cigarettes all night long. The six women consumed 200 cigarettes, a feat that would tax the endurance of the most accomplished San Francisco hoodlum.

To English rule in Egypt the author devotes two chapters, which are filled with interesting facts. In popular style he discourses occasionally of Egyptology, and we fancy that most readers will get a better idea of the recent discoveries from this book than from the usual scientific accounts. The voyage up the Nile he made under the most favorable circumstances in a *dahabeeyeh* with our Consul, Eugene Schuyler, and in a series of sketches he has furnished vivid pictures of the beauty of the country, the romance of its antiquities, the squalor and misery of the people, and their content, which passeth all understanding.

Mr. Frank Norris, a student at the University of California, has written "Yvernelle; a Legend of Feudal France," in rhymed couplets. Mr. Norris is only 21 years old, but he has already a more than local reputation. A long residence abroad seems to have saturated him with the spirit of the France of the middle ages; and "Yvernelle" reflects very truthfully the "valor, love, romance and poetry" of those fascinating times.

FRANK NORRIS.

When squire, page and knight,
Portcullis, keep and barbican were real.

"Yvernelle" is a strong performance for a man of 21; there are several episodes marked in dramatic force, and some descriptive passages which, perhaps, show the writer at his best, and hint of some pleasant surprises for the future. Of such is:

Within a forest's tangled heart,
Far from the fief of Brittomarte,
Some three leagues as the swart crow flies,
A little stone-built bridge there lies—
A relic of the Roman day
When Cæsar's legions held their sway
Of Gaul—when Roman skill and art
Subdued the might of Gallic heart.
Scarce wider than the dun deer's leap,
Than his slim fetlock not as deep,
With dimpling cheek and laughing eye
The little stream goes dancing by.
Beneath its rippling wavelets fleet
The hemlocks bathe their gnarled feet;
O'er it the oaks their strong arms cast
To shield it 'gainst the boist'rous blast.

Of Frank Norris the Boston *Home Journal* says:

Frank Norris shows a familiarity with the old knightly chronicles in this romantic poem, add recounts with all the flavor and fascinating interest of the old chronicles, in fluent and melodious verse, the loves, battles and adventures of a valiant knight. His great fight in the forest, the furious galop on the invincible horse, Bayard, through the wild night to the door of the church wherein the fair and despairing Yvernelle stands ready to take the veil, are recounted in a style of unsurpassed power.

The *Overland Monthly* says:

"Yvernelle," by Frank Norris, is a legend of chivalry founded on a passage from Goethe, in which a curse is laid by a deserted woman on the woman whose lips shall next touch those of her reluctant lover. Yvernelle falls under the curse, and the story is devoted to the purging of the lover's sin through mortal combat and mastery of self and his final happy union with Yvernelle. The book is a marvel of the printer's art—the binding is in white and gold and the illustrations are exquisite, both in design and reproduction. The illuminated figures by Dielman, Shirlaw and Will Low are especially fine. The text is most interesting—sparkles with apt and pretty figures, and in the second canto and in Sir Caverlaye's ride, rises to a good deal of dramatic force.

CREPUSCULUM.

I hear them say our little life's "a day"—
That, born with light, at dusk it dies away.
I hear them say that Death is that Life's night—
That we but wax and wane with changing light.
O Blind! The Day 's not yet, this Life of ours
Is still the night's slow retinue of hours;
It's sorrows, nightmares. phantasms of shade;
Its pleasures, dreams that only form to fade.
Our Life's a night through which we blindly grope
With outstretched palms, hoping 'gainst failing hope.
Death ushers in the dawn of Life's true day;
Though gray the eve, so is the morning gray.
Be thou uplift, O Heart! Death's visage wan
Is lighted not with twilight but with dawn.—*Frank Norris.*

Among the volumes of verse published in California none have so pathetic a history as those written by Lorenzo Sosso. Born in Italy, young Sosso came when but a child with his parents to California, and soon forgot his native language. But the spirit of genius burned on through years of poverty and menial labor. In intervals of work poems came crowding into his brain, almost faster than he could write them. Night study brought familiarity with classic myths and the meters of the poets. His savings of years published a volume before he was twenty years of age. It contained many ideas and graceful lines, but of this edition he did not sell a copy. His book, however, passed through many hands and was read with a degree of interest which attracted attention and aroused curiosity. The poems addressed "To Kitty" were very sweet and innocent in their tone, while the more stately verses contained a promise of better things to come.

Not discouraged, two years later he published another volume with such advance in style and power that it drew reviews of praise from such papers as the *Independent*, the *Nation* and others, but was ignored by critics nearer home, with the exception of Mrs. Parkhurst, who gave him an extended notice in the *Californian*. Again he did not sell a copy, but attention was attracted to him, and a friend came forward who took him out of his lowly place and gave him a position in the Postoffice. Here he became a part of the machine, and has been so busily employed that in the time that has since elapsed he has written not one poem. But he has evidently been thinking, and, when a few more years have passed over his head, may speak again.

LORENZO SOSSO.

The strange thing about Mr. Sosso's verse is that it reveals a close acquaintance with books, and scarcely any knowledge of that comradeship which exists between people. He has grown up solitary and alone, preferring solitude to the elements which were his share. That he is gifted there is no doubt, as may be seen by his later volume, entitled "Poems of Humanity" and "Abelard to Heloise." The attention that he merits may be judged from the following stanzas, which appear also in "Readings from Californian Writers":

THE POET.

To preach the wisdom of the ages,
To glorify those seers and sages
Who taught that life is but transition;

To seek denial in endeavor,
To sing to men God's truths forever,
  This is the poet's holy mission.

To give a voice to spirits voiceless,
To make rejoice the hearts rejoiceless,
  To worship Love and Faith and Beauty;
To learn Life's everlasting meaning,
Which Nature seems forever screening,
  This is the poet's glorious duty.

To be the symbol of creation,
The warrior of his land and nation,
  Whatever dangers may surround her;
To see her glory not diminished,
To see her mighty race is finished,
  When Liberty divine has crowned her.

And when men's deeds of valor dwindle,
To reawaken and enkindle
  Within their souls a higher splendor;
To be amidst the van forbearing,
To be the first of freemen daring,
  The last of mortals to surrender.

To lead where none may seem to follow
Along the pathway of Apollo,
  Where Powers eternal seem to set him.
This should the poet do forever,
Though myriads laugh at his endeavor,
  Though men remember or forget him.—*Lorenzo Sosso.*

UNKNOWN AUTHORS.

LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.

1883.

Read before the Chautaqua Circle, Pacific Grove, by Ella Sterling Cummins.

Woman may be appropriately termed "The Peaceful Invader," for without war or even a flag of truce she has silently crept into all the places from which formerly, by common consent, she was excluded. Even Masonry, her sworn enemy, has widened its circles and taken her in, as well as other secret societies; while lately the order known as the Patriotic Sons of America, in California, missing her presence, has of its own accord provided a new ritual and organized auxillary lodges, to be known as the Patriotic Daughters of America.

It is a curious state of affairs by contrast to the olden days, but whether it will result in her ultimate advantage or not, will be known only to the philosopher of the future.

As to the origin of this peaceful invasion, we may trace its first impetus when, a hundred years ago, Frances Burney invaded the realm of literature with the first novel written by a woman. All London was taken by storm, and "Evelina" was the entering wedge of women's invasion. Preceeding that event, the novel had laid up for itself, condemnation and reproach to last a century, the very word, to some people to-day, being a synonym for coarseness and vulgarity. "Evalina" was a revelation to the sated dwellers in "Vanity Fair." It was a bright humorous picture of London life, which, though tinged with caricature rather than character painting, yet was free from any taint or touch of coarseness whatever. And though the author never equalled her first effort, through falling into imitation of the learned Dr. Johnson and others of that didactic coterie, yet in that one production she taught the world of literature a lesson, and made a path for her sisterhood to follow. Shortly after Mrs. Radcliff followed and became the true founder of the English school of romance with her "Mysteries of Udolpho," that forbidden delight of our grandmothers. Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austin and Jane Porter came in turn; then the poetic school of Cook, Landon and Hemans, culminating in Elizabeth Barrett Browning; then the Bronte sisters and George Eliot, both poet and novelist, and the later school of to-day.

Prior to this epoch introduced by Miss Burney, Elizabeth Elstob had written an Anglo-Saxon grammar, but it was not a natural field for woman's occupation, and with Frances Burney, afterwards Madame D'Arblay, rests the first honor of leading the way.

In all the womanly lists of novelists and poets it seems strange that there should not be one successful dramatist. Mrs. Inchbald was the writer of two or three comedies, but they were not of the kind that live, and though the name of Maria Lovell is given as the author of that most charming play of "Ingomar and Parthenia," yet investigation shows that it was written by a German dramatist, and that she is merely the translator.

Our own Frances (Mrs. Hodgson Burnett) has been more successful than others of her sisterhood in this line, with her charming "Esmeralda" and "That Lass o' Lowrie's," but they have been dramatized novels rather than pure dramatizations, and had to be passed through the playwright's hands to be thus prepared.

So much remains to be done by woman in the field of literature before she can lay claim to actual rivalry with man.

But it is not of the past, nor of great writers and achievements, that I wish to speak—rather of the small, well-beaten paths that lie within our reach to-day. Where there is one woman who achieves success in a single, well-written book, there are thousands who can earn a modest income by hard, dogged work in literature as a profession, and this is the point to be considered. Frances Burney opened the way for her sisterhood, who were not long to take the hint, and to-day, a hundred years after, they have invaded the field by thousands, gleaning right and left for all the stray sheaves that may have been overlooked, but by whom there will be no individual impression made upon present literature, and of whom posterity will never hear. And this will be because their life work is absorbed by the daily press, in long columns of ephemeral writings suited to the hour, but without name or even initial to identify the writer.

To understand this we must remember that there are many kinds of writing, and to-day the old-fashioned idea that a moral must be inspired in order to make the pen fly is relegated to the shelf with the antiquities of the past. Most of the writing of to-day is done to-order—what is rudely known as "hack work"—although it sometimes requires a great amount of education and a fine brain to produce what is desired. This is a hard age.

It has reduced the science of supply and demand to a fine point. An editor of a journal or magazine may despise the provender upon which he feeds his subscribers, but he has made a study of the desires of the greatest number, and merely supplies the stuff suited to this demand in order that he may continue in business.

When, as assistant editor, the writer was taken on the staff of a certain Western magazine (*The Golden Era*), immediately she started in to begin a complete reformation. Said she: "I want this publication to be a credit to all concerned, and the first thing is to bounce all this silly trash and poetry, and bring it up to a high standard."

The editor, who had made a number of experiments and knew all about such a course of procedure, simply smiled and said: "Yes, it would be very nice. If I should let you have your way, in six months I would not have a subscriber left." And in a short time the would-be reformer discovered that a certain trashy story (at least from her point of view) brought in ten subscribers fo their own accord, while a silly little poem, utterly weak and watery, according to her idea, brought out letters from people in every direction, who were inexpressibly touched by its refrain.

And so the fault lies not with the editor or manager of a publication in what he publishes, but in the defective taste of the public. Sometimes it happens that the most valuable and critical article passes unnoticed, save by a very few, while a simple little tale awakens the interest of the many. It is the greatest and most wonderful study—this of keeping the finger on the popular pulse—and the most successful editor is he who is master of the art. To accomplish this purpose, he introduces special departments, each attractive to a certain class—a theatrical department, a fashion department, sporting, secret societies and even a gossip department. These kinds of writings have afforded many opportunities for the invasion of women, who have shown a special aptitude for certain of these positions, notably the theatrical, the artistic, the fashion and gossip departments. A quick, bright humor and readable style are the chief requisites of these writers, and render them valuable in their special lines.

Thus we make a distinction right here between this writing to order, which is to fill this demand of the popular press, and the creative writing, which is born of a human soul who feels that she has a tale to tell—a tale she must tell whether the world will hear or not. She may give to the world a masterpiece—a mono-poem—one which brings the tears to the eyes, a throb to the heart, one which will live long after she is resting upon the breast of Mother Earth, but which will not bring to her the bread to keep her alive. Literature as a profession is a very different thing from this. From a well-conducted theatrical department a woman may earn sufficient to keep herself, and, in in some cases, her fatherless children, nicely fed and clothed, varying in peculiar cases from $10 to $25 a week. For the supervision of a periodical, editing and contributing, some women receive from $2000 to $3000 and $4000 a year. This highest sum is received by Mary L. Booth of *Harper's Bazar*, and a similar sum by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge of *St. Nicholas*, while Mrs. Ella Farran receives $3000 a year as part owner of *Wide-Awake*. These are exceptional cases, however, and in each one the position has been created by the incumbent.

In the same way, those who receive large sums for novel-writing, or the producing of books of travel or essays, or even Sunday School literature, each one has to create her own demand before she has obtained her place among the ranks.

Publishers do not publish books or carry on their business for the fun of it, any more than any other business man. A thorough, earnest student once prepared himself for a professorship, and wrote to a prominent professor to ask how it would be possible to secure such a position finally. The professor was a man of brains, rather than heart. He was perfectly safe in his reply: "Get a reputation and personal influence." And this is a life work in itself.

So in literature, a reputation stands as the first requisite for those who wish to write books or gain large sums of money.

Lesser positions, however, are to be found of a similar, though smaller nature, every journal of any importance having two or more women employed in these special lines of literary work already mentioned. In San Francisco there are some eight or ten ladies especially engaged in department work, notably Mrs. Joseph Austin, the "Betsey B." of the *Argonaut*, Mrs. Unger of the *Chronicle* and *San Franciscan*, Mrs. Flora Haines Apponyi of the *Chronicle* and *Alta*, as well as *San Franciscan*, Miss Millicent Shinn, editor of the *Overland Monthly*, Mrs. Annie Lake Townsend, the Misses Lake of the *Call* and *Argonaut*, Mrs. Avery of the *Rural Press*, Mrs. Chretien of the *Examiner* and Mrs. Frona Waite of the *Ingleside*, most of whom have no special identity, but the greater portion of whose work is daily and weekly swallowed up in the personality of the paper upon which they are engaged.

Some very remarkable writing has been done in these special lines. It has been said of Mrs. Unger: "She has lifted a fashion department up to a dignity it never possessed before, while as an art critic she cannot be surpassed,"

It is conceded by those who know, that Mrs. Austin's department of theatrical criticism is handled in a masterly manner. Mrs. Apponyi is particularly happy in descriptive articles of libraries, art collections and in local sketches, besides possessing a gift in story-writing. The Lake sisters are all gifted, and bring to the finish of their work, whatever it may be, either art or musical criticism, or the realm of story-writing, the results of the highest cultivation.

This is the bright side of the picture, but there is another as well. A woman with a clever gift in character writing, with humorous and refined flashes of wit, is pressed into service, writing up a fashion department or theatrical gossip, in one of our daily journals, where for a good salary she grinds out the stuff required at so much per week, without regard to the after-affects or even dangerous consequences. The result is a tired brain, forced work and a hatred for the realm of literature. A most charming little woman thus engaged, Mrs. Minnie Buchanan Unger, said to me the other day: "I wish I could see my way out of the writing business. The first luxury I should treat myself to would be to buy one gallon of ink, for the pleasure of pouring it into the Bay."

And in no profession is there such nervous prostration and breaking down of the system, as that which makes ceaseless demand upon hand and brain. Sometimes the hand weakens with paralysis, and with loss of situation staring her in the face she must learn a new method of using the pen, perhaps become left-handed. Sometimes the brain refuses to be coaxed into considering, the frivolities and caprices of the world of fashion or of the drama or of gossip, and it must be forced and goaded by such means as make dishwashing appear to be a species of fancy work, and, by comparison, a positive pleasure and delight.

These modern cases, where it becomes a burden, where the writer is denied the opportuity of expansion and compelled to remain in restricted limits, shows a certain similarity to the fate of the original invader into the realm of literature.

Macaulay inveighs against the short-sighted policy which led Miss Burney to accept the position of waiting-maid to the Queen as a great honor—to spend years of her life in tying bows and caring for the laces of her Majesty, and standing by the hour in her presence—a course which not only ruined her health, but dwarfed and ruined her natural powers. And so with these of her talented sisters in journalism.

They are doomed to the tying of the bows and caring for the laces of fashion, than whom there exists no more imperious queen. They are condemned to a constant bowing and curtesying to the public to keep in her good graces, and they come out from it broken and jaded in spirit and health, receiving nothing more than did Miss Burney in exchange for all this fine work of brain and hand, merely food, clothing and lodging and an ungracious dismissal. These are some of the defects of the department system. It reduces a human being to a mere machine, through which the required thoughts are ground out. Not long ago I met such an individual, a journalist upon one of the San Francisco daily papers, and he did not seem a human being, to such perfection had he become under this system. He had no knowledge of anything not relating to his special line. He had ceased to think upon anything except the subject for which he was paid to think. His hand trembled, his eyes were weak; he repeated my words with an aimless repetition. I referred to some writing he had done in his youth, a story I had seen in an old file of the *Golden Era* away back in 1860. An inane smile lighted up his indistinct countenance for an instant. Then a look of fear followed.

"Sh!" he whispered, looking around him. "I—I don't do that kind of work any more. I have charge of such and such a department. It is too late—too late. The dreams of my youth—what I once hoped——" He seemed dazed. Then recovering himself said: "Have you seen my last criticism on the 'History of Dictionaries?'"

It was pitiful. It seemed to me that there was a railroad track through his brain on just one subject, and that all else was either desert or brambles. But there is something in a woman's nature that would make her either die or go insane before reaching such a condition as this, and instead of an end, I believe that many of them can make these department positions merely stepping-stones to something higher.

Another galling point in literature as a profession for woman is the limitation with which all attempts to do enthusiastic work is surrounded. At first a woman writes with her whole soul and throws in many beautifying touches. She views her work as a labor of love. Now *space* is the criterion of modern literary prowess, and she soon finds that her article is chopped off in the middle without regard to reason. An ordinary descriptive sketch will stand this sort of treatment and no one will be the wiser; but a story writer has to become philosophical and measure out her paper before she begins, if she does not want to be astonished when it appears in print.

Another point still more serious is the absolute power of editor or publisher in the changing of a writer's plot to suit his particular ideal. It is said that authors of prominence, even those who have scored success in literature, cannot give free utterance to their artistic conceptions in the books they write, without fearing their publishers.

In her novel, entitled, "Through One Administration," it is said that Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett was compelled to rewrite the conclusion three times in order to please the editor of the *Century*, and when her readers reached the end, they felt, one and all, that some jugglery had been done, it was so inartistic and unworthy of the opening chapters. The same thing was done in the otherwise noble book, entitled "Anne," by Constance Fenimore Woolsen. Fresh and bright as it originally stood, it was a charming story of a young girl, but the powers-that-were, thought the pages wanted a sensation, so returned it to her with the result of having a murder introduced which jarred upon every one, it seemed so terribly forced, and ruined the artistic quality of the book as a pleasant study.

In this, we see the same spirit at work that ruined Frances Burney's later works. She was surrounded by a learned coterie who were pleasantly wise and set a fashion of their own of using a Latinized-English dialect, which they considered the acme of elegant diction, but which, in his day, Macauley pronounced to be "simply detestable." She became infected with the mannerisms of the day, and lost the delightful simplicity of language, which was her chief charm, and took on this "detestable dialect," which so obscured the sense that her subsequent books were almost unreadable. While there is much to be gained from contact with intellectual giants, their methods are not always best adapted to mortals under their size, who may be much swifter and quicker in making their smaller circles; and the compiler of a dictionary, who may be successful enough in his field, is scarcely fitted to advise a woman who is writing a novel, nor is the editor of a successful periodical, merely because he is a successful editor, any better adapted to know what is the real artistic finish to the plot and characters conceived by the busy brain of a woman who loves her work.

Imagine Dr. Johnson advising our Louise Alcott how to write her delightful stories. I am afraid we should have had no delicious "Jo" with all her crudities and naive expressions, while "the little women" would have strutted around in their grandfather's coats and wigs and spectacles.

Each writer should have a tale of her own to tell, fresh and uncontaminated by an other spring. The imitating of books and characters already in existence, is an unnecessary task. Originality is the ring that tells the conterfeit from the real gold or silver in literature.

At the same time the woman who is endowed with the artistic quality, with brightness of style and analysis of character, may find many opportunities for the development of her powers in common, ordinary newspaper work, and in the learning of her art, provided it is not made a burden.

The short story writers occupy a charming field—one which is the most attractive in all the literature of the present. There is a certain demand for short stories which makes them seem all the more attractive, and leading many to take up the pen who vainly imagine that it must be the easiest thing in the world, and this accounts for much of the stuff we see in print. But, on the contrary, short story writing is as surely a gift as verse writing or any other species of literature. A certain man said in comment upon the three-volume novel he had just written: "If I had had the time I should have made it a short story."

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford has stood at the head of short story writers for twenty years, and it is doubtful if any one has arisen to compete with her. Upon our own coast we have a school of short story writers coming to the front, among whom are the Lake sisters, Flora Haines Apponyi, Mrs. Emma Francis Dawson, Yda Addis, Evelyn Ludlum, Kate Bishop and others, who all write with great strength and clearness.

There needs to be a certain brightness, compactness and crystallization of purpose in a short story which cannot be achieved by an amateur at the trade.

Good short stories find a market at Christmas times on our coast at from ten to twenty-five dollars, according to desirability and the fame of the writer. And this is one of the reasons that the new fashion is to write under one's own name, retaining one's individuality, for, in the course of time, a name comes to have a commercial value.

With a limited amount of experience in journalism, a coming in contact with type and printer's ink, a woman gains more thorough education in practical methods of writing, in terseness, and the realities of life, than in a whole life-time studying books. And this is one of the reasons why manuscripts sent in by fairly intelligent people are so often unavailable, they are unconscionably long, didactic, and without one touch of human nature.

The amateur who longs for the bitters and sweets of a literary life, had best make friends with an editor and obtain permission to practice on his paper. If no other way opens, it might be a good idea to save the editor's life in order to obtain the coveted permission. Nothing less will open the columns of some of our papers and magazines to a new-comer.

An extraordinary woman may be able to write well without this process, but the average, ordinary woman of promise, with some little talent, and a great desire to achieve fame, will find that there is no other road to the charmed circle. She will even find that the personal influence is more powerful than positive genius, and will be enabled by means of it to snatch many a little crumb from the more gifted.

George Eliot passed through a long and arduous experience of magazine editing and writing, and did not produce her first novel till she was 37 years of age. The roses of fullfillment were long in coming, but they were far more finished, perfected roses than those that bloom on the early developed tree.

There are many things that a woman discovers in newspaper life. The greatest that two things are necessary to becoming a writer—the first: to have something to say, next: to know how to say it, and sometimes she discovers that the latter is considered the more important of the two. And it is true, also, of oratory. How often we have been charmed with the man who speaks with the silver tongue, and afterwards have wondered what t was all about, while often the man who has something great to say, obscures and dims it all by not knowing how to say it. But the joining of the two makes the finished orator as well as the finished writer. Another great lesson is that which women do not easily learn—the lesson of brevity, the lesson of silence, even. This is one of the chief obstacles to woman's success in invading the territory of man. Whatever her instincts, her artistic qualities, her intuitions, she loves to talk, and sometimes selects the busiest hour, when each sixty seconds represent a diamond moment.

Woman is naturally undisciplined, and cannot see why she should not take precedence of business matters, merely because she is a woman. It is not her fault; she has been trained to expect it; but the fact is, that while the literary work of many of our women is desirable and greeted with pleasure by the expectant editor, their presence is not always so.

Consequently, for a woman to be received with equal pleasure by an editor, she ought to save his life or have done him some tremendous favor, in order that he may not be wishing to heaven that she would take an early departure. However, as a rule, editors and newspaper men are the most courteous, the kindest and most obliging of all classes of men, especially when we take into consideration the awful trials that they are compelled to endure. An editor's office is the natural rendezvous for all the wild cranks and partially insane creatures in the community.

Think of a wild-eyed poet bringing in a thousand lines of poetry, entitled "To the Universe," and insisting on reading it to the unfortunate editor in his den, and assuring him that he has still two thousand more to read when he has finished the first installment. It is not much wonder that an editor gets to viewing each new-comer with a doubtful expression of countenance, not knowing what sort of a new human being is about to spring upon him.

In this personal contact with type and printer's ink women also learn that they cannot take precedence of all things else; that the printing press waits for no woman; and only the other day a bright young woman, Frona Eunice Waite, who had worked her way, step by step, from the type-font to the editing of a department, said to me: "Oh, yes! I find that the more obscure that I make myself the better it is for me. Men don't like to feel that a woman is around when they are busy at their work, and so I dress plainly and keep all the rustle out of my skirts that I possibly can.

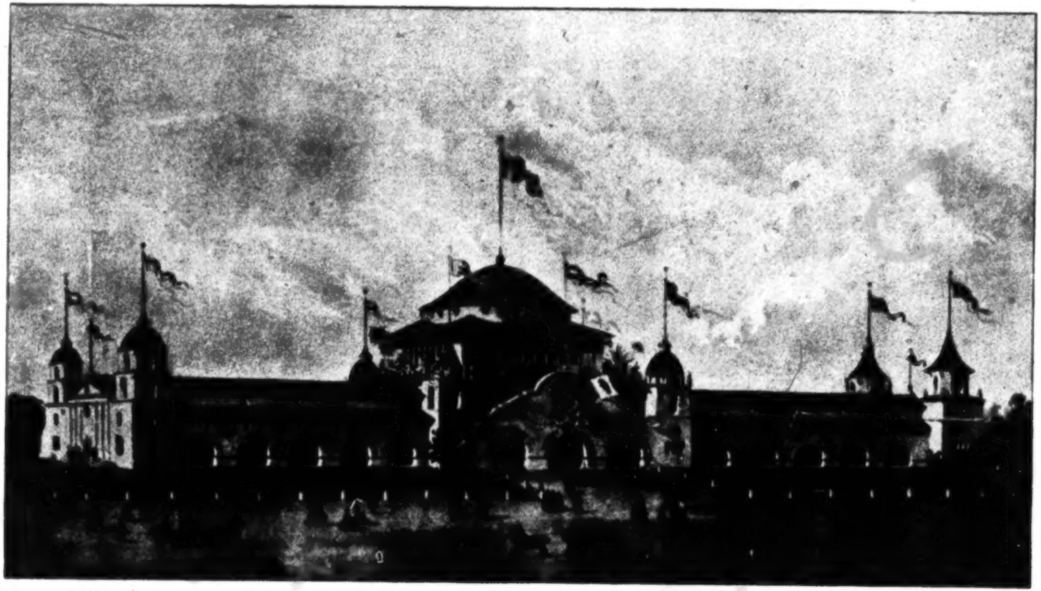
A woman soon learns that her natural exactions in regard to drawing-room etiquette in a printing office are very decidedly in the way of acquiring business methods, and without business sagacity in this day and generation women might as well realize that their invasion will not be a success.

Common-sense is at the root of all the success of to-day, and without it we are left behind in the race.

The need of woman preparing herself for the profession of literature cannot be doubted, but there is another form that presents itself as a goddess that has touched the earth lightly. It is that of the extraordinary woman, who has developed in the dark silence of her own four walls, who shall feel in her own soul throes of mental agony in the tale she has to tell, the offspring born of her soul and brain and arrayed in classical garments. Why should we not look forward to producing one such woman in all our glorious fruitage of this fair land of ours? Why should we yield to this hard age and refuse her even an ideal existence?

Inspiration still lives, far and above all this machinery and study of supply and demand. The creative instinct still exists, lofty and pure of heart, not caring for food or drink; and some day Inspiration and Creative Instinct will arise and from some woman's tongue speak forth.

She will need no other aids or helps than her own heaven-born genius, and literature will be to her not a profession, but merely a voice! —*Ella Sterling Cummins.*



CALIFORNIA
1893.

SAN FRANCISCO JOURNALISM,

FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

Written for the "Californian Story of the Files" by Flora Haines Loughead.

The author of this book has asked me to give from my own experience an opinion upon San Francisco editors and journalists, and I feel very much like one born and bred in the backwoods who is asked to write a history of the world. Some little knowledge of our local newspapers and the men who make them has came to me during years of activity as one of the minor workers upon them; but this knowledge was but incidental to a very busy life, which gave no time for reflection, and I have never stopped to measure it until now. When I try to narrow the subject to a more familiar field and to write about women in journalism, I am again under still more embarrassing limitations, for circumstances confined my actual knowledge of the women journalists of San Faancisco to one woman. and that woman myself.

So far as I can learn, I believe that I was the first woman to engage in "all-around newspaper work" in San Francisco. There were women who wrote on special subjects, mainly about the fashions and social events, with now and then an eloquent appeal in behalf of charitable or reform work, and there were correspondents galore. There may have been a few others who had previously tried their hands at regular work in the open field, but it would seem that they could not have persevered long enough to have made any record, for I never heard of them. The isolation of my position did not trouble me then, because it never occurred to me, probably because heavier anxieties left no room for any self-consciousness; but I can see now how very pleasant it would have been to have had the countenance of a single fellow-worker of my own sex. Yet it is this very isolation in which I stood, and the fact that I was walking an untrodden path, where neither editors nor the public had quite decided to welcome a woman, that invests my experience with value.

My entrance into journalism was accidental from first to last. In San Francisco it began with a few articles on a special subject which was just then commanding national attention, and upon which a friend had assured the proprietor of the principal daily that, although a mere girl, I was competent to write. These were furnished by request and with indifferent interest on my part. A year later necessity led me to apply to the same newspaper for work. The first task given me was one requiring some courage and finesse—the investigation of a doubtful advertisement from one of the most notorious and infamous baby farmers of San Francisco. It may be that my unheasitating acceptance of this disagreeable and, for a woman, somewhat dangerous mission, and my success with it, led to my subsequent steady employment. I never accepted a regular staff position, for my home duties made it impossible to give regular hours to my bread-winning work, but always came under the class of special writers, sometimes working upon elective subjects, sometimes at the suggestion of the editor, and occasionally taking a detail from the office. I was over-fastidious in my choice of topics and unwilling to stand forth as a regular reporter and fare forth to all sorts of places at the command and convenience of my chief. Herein I was handicapped and of less value to the paper. Other women have since demonstrated that a woman may go upon a newspaper staff and perform every legitimate task that a man is called upon to discharge, without sacrificing one iota of her womanliness or dignity. I was not afraid to face an enraged woman whom I had thwarted in her scheme to gain possession of an innocent child and to sell it for base purposes; but when it came to go to the Pavilion to a walking-match, where men were swearing and drinking and low women were assembled, I was a coward. "Annie Laurie" would have done both, and have done them nobly, leaving the impress of her strong womanly character upon the rough sporting crowd, and working into her report some grain of leaven, in the way of kind suggestion or wise rebuke. A true journalist should be like a soldier, ready to obey orders without question.

Nothing would justify the personal nature of this reminiscence but the facts that it is intended to establish. I stepped into newspaper work, unprepared and in many respects unfitted for it, and preserved in it for years, weighed down by untold anxieties that sapped my strength and courage. I could not have contended against injustice. A rebuke or open disapproval would have wounded me to the quick. I was a child in my experience of the world, but pure of heart and purpose, and a single act of familiarity or an indelicate word would have crushed me. I was daily thrown into close contact with men, sometimes in confidential consultation at the editor's desk, or writing in noisy local rooms, where a host of reporters came and went. In all this time I was treated with unvarying respect and consideration. If my work was faulty or ill-judged, as it must sometimes have been, the necessary admonition came in the form of a kind suggestion or apologetic criticism. No indelicate word was ever addressed to me, no language ever used in my presence that my little children might not have heard. If my presence was a restraint I never was permitted to feel it. If, as sometimes happened, a particularly desirable piece of work fell to my share, no one was quicker to congratulate me than the man who would have been selected to do it if I had not been there. Looking back and realizing that in my small person was presented the new and doubtful element of woman's competition in newspaper work, and a competition wholly outside of the departments of fashion and social life, which had always been willingly enough conceded to her, it seems to me that there was something knightly in this treatment. And it must be remembered that I was not a pretty girl, or even a maiden lady who presented interesting possibilities or could be a pleasant social acquaintance, but a very careworn young mother, who often brought a little child with her when an errand led her into the office.

It appears to me that this experience means a great deal. It means that San Francisco journalists are generous minded, honorable, considerate men. Moreover, it demonstrates that an earnest woman, faithfully toiling in new and difficult fields, may be sure of finding respect and good-fellowship among all intelligent men. The two qualities essential to her are sincerity and faithful service. Other qualities may raise the estimate in which she is held and help her to win popularity, but these two will insure her respect.

With this chapter to look back upon, it cannot be expected that I should be willing to make a cold-blooded estimate of San Francisco editors and journalists. If they have their frailties and eccentricities, others must weigh these and set them down. In scholarship and ability, I think they will rank with their brethren in the most important Eastern cities; in originality and enterprise they will outrank the latter. There is a marked tendency among educated men toward daily journalism, but it is doubtful whether any other city in the world can show such an army of cultured, educated, brainy men as form the rank and file of the newspaper profession in San Francisco. There is justification for their choice in the life they lead. If a man wishes to probe the depths of living, if he wants to climb its heights, if he would see evil and virtue in every form, if he would himself be a potent though invisible influence in society, if he would enjoy pure, unadulterated fun, or run the chance of proving himself a hero, let him elect to follow the life of a newspaper reporter in this Western city. The labor is arduous, but it is nothing compared to the experience. Our greatest novelist should be bred in this school; but he must be strong enough to withstand its temptations, which are many.

To write fairly and comprehensively of San Francisco journals would require much space, and the story might need to be revised to-morrow. Take, for instance, the two leading daily papers, the *Chronicle* and *Examiner*. A few years ago the *Chronicle* was the synonym for all that was enterprising and radical. Now, no less ably edited, it is dignified, conservative and eminently cautious. A few years ago the *Examiner*, although the sole Democratic morning paper in a Democratic city, was a sleepy little journal of no pretensions and small circulation, quite lost to sight behind its Republican contemporaries. To-day, in the hands of its able and generous proprietor, it is a brilliant paper, whose enterprise extends to all quarters of the globe, and the most widely read newspaper west of the Mississippi. The *Call*, the *Post*, the *Report* and the *Bulletin* are newspapers of seconday circulation, but there is no telling what day one of these may forge to the front and closely press the leaders, or whether some wholly new publication may not see the light, endowed with some of our surplus capital and a fresh fund of Western ideas, and take the popular fancy by storm.

San Francisco is singularly deficient in weekly papers. The *Argonaut* occupies a peculiar and unique place of interest, due to the original genius and fearless speech of one man. The *Wasp* and the *News Letter* interest many for the hour, but do not pretend to any permanent value. The only two weekly literary publications of any standing that have been inaugurated during the past twenty years, the *Ingleside* and the *San Franciscan*, achieved very decent reputations and considerable popularity, but were permitted to die before they had been placed on a sound financial basis. The great journalistic possibility of San Francisco is a weekly illustrated paper, produced in a style equal to *Harper's Weekly*, conducted with dignity, presenting a condensation of the news of the world, and of this coast in particular, and containing the very best fresh fiction obtainable from local writers. Such a journal would find generous support, both here and elsewhere.—*Flora Haines Loughead.*

WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION.

JOURNALISTS:

Frances M. Bagby, Mrs. John R. Berry, Mary M. Bowman, Maggie D. Brainard, Genevieve Lucille Brown, Rose Bushnell, Sarah B. Cooper, Mrs. Sam Davis, C. E. Eddy, M. G. C. Edholm, Virginia C. Forward, Louise Francis, M. F. Hall-Wood, Mary E. Hart, L. C. P. Haskins, S. E. A. Higgins, Ella Higginson, Virginia Hilliard, D. A. Hodghead, M. L. Hoffman-Craig, Elizabeth Hogan, Andrea Hofer, Abba Holton, Eliza D. Keith (Di Vernon), Barbara Knell, Adeline E. Knapp, Mary T. Lawrence, R. A. Marshall, Florence Percy Mathern, Juana A. Neal, Mattie P. Owen, E. T. Y. Parkhurst, Maud Peasely, Isabel Raymond, S. E. Reamer, Sarah Sanford, Mary B. Watson, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Alice Carey Waterman and others.

AUTHORS:

Gertrude Franklin Atherton, W. B. Bancroft, C. C. Bateman, M. E. S. Brooke, Cora Chase, Ina D. Coolbrith, Julia P. Churchill, Mary E. Cook, Alice Kingsbury Cooley, Rose S. Eigenbaum, Nellie B. Eyster, Marcella Fitzgerald, A. C. Frederick, Mary W. Glascock, Emma Hanson, Bertha Herrick, Alice G. Howard, Mary A. Lambert, Evelyn Ludlum, Josephine Clifford McCrackin, Agnes Manning, Jane Martin, Juliette E. Mathis, Carrie Blake Morgan, Anna C. Murphy, J. O. Newhall, Anna Morrison Reed, Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, Emily Brown Powell, E. M. Shearer, Lillian H. Shuey, Mary O. Stanton, Charlotte P. Stetson, Maude Sutton, Rose Hartwick Thorpe, M. L. W. Towle, Frances F. Victor, Carrie Stevens Walter, Laura Lyons White, Kate Douglass Wiggin, Florence Williams, Virna Woods and others.

A great change has came to pass since 1883, the date of the preceding article, in the position of women in San Francisco, in relation to writing for the press. Their articles are now signed in many cases, and thereby have an acquired value. In addition to the demand for their work, the women have organized themselves into a society called the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association. Within this circle, which includes journalists, authors and associate members, there are many notable women writers of the coast, though there are many still outside who have not yet joined their ranks.

By the concentration of energy and consecutiveness of purpose of a few women, of whom the late Mrs. Emilie Tracy Y. Parkhurst was the chief worker, this association was placed upon a substantial foundation and seems destined to a long life. They have survived the ordeal of the making and approving of the constitution and by-laws, and also the period of adding amendments and clauses to fit all emergencies.

Their annual meetings are seasons of entertainment to themselves and their friends, and tickets of admission are eagerly sought. Their programmes are enjoyable, consisting of the best music, recitations and original papers on many themes. Their receptions, given at the Hotel Pleasanton, bring together bright minds, notables and clever people who like to be counted in. Perhaps, sometimes, the outside crowd is a little ungrateful, and sometimes the brothers of the press like to say witty things in the papers at their expense. Nevertheless this association has contributed in a great measure to a more kindly feeling among the writers generally, and enabled them to become acquainted with each other, which process heretofore has seemed to be merely a matter of accident.

To attempt to present in this volume anything more than a mention of some of these women writers of our coast would require space that is not to be had within the limits of a chapter. I shall content myself, therefore, with certain names which are representative of the association, and trust that such as are omitted will recognize the fact that "space is the criterion of modern literary prowess."

An exhaustive account of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association was attempted for the purposes of this book by Miss Eliza Keith, but the material she gathered would have filled a volume in itself, and in despair at reducing all this to one chapter she abandoned the task.

Therefore I present this chapter merely as representative of the Woman's Press Club, and use such pictures as, with great difficulty, I have obtained myself.

A very remarkable young woman was the late Mrs. Parkhurst, whose organizing ability first drew together the nucleus from which grew the now prosperous association which is the subject of this chapter. She was quiet, reserved and moderate in manner and in speech, and yet she could bend people and circumstances to her will, and accomplish the almost impossible. Her aspirations were so high that she was willing to wait until she had, like the tree in the forest, put forth great roots to sustain her in the time when she should branch forth, as she confidently hoped. She spent herself in detail work, in correspondence of the most remarkable order, in preliminaries and in organization. She devoted much of her time to encouraging other writers, and in establishing a "Literary Bureau" for the sale of manuscripts. There was one man confined in a State's Prison—a man of ability and education, to whom she wrote faithfully, simply to cheer him and to encourage his literary efforts, though she had never known nor seen him.

MRS. EMELIE T. Y. PARKHURST.

She had marked talent in the branch of music. I remember seeing her sit down to the piano at one of the entertainments of the association at Union-square Hall, and play the accompaniment for the great tenor Guille to sing. She had not even practiced the song over with him and the music was of the most difficult description. She did it beautifully.

She was gifted in many ways. But there is little to bring forward as an exhibit of her quality of mind. I remember asking her to give me something of her writing that would be like her, for I always felt that she was far superior to anything she had written. And then it was that she told me that she was not ready yet. That some day she would open her heart and say what was there, but the time had not yet come.

I looked over many of her poems. Some of them were odd and shadowy, but they did not reveal the real woman. She wrote many newspaper articles, but they were mostly to order to suit the hour. She told me she had written a libretto to an opera founded on the novel "Ramona," and that it was being set to music in the East. That seemed more like her. And she was meditating a novel which would embody ideas of reincarnation, suggested most strangely by her own experience while abroad, Versailles appearing to her as a place where she had once dwelt.

So it is that we meditate and plan great things and then waste our vital force upon the trival things of the daily grind. It is conceded by all that Mrs. Parkhurst's devotion to others and unremitting, ceaseless brain toil, in spite of her delicacy of constitution, shortened her life and took her away just as she believed she had reached the place where she could begin to live for herselt.

She was the daughter of John Swett, who has always been connected in San Francisco with education, and was one of the contributors to the old *Pioneer Magazine*.

Mrs. Parkhurst was born in San Francisco, March, 1863, and died April 21, 1892, leaving a little daughter.

In a sketch written by Callie Bonney Marble, she says:

> Mrs. Parkhurst is of medium height, slender, and with a sweet womanly face, lovely in the soul that shines through mirthful eyes of ever changing hue. A woman who lives for something higher than mere conventional forms and aims, a true friend and sympathetic helper.

The following stanzas of Mrs. Parkhurst are here quoted:

Only here where watch I'm keeping,
Finds the soul a peace unbroken,
And a comfort all unspoken
In the garden of the sleeping.

DEATH OF DAY.

The quiet, patient breast of Mother Earth
Seems to call my tired soul to rest.
Dimness obscures the world from vale to crest.
I close my eyes and wait a new day's birth.

I stand abashed before thy meed of praise.
What have I done to soothe thy troubled days?
What can I do to fill thy aching needs?
Ah me! that I might give not words, but deeds.

—*Emelie Tracy Y. Parkhurst.*

MRS. NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster is such a dear, sweet soul that criticism falls disarmed before her. She has written many bright stories for *Harper's* and other Eastern magazines, containing personal reminiscences of the war times and notable men of that period. She has written also many newspaper articles for Californian journals, stories for the *Overland* and *Illustrated Californian*, and several volumes which have been brought out in the East, the last entitled "A Colonial Boy."

Her temperance lectures on the subject of the "House Beautiful and the Man Wonderful" have also made her well known to the public. Mrs. Eyster is a native of Frederic, Md.

Mrs. Alice Kingsbury-Cooley is still the same energetic, brimful-of-business, little woman that she was in the days when she wrote for the *Golden Era* and modeled her babies as Cupids. Her last work, "Asaph," is a picture of historical times when children were sacrificed to Moloch. The character of "Asaph" is beautifully drawn, and the devotion of the mother who saved him from the sacrifice by proclaiming that her child was the fruit of dishonor, could have been born only of a mother's brain. The chapter on the lion hunt is vivid and strong,and the prevailing undercurrent of the story seems to be in favor of a pure religious belief, shorn of all forms and ceremonies.

It is curious that she should have written such a book. I asked her how it was that she should have lived in California all these years, since 1866 or thereabouts, and be thinking about Palestine and Moloch and those unnatural times, instead of the grand pageant before her, and the new times and new people, and the historic period in which we are now living. And she said: "Well, I lived in a lonesome place in Berkeley, away from everybody, with the children growing up around me—and you know I had twelve in all—and I never saw California. I don't know anything about it. I just lived in my mind—and if I hadn't—well, I don't know what would have become of me."

Mrs. Kingsbury-Cooley was born in Bristol, England, and came to the United States at 9 years of age. In the early days she was celebrated for her impersonation of "Fanchon," and only a year ago gave her farewell in that part, her son acting as the father of "Landry," her lover. She danced the "shadow dance" with her old-time vim, and brought a thrill to those who realized that the "Elfin Star" was now a grandmother, and yet could never grow old.

Mrs. Mary O. Stanton is a woman of singular bent of mind. When her volume, "How to Read Faces," first made its appearance, it was looked on with curiosity. Curiosity led to investigation, and investigation to entertainment. As there is nothing half so delightful as that which appeals to our egoism, so her book became a volume of more interest than the very best novel. "My eyes," "my nose," "my disposition" and "my peculiarities" became the topic of conversation at once, upon the entering of this book, "How to Read Faces," into the household. It was brimful of ideas, and many of them startling—a handy, compact volume, in which it was easy to find the place.

MRS. MARY O. STANTON.

Since then there has been issued a new edition, extended and enlarged. Years of work show their traces in this great compendium, and for the scientific student it is exceedingly valuable. But in a spirit of loving the old things best, we look back on the handy one volume and proclaim it still the best book of the kind ever gotten up.

The new edition is entitled "Stanton's Practical and Scientific Physiognomy, or How to Read Faces." In consists of a handsome royal octavo of two volumes, 600 pages each, and contains the only complete system of physiognomy in existence, embracing the greatest discoveries of the age in physical science. It has been translated into European languages and is to be obtained in all the book centers of the world.

Mrs. Stanton was born in Connecticut, and has lived in California since the early days. Her industry and research mark her work as most extraordinary in comparison with that of the other woman writers of the State.

Mrs. Stanton is a woman of bright, keen mind—broad and liberal. To sit at her feet and hear her discourse on man and Nature opens closed cells in the brain. She is also gifted with a sense ot humor that vivifies every tale she has to tell.

A brief quotation is here given from the volume mentioned:

> The scientific mind pierces the veil of sham, fraud and delusion—of miracle, mystery and wonder—and reveals the truth in all its power and beauty.
>
> —*Mary O. Stanton.*

Miss Eliza Keith, who writes under the pen-name of "Di Vernon," is a typical Californian girl. She is a teacher in the public school as well as a writer for the press, and her industry is equalled only by the courage of her convictions. It does not seem to me that she does justice to herself, however. The brightness of her mind is much more displayed in her conversation than her writing; indeed, on the rostrum I have heard her approach eloquence in proclaiming the necessity for patriotism to be taught in the public schools. Behind the beautiful pink of her cheek and the blue of

ELIZA D. KEITH.

her eye their flashes a spirit of intelligence and daring that marks her with an individuality which belongs to herself alone. She says of herself that she has written "for the San Francisco papers miles of space articles unsigned." Her best-known work is the "Snap Shots" department in the San Francisco *News Letter*, and her weekly letters on Californian matters to the Boston *Journalist*. She was born in San Francisco.

MARY LYNDE HOFFMAN-CRAIG.

Mary Lynde Hoffman-Craig wrote for the early *Overland* when it was in its palmy days. She has since contributed to Eastern papers and magazines. In connection with the Woman's Press Association she wrote a monograph entitled "County Roads and City Streets." This was printed and sent in every quarter where it seemed expedient. Emeline North translated it into the Swedish tongue, and it was distributed throughout Sweden, Norway and the Danish capitals to the officials. Mrs. Hoffman-Craig has also written an article on "Taxation on Municipal Bonds." The working of her mind has led her during the past few years to take up the study of law, and when only half through the Hastings College of Law she did enough extra work to enable her successfully to pass the Supreme Court examination, of which she is justly proud. She is of Revolutionary descent and connected with Sequoia Chapter of the Society of Revolutionary Daughters.

As a quotation from Mrs. Craig is presented the following:

> Last of all we come upon a mass of orange and gold. It is the *Eschscholtzia Californica.* Both foliage and flower are indescribably pretty. In buds the *Eschscholtzia* loosely twists her petals as a maiden might twist her hair. Then over the twist she wears a conical cap of green. When coaxed assiduously by sunshine and by rain, she throws off this inverted calyx, this conical cap, and makes a display of bloom so gorgeous that both hill and vale look glad. Not music suggesting halls of mirth, not fountains showering diamonds and pearls, not the gaily dressed throng speaking from the heart variously, have power to

draw our attention from "Our Poppy," "Our Blossom of the Gold," that has matched the "Glory of Earth with the Glory of Heaven," the State flower of California.

—*Mary Lynde Hoffman-Craig.*

Adeline E. Knapp is a hard-worker in the departments that fall to her share in the San Francisco *Call.* Though she has been a late-comer to California, she enters into the spirit of the Woman's Press Association and is a strong element among the members who compose the club. She is a good speaker on the platform and a good writer on the topics of the day. She has not yet mellowed into that state where she can rise above her personal prejudices, but aiming at becoming a "Free Lance," is the apostle of her own pet theories. Miss Knapp is a native of Buffalo, N. Y.

Of her, Miss Keith says:

> Over her own signature, as well as that of "Miss Russell," she writes a weekly article on some current topic, portrays some characteristic type, some odd bit of human nature, some unfamiliar stretch of country, or espouses the cause of the poor and oppressed. Her latest labors have been in behalf of the poor children who are forced to labor in the mills and facteries. "The Cry of the Children" will be heard.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson is a real genius in her line. While, like Miss Knapp, she is a new-comer to California, yet she is in our midst and growing up with the country, and must be given *some* earthly abiding place. The Californian heart is as large as the country and takes in all who come here to dwell, irrespective of such an accidental factor as place of birth. There is a fascination about Mrs. Stetson which is hard to analyze. She is absolutely at variance with all the principles of Delsarte, as rigid as a nun in her sackcloth and ashes, and yet has that same quality of attraction that belongs to the habited devotee. In reciting her poems, many of them polished gems in their beauty and as flinty as the precious stone in feeling, one is drawn by a fascination most peculiar. In summing it all up, we find that it is the integrity, the honesty, the absolute sincerity of the woman which impresses us so. Her prevailing motive of thought in writing is to teach and to help people to live. Her work has not yet appeared in book form, but it contains some remarkable poems, chief among which are "The Rock and the Sea," "An Obstacle," "The Butterfly Who Tried to Go Back and Be a Chrysalis," and a poem entitled "Similar Cases," a satire on those denying the fact that evolution is in process now as well as in past ages. Mrs. Stetson was born in Hartford, Conn.

Emily Browne Powell, who now occupies the position of President of the Woman's Press Association, is the writer of many dainty bits of verse, full of sympathy, pretty fancies, or of patriotism, which have been widely copied throughout the journals of the country. She was born in Waldo county, Maine, of Puritan ancestry. Men of her blood fought for liberty in every war that the country has had. For the picturing quality of Mrs. Powell's verse is here given the poem entitled

EMILY BROWNE POWELL.

A VISION.

A gray rock towering by the water-side,
The low lap, lap, of the advancing tide—
A sun-browned child, weary and wistful-eyed.

Along the ripples sea-birds curve and dip;
From the blue distance comes a home-bound ship,
Out through the far-off mist-gates white sails slip.

A fishing boat rocks idly to and fro,
Along the sands the fishers come and go.
Hark! on the wind, the sailors' "Yo! heave oh!"

Oh, homesick shell! Thy low, imprisoned roar
Brings back the sounding sea, the cliff-walled shore,
And the dear home that I may see no more!

—*Emily Browne Powell.*

LILLIAN HINMAN SHUEY.

"California Sunshine" is the title of the collection of verse which bears the impress of the mind of Lillian Hinman Shuey. She is one of the few writers who has no other skies than those of California, for, though having been born in Illinois, she spent her babyhood here and grew to maturity in this atmosphere. She has imbibed something from the air and the winds and the soil that weaves through all she writes like a golden thread. Her quartrain on California is here presented:

CALIFORNIA.

Sown is the golden grain, planted the vines.
Fall swift, O loving rain! Lift prayer, O pines!
O green land, O gold land, fair land by the sea!
The trust of thy children reposes in thee.

From the poem entitled "On the San Joaquin" the following extract is made:

O gentle skies, so blue above
The valley of my leal and love,
Thou'rt ever fair, though burnished clear,
Or hung with rain-clouds drooping near.

On thy horizon, far and fine,
The mountains stand in dim outline,
Whence rivers slow descend to keep
Their long, strong currents to the deep.

Page after page of this dainty volume reveals picture and heart and soul of California as Mrs. Shuey sees it and feels it, and that is with a true poet's eye. While she has a thoughtful mood, yet it is always brightened and vivified with hope and cheerfulness. Her desire is to lift the shadows and make the place brighter for her coming. Here is a poem from the *Overland* entitled

IN THE REDWOOD CANYONS.

Down in the redwood canyons, cool and deep,
The shadows of the forest ever sleep,
The odorous redwoods, wet with fog and dew,
Touch with the bay and mingle with the yew.
Under the firs the red madrono shines,
  The graceful tan oaks, fairest of them all,
Lean lovingly unto the sturdy pines,
  In whose far tops the whistling blue-birds call.

Here where the forest shadows ever sleep,
  The mountain lily lifts its chalice white,
  The myriad ferns hang draperies soft and light
Thick on each mossy bank and watered steep,
  Where slender deer tread softly in the night,
Down in the redwood canyons dark and deep.

—*Lillian H. Shuey.*

As a girl at school in Sacramento, I remember her essays, which were most unusual for their imagination and delicate fancy. She is growing year by year mentally, and when she publishes her next volume I prophesy it will contain some strong work, worthy of remembrance, and that will obtain recognition. Two editions of the "California Sunshine" have been sold, which would seem to say that already has her verse reached the heart of the public. One of her latest poems appears in the collection called "Readings from Californian Writers," made by Edmund Russell. It is strong and fine, and makes a cathedral picture of "Mendocino."

Mrs. Shuey is a cousin of Anson Burlingame, who made the first treaty with China, and is of Revolutionary descent.

"The Amagnis, a Lyrical Drama" (issued by the Chautauqua Century Press), is the work of Virna Woods, a school-teacher of Sacramento City and a daughter of California. It is a remarkable production, and places Miss Woods at one bound up near the top of the ladder, and second only to Miss Coolbrith in the possession of the truly poetic, musical gift that makes the cold printed words resolve themselves into harmonies.

Of this work, George Hamlin Fitch says:

> This little drama is as beautiful in its reflection of Greek life as is Matthew Arnold's "Empedocles on Etna," while in its treatment of love it is

essentially modern. Any lover of good poetry will read with pleasure this little book, which is far above the average of current verse.

VIRNA WOODS.

The Chicago *Evening Journal* says:

> The facility of versification, as well as the sense of melody displayed, make of the entire closing scene nothing less than a lyrical triumph.

An extract from this poem, or series of poems, may be found in the collection of verse entitled "Readings from Californian Writers."

The author of "Aegle and the Elf," an exquisite poem, exquisitely illustrated and bound in the highest style of the art, is Mary Bertha McKenzie Toland. Besides this favorite volume, she has issued from time to time a number of other books ot verse, mostly in the form of metrical narrative, entitled as follows: "Stella, the little Indian Child," "Sir Rae," "Onti Ora," "Iris," "Eudora," "The Inca Princess," "Laymone," "The Legend of Tisayac-Yo Semite" and "Atlini." Mrs. Toland has great facility in weaving pretty stories into verse, and has invented some new metres, especially that used in "Laymone." This last is a quaint tale of the Mission Indian girl, who, in search of her pet deer, finds a wild Indian about to slay it. He asks her about the

MARY BERTHA MCKENZIE TOLAND.

padres and the church, and she answered in pretty, romantic style, finally bringing him in to the Mission, and having the good Junipero Serra christen him and then pronounce the blessing of the church over them. Each stanza carries the thread of the story, so that the poems of Mrs. Toland do not lend themselves to quotation. She is not epigrammatic nor inclined to figures of speech, but the flow of the story is always smooth and graceful. She evades all moralizing, as her object is simply to entertain. Mrs. Toland is a native of Maine, but has lived in California since very early times. All the proceeds of her books she gives away to charity.

ANNA MORRISON REED.

Anna Morrison Reed has published two volumes of verse, containing the work of her earlier years. But she has produced her best work since then, and will continue to weave her dainty verses with greater skill and grace as the years go on, for the reason that she has not reached her limitation, but is now in a process of growth.

She has been the favorite of the public since her fifteenth year, when she went upon the lecture stand and addressed audiences with a naive courage that was remarkable. She has a rich, sweet nature, full of sympathy, and from her extended experience has developed breadth of mind, which is her best quality. In regard to indulging in petty revenge for the meannesses inflicted by small natures, she says, "I have no time for resentment." Mrs. Reed is connected with the California Commission for the Columbian Exposition, being appointed from Mendocino County to represent the most northern district of the State. The following poem is here quoted as indicative of her style of writing:

SUNSET.

The evening's genius, with his sword of flame,
Guards well the portal of the dying day.

His lance of light he strikes against the hills,
  Upon the highest breaks his glancing ray.
He marshals grandly on a crimson sea
His cloudship navy's golden argosy,
Whose flaunting banner, in the sunset glow,
Bids brave defiance to the dark'ning foe,
Who, swift advancing, o'er him softly flings
The purple shadow of the twilight's wings,
Till war's red flush, before the night wind's breath,
Fades out into the sullen gray of death,
And star-eyed night, prevailing all too soon,
Hangs out the silver sickle of the moon.
—*Anna Morrison Reed.*

Lillian Plunkett is one of the verse-writers of the Woman's Press Association, and has many a pretty fancy or timely conceit in the journals of the day. The following sketch is contributed by D. S. Richardson :

LILLIAN PLUNKETT.

No review of Californian writers would be complete which should omit the name of one who has won deserved recognition both as a writer of graceful verse and vigorous prose. Most of Mrs. Plunkett's work has appeared during the past few years in the journals of the day, but has never been collected into book form.

Her verse is characterized by a sprightly "go" which makes most pleasant reading, and her range of subjects is wide. She is equally felicitious, whether playing with the foibles of society or dealing with the graver problems of life. Many of her songs and reflective poems show deep insight into the human heart and a steady love of Nature shines through them all.

"The Good-bye Kiss," which is here quoted," may be given as a sample of her lighter verse, this poem having been widely copied both by the journals of this country and of England.

THE GOOD-BYE KISS.

A kiss he took and a backward look,
  And her heart grew suddenly ltghter;
A trifle, you say, to color the day,
  Yet the dull gray morn seemed brighter.

For hearts are such that a tender touch
May banish a look of sadness;
A small, slight thing may make us sing,
But a frown will check our gladness.

The cheeriest ray along our way
Is the little act of kindness,
And the keenest sting some careless thing
That was done in a moment of blindness.
We can bravely face life in a home where strife
No foothold can discover,
And be lovers still, if we only will,
Though youth's bright days are over.

Ah, sharp as swords cut the unkind words
That are far beyond recalling.
When a face lies hid 'neath the coffin-lid
And bitter tears are falling,
We fain would give half the lives we live
To undo our idle scorning.
Then let us not miss the smile and kiss
When we part in the light of morning.

—*Lillian Plunkett.*

Under the name of "Ada L. Halstead" Mrs. J. M. Newman has written a number of novels of varying excellence, on the order of Augusta Evans' novels. They relate to the South in their local color and contain some very interesting pages. "Hazel Verne," "The Bride of Infelice," "Amber" and others have been successfully sold.

"ADA L. HALSTEAD."

The Woman's Press Association is still a very young institution. Its best work is yet to come, and the promise for the future is found in the superior quality of the literary effort put forth by its members since its inception. Mutual encouragement and congenial association, with all the feminine sympathies they awaken, have done much to call out that class of thought which, while latently forceful, yet unassisted, timidly struggles for expression. The ranks of its membership are constantly increasing, and before many years the association promises to become one of the most imposing literary organizations in America.

WOMEN WRITERS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

In the southern part of California is growing up a distinct school of writers. The tendency to decry San Francisco's fogs, winds and sandhills, which prevailed in the days of the *Hesperian* in 1857, has not in the least abated. Los Angeles is now raising her own "feminine plants of literature," and takes great pride in them. The women have invaded journalism, and successfully, in that beautiful land of the orange and olive.

The following sketch of the woman-writers of Southern California has been contributed to the STORY OF THE FILES by Emma Leckle Marshall:

Jeanne C. Carr of Pasadena has been and is a prominent educationist, and for twenty years has been a contributor, mostly on educational subjects, to the standard magazines of the country. The following is an extract from a private letter and expressive of her personality.

"Our early successes in education were in the East, and largely (at least I so regard them) in opening the higher institutions to women, and in developing *practical training* for after usefulness as a leading part of the higher education.

"The history of philanthropy has no such illuminated pages as those furnished by the present century."

Alice Moore McComas of Los Angeles is prominently connected with all works pertaining to the progress and benefit of womankind, is president of the Woman's Suffrage Club of Los Angeles, and was largely instrumental in securing to the city of Los Angeles one of its finest parks. She has been identified for several years with various newspapers, both as an editorial and space writer. She has written many charming essays and poems, and is associate editor of the *Pacific Household Journal.*

"The old expression "Brave men and pure women" should become obselete, and in its stead we should have "Brave men and brave women, pure men and pure women."

Mrs. Mary C. Bowman of Los Angeles, for several years one of the editors and proprietors of the Santa Paula *Chronicle*, is a vigorous champion of women, and was one of the two lady charter members of the Southern California Editorial Association.

"Why will women allow their impulses to get the advantage of their really sound judgment and natural good sense?"

Miss Louise A. Off of Los Angeles, editor of the *New Californian*, a magazine devoted to Psychology and Theosophy, published in Los Angeles, though a young woman, is a brilliant writer and eminently fitted by education and study to fill the difficult editorial position she holds.

"Every true artist carries within the depth of his soul a creed, which, though not exactly Apostolic, is to him a sacred and satisfying condition."

"We believe that there is but one Eternal Truth, having many aspects, and that every honest mind reflects one of them, like the numerous facets of one precious stone."

Mrs. Mary Harte, secretary of the Southern California Science Society Association, was at one time one of the proprietors and editors of the *Pacific Monthly*, a literary magazine published in Los Angeles. She has been prominently identified with the science and historical societies of Southern California, and has furnished much statistical matter for the various journals. Mrs. Harte is now connected with the Historical Exhibit of the California Commission in Chicago.

Mrs. Burton Williamson is a well-known authority on conchology, and her writings and lectures on this subject have been full of interest and information. She is also an enthusiastic member of the Historical Society of Southern California.

"There are some women fitted by nature to do the honors, so to speak, but the ones who do the work are they of whom little is seen, less heard, but much expected."

Mrs. Eliza A. Otis is one of the most prolific writers of the age, and poetry, description, pathos and comedy seem to roll with like ease from her facile pen. She is one of the principal writers on the staff of the Los Angeles *Times*.

"Perfect character is a thing of growth, and there are many things that are essential to its formation.

"Drudgery and poverty and disappointment are sometimes the chisel held by the divine sculptor to chip away what is shapeless and imperfect and unsightly in the human character, and by means of which it is molded into beauty and perfectness."

Miss Anna C. Murphy of Los Angeles is a young writer, but her stories and descriptive articles in the standard magazines of the country have attracted considerable attention. She will be better known in the near future.

"Here are river galleries hung close with copies from Nature."

Jessie Benton Fremont of Los Angeles, whose name, blending with that of her brave soldier husband, is music to the ears of every old Californian, is a lively character, a charming companion and a graceful writer. There is no name better known in the Pacific States, and her pen has delighted scores of readers in every State with the magic power of reminiscence and descriptions.

Madge Morris of San Diego is the wife of Harr Wagner, a well-known educationist and writer. At present she is the editor of the *Golden Era*, which was the first literary paper published on the Coast and which was moved to San Diego about seven years ago. Madge Morris is a prolific writer, and some of her gems of verse are known far and wide. She has written novels, stories and poetry for many periodicals.

See poem "The Wheat of San Joaquin" in September *Californian*. I think that characteristic.

Clara Spaulding Brown of Los Angeles has for years been a contributor to the best Pacific Coast publications. She is authority on matters pertaining to horticultural interests, and a thoughtful yet vigorous writer.

"There is need of a more intelligent motherhood."

"No one is quicker than a child to detect injustice, or more easily helped by an encouraging word."

Dorothea Lummis is a practicing physician in Los Angeles, and a wide-awake, progressive, brilliant woman. She has gained a wide reputation by her satirical writings and quaint stories. She is a student of human nature, and faithfully depicts the result of her studies. She has contributed to the best periodicals in the country and every line she writes is read with interest.

Mrs. Enderline of Los Angeles is one of the finest descriptive writers of Southern California, and the dainty souvenir brochures she has gotten up descriptive of some of the charming spots of that section are perfect gems in their way. Her writing may truly be styled pen painting.

Rose Hartwick Thorpe of San Diego is probably not so well known as is her famous poem, "Curefew Shall not Ring To-night." She has written many charming bits of verse, and is also a writer of pleasing stories. She has a quiet, dignified presence and an attractive personality.

Mrs. Caroline M. Severance of Los Angeles, is a vigorous writer, and has been a prominent and untiring worker in all matters of progress and public benefit; she is thoroughly identified with all the good works of the city. She is president of the Woman's Exchange Association, and an active worker for its advantage. Mrs. Severance was a colaborator with Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony in prepreparing their work on "Woman Suffrage."

Mrs. M. F. C. Hall-Wood, for years one of the editors of the Santa Paula daily *Independent*, is a stirring editorial and a graceful descriptive writer. She has published a dainty volume of poems that are as charming as a breeze from the sea whence she drew her inspiration. "Camilla K. von K." is the pen name of Mrs. Hall-Wood.

The following poem from her writings is here quoted:

ESCHSCHOLTZIA CALIFORNICA

O the rose garden, the garden
  Of the roses, of roses alone.
Fair is it, rare is it, yet in my garden
  A daintier blossom has blown:
A flower of the South and of the Sun,
  Sown upon limitless plains,
Fed by the death of the summer grasses,
  Watered by winter rains.

When the wild spring streams are running,
  She raises her head and cries,
"Blow off my emerald cap, good wind,
  And the yellow hair out of my eyes!"
And a fair, fine lady she stands,
  And nods to the dancing sea;
O the rose you have trained is a lovely slave,
  But the wild gold poppy is free!—*Camilla K. von K.*

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Lawrence is a contributor to various papers which are radical in their character, and her writings are strong and to the point. She is at present engaged in writing a poem on Southern California for the Southern California World's Fair Association.

A GLIMPSE OF CALIFORNIAN JOURNALISM.

The Alta California, The California Demokrat, The Abend-Post, The Evening Bulletin, The Morning Call, The Weekly Monitor, The American Flag, The Evening Report, The Examiner, The Chronicle, The Evening Post and many more.

From a chapter entitled "A Glimpse of Californian Journalism," by Alice Denison Wiley, written in 1885 and published in the *Golden Era Magazine*, the following is quoted:

> Newspapers mirror the civilization of the communities of their time. Looking over the first files of the *Alta Californian*, published in 1846, it seems, indeed, a magic mirror which has faithfully retained its reflections. One almost feels that the imposing buildings on Kearny, Montgomery and Sansome streets have vanished, and in their stead lie great hills of white sand, through which the weary pioneer wades, or the more independent Mexican spurs his spirited *caballo*.
>
> The first paper, size 8x12, was published in Monterey. It bears the motto, "Evils from ignorance; remedies from knowledge." It was a quaint sheet, one side Spanish, the other English. It contained principally mining news and long advertisements, almost entirely unpunctuated. It was printed on tissue paper, wrapping paper, chocolate brown, magazine blue and yellow, and was undoubtedly well patronized and liked, no matter what the color was, nor how often the hues were changed.

While it is impossible to present a history of these many changes of newspaperdom for forty years or more, and have each detail absolutely correct, the following is traced in order to make a general presentation of the daily papers which have survived the longest. The newspaper people themselves, when written to upon the subject, took very little interest in the matter, so that if the details are not quite correct, it is hoped, under the circumstances, that the general idea of classification will meet with approval.

THE ALTA CALIFORNIA.

1849-1891.

EDITORS:

E. C. Kemble, R. C. Hubbard, Loring Pickering, George K. Fitch, Frederick McCrellish, Samuel Seabough, John P. Irish and others.

CONTIBUTORS:

Mark Twain, Prentice Mulford, Olive Harper, Jennie H. Phelps.

By the kind permission of Charles Frederick Holder of the *Illustrated Californian Magazine*, extracts have been made from an article entitled "The Press of San Francisco," written by James Prentiss Cramer for the May number of that periodical, 1892.

Forty-five years ago, on January 7, 1847, the *California Star* was founded by Samuel Brannan, with Dr. E. P. Jones as editor. It was a weekly of four pages, sixteen by twelve inches, four columns to the page. This was the first newspaper printed in San Francisco. On May 22d of the same year, the *Californian* appeared, also a weekly of the same dimensions as the *Star*. Robert Semple was the editor. Prior to the appearance of the *Californian* in San Francisco it had been issued in Monterey, then capital of the State, issuing its initial number in August, 1846. The type and press used on the *Californian* were brought from the City of Mexico originally for printing the laws of the then Mexican Government of California, and falling into disuse, they were resurrected from a Spanish cloister by the owners of the *Californian*. In May, 1848, the entire staff of the *Star* went to the "diggings," and a few weeks later the *Californian* issued an extra, stating that "the whole country resounded with the sordid cry of gold, gold, and that *they* (meaning the staff—editors, compositors, devil and all) were off for the "diggings." The editors returning soon revived their respective journals, which very soon after were merged into the *Star and Californian*, and January 4, 1849, the *Star and Californian* was merged into the *Alta California*, with E. C. Kemble and R. C. Hubbard as editors. In December, 1849, the *Alta* issued a tri-weekly edition, and about a month later appeared as a daily. Almost from its inception the *Alta* met with reverses, being burned out twice, and after one of the fires it was obliged to issue on letter-sheet paper for three days. After several changes in editorial management and proprietorship, it passed into the hands of Messrs. Pickering, Fitch & Co., former owners of the *Times*. In May, 1858, they sold it to Frederick McCrellish & Co., who continued its publication for a quarter of a century. At this time there occurred in the history of San Francisco an event which has had in its effect on history no parallel in the annals of any other city in the Union. This was the formation of the Committee of Vigilance. The causes which led up to this dramatic outbreak of outraged public opinion are too well known to need recapitulation here; suffice it to say that the men who then arose and in the name of the people took into their own hands for a short time the enforcement and execution of the law assumed a heavy responsibility, but future events proved that the occasion demanded just such measures and just such men. The press of San Francisco at that time was in a very peculiar position—to oppose the Vigilantes meant ruin if they were upheld by the people; to uphold them meant ruin if they were successfully opposed by the men whom they were determined to drive out of power.

The *Herald*, then the most popular and powerful journal in the city, was bitterly opposed to the Vigilantes. The *Alta*, on the other hand, strongly indorsed them, saying editorially: "The time has come (referring to the murder in cold blood of James King of William, editor of the *Bulletin*, by Casey, whose criminal record he had exposed) to stop such outrages.

The *Globe* in the meantime was on the fence, but descended on the side of the Vigilantes on the day following the formation of the committee.

The *Herald* continued to be aggressive, and the leading business men of the city, almost in a procession, marched to the office of the paper and discontinued their advertisements and subscriptions. This drove the *Herald* to the wall and it was forced first to reduce its size and finally to suspend publication entirely. It was revived again in 1869, but soon went the way of many another journal whose career had been one of "pocket politics" to that bourne whence no newspaper ever returns.

The *Alta* received the patronage of the business men who had withdrawn from the *Herald*, and entered upon a season of prosperity which extended over many years. It ceased to exist about 1891.

* * *

THE CALIFORNIA DEMOKRAT (German).

1853–1893.

FOUNDERS AND EDITORS:

Dr. Von Loehr, Frederick Hess, M. Gruenblatt.

The California *Demokrat* (German) is the oldest daily now in existence on this Coast, founded in 1853 by Dr. Von Loehr as editor and business manager. After varying fortunes the *Demokrat* was, in 1858, bought by Mr. Frederick Hess, a mere lad of eighteen or so. He has continued to control the paper ever since. Dr. Von Loehr continued in editorial charge until 1877, when he died, and was replaced by Mr. M. Gruenblatt, who has continued as managing editor ever since. In 1853, when the *Demokrat* was founded, the German population of the State was estimated at fifty-three thousand and that of San Francisco at ten thousand. Now the *Demokrat* has an audience of one hundred and eighty-five thousand in the State and sixty thousand in the city, and it is an immense influence for good, not only amongst its own countrymen, but with all classes and nationalities. Mr. Hess has shown himself a man of great energy and ability, and has, by his business tact and perseverence, made a unique record for himself among newspaper men. Mr. Gruenblatt is a thorough newspaper man, and his wide-minded attitude on all questions of political and social economy has had no small share in making the present prosperity of the *Demokrat.*

THE ABEND-POST (German).

1859–1893.

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS:

La Fontaine, Adolph, Charles and Leon Samuels.

The *Abend-Post* (German) was founded as a daily in 1859 by Mr. La Fontaine. After many vicissitudes it passed into the hands of Messrs. Adolph, Charles and Leon Samuels, representing the *Post* Company. Under these gentlemen's energetic and conservative administration the paper has prospered and is to-day one of the most ably edited evening papers in the city.

THE EVENING BULLETIN.

1865-1893.

FOUNDERS AND PROPRIETORS:

James King of William, Thomas S. King, John W. Simonton, George K. Fitch, Loring Pickering.

EDITORS:

Samuel Williams, James Nesbit, Matthew G. Upton, William Bartlett.

CONTRIBUTORS:

Sarah B. Cooper, Emelie T. Y. Parkhurst, Sarah B. Cooper.

The *Evening Bulletin* made a mark in journalism and turned the tide of affairs in this city. It was perhaps the most aggressive, fearless journal ever printed in San Francisco, considering the almost total lack of law and order in San Francisco at that time. In fact, the fearless course of the paper brought about a reformation, but the reformer lost his life. The *Evening Bulletin* first appeared on October 8, 1855. At the head of the editorial column was, "James King of William, Editor." Mr. King came from Washington, D. C., where he had been connected with the banking house of Riggs & Co., and also engaged in journalism with Amos Kendall of the *Globe*.

The *Bulletin* was a success from the start and was enlarged three times in as many months. The paper is now a seven-column, four-page sheet, nineteen by twenty-six inches. Mr. King was a fearless newspaper man, and to his zeal exposing the corruption in local politics he owes the loss of his life. After the death of James King, his brother, Thomas S. King, assumed the management of the *Bulletin* in May, 1856, and continued as managing editor until he was succeeded by John W. Simonton. In June, 1859, George K. Fitch purchased an interest, and later Loring Pickering, and ever since they have controlled the *Bulletin*.

Matthew G. Upton, chief editorial writer of the *Bulletin*, was born in Ireland and is about 65 years of age. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, studied medicine and law, and was admitted to the English bar. He came to the United States when a young man and became a reporter and writer for New York papers. Coming to California in 1852 under an agreement to conduct a Democratic paper in Sacramento, as an organ of the Douglas-Broderick wing of the party. He afterward worked on the San Francisco *Herald* when Andrew J. Moulder was local editor. Mr. Upton became editor of the *Alta* and continued in this position until about twenty years ago, when he resigned and entered the service of the *Bulletin* as editorial writer. Upton is a powerful writer and probably the ablest political and financial debater on the coast.

* * *

THE MORNING CALL.

1856-1893.

PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS:

Loring Pickering, George K. Fitch, James A. Simonton.

EARLY EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS:

James J. Ayres, Daniel W. Higgins, Lew Zublin, Charles F. Jobson, William L. Carpenter, George E. Barnes, E. A. Rockwell, Frank Soule, James S. Bowman, G. B. Densmore, William Bausman, John Bonner, Peter B. Foster, W. H. Rhodes.

EARLIEST REPORTERS:

Edward Knight, Edward Pepper, Albert S. Evans, Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain).

MANAGING EDITORS:

George E. Barnes, A. B. Henderson, W. A. Boyce, Thos. E. Flynn, Ernest C. Stock.

PRESENT EDITORIAL WRITERS:

G. B. Densmore, John Bonner, D. J. McRoberts.

CITY EDITORS:

C. A. Crocker, W. K. McGrew, Frank A. Gross, Tommy Newcomb, S. F. Sutherland, H. G. Shaw, William S. Cameron, J. P. Cosgrave, Frank J. Ballinger, W. S. Dewey, Louis E. Whitcomb, Frank B. Millard.

CONTRIBUTORS:

Adeline Knapp, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Emelie T. Y. Parkhurst, Lillian Plunkett.

Of the English morning dailies of this year of grace, the *Call* is the oldest. It was founded on December 1, 1856, by an association of printers, and made its debut as a four-page, twelve by twelve, four-column sheet. It grew quickly into favor, and when its success became assured, the names of Colonel James J. Ayres (now of the Los Angeles *Daily Herald*), David W. Higgins, Lew

Zublin, Charles F. Jobson and W. L. Carpenter appeared as the proprietors of the paper, which owes its name to the playing of a farce at one of the local theaters, entitled "The Morning Call."

In 1859 Messrs. Pickering, Fitch and Simonton became interested in the *Call*, and Loring Pickering, James W. Simonton and George K. Fitch have since controlled the paper.

Mr. Pickering is the dean of journalism on this coast. He was an editor when most of the men now in editorial chairs of coast newspapers were unborn or in their cradle. Hs was of the day of men such as Gwin, Broderick, Fremont and McDougall, and he is of the men of to-day, still molding and voicing public opinion. A born journalist, he first saw the light in July, 1812, in Cheshire County, New Hampshire, and was a boy in his teens when he began writing for the *Sentinel*, published by John Prentiss. At 20 he sought the West, and lived successively in New Orleans, Louisville and St. Louis, and also in Illinois, where he engaged in mercantile pursuits.

In 1846 he bought the *Reporter* and the *Missourian*, both published in St. Louis, subsequently founding the *Union*, which is to-day the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.

In 1849 Mr. Pickering arrived in California. He has bought and founded several journals, among others the Placer *Times*, which developed into the present Sacramento *Times and Transcript*. In 1855 he became one of the owners and assumed the editorial management of the *Alta California*, which became, under his able administration, remarkably prosperous. His health failing him, Mr. Pickering was ordered by his medical adviser to Europe for a holiday. On his return, in 1860, he became associated with Mr. Fitch and Mr. Simonton in the *Call*, and subsequently in the *Bulletin*, retaining his interest in both papers to-day, but devoting all of his time to the editorial management of the *Call*. For thirty years Mr. Pickering has had to deal with every question of importance that has arisen, and it is hardly necessary to say that his handling of them has entitled him to an undisputed claim to integrity, judgment and sagacity. Though a Democrat up to the war, Mr. Pickering became a Republican after the secession of the rebellious States, and has since remained with that political party.

[Since the writing of this article, Loring Pickering has been numbered with those who have passed beyond. He died on the 29th of December, 1892.—Ed.]

Since the result of the recent election, which was brought about mostly by the influence of the *Call*, that paper has gained new strength and power throughout the community. George K. Fitch, the remaining partner, represents the conservative element in all his policies for the paper. Mr. Fitch now has the exclusive control of the *Call* as well as the *Bulletin*.

Any sketch of San Francisco editors which should omit mention of George K. Fitch would be incomplete, therefore I take the liberty to add a paragraph to this otherwise admirable article.

The reason that Deacon George K. Fitch is omitted from this sketch is because he pleasantly but firmly refused either to give his picture or to allow himself to be included. I do not say so because Mr. Cramer, the author of the sketch, has told me so, for I am not even acquainted with him, but simply because I know Mr. Fitch himself. And when I read the lines on Mr. Pickering and saw no space reserved for Mr. Fitch, a picture came up before me. It was that of a gloomy newspaper office, a place where neither comfort nor appearances were considered. Ushered into a tiny place lighted only by a skylight, with the rain dripping through and making a wet spot upon the floor, unheeded and unconsidered, there sat a clerical gentleman, neat and prim. Not a hair was out of place, not a button-hole unmated to its button, his Prince Albert coat severely neat and irreproachable. His manner was pleasant, but reservedly cautious. Conservatism sat enthroned in this little room. I felt in the presence of power which masked itself behind republican simplicity and cunning. That man had his finger on the pulse of the public, and represented that strange influence in the community which is so totally without fire or enthusiasm that it serves to act as a quencher upon every movement that springs from impulse. He represented resistence and weight and conservatism—elements as necessary to the carrying on of the world as progress and light, but more complex and mysterious. I had called to see if he would favor the presenting of a tax petition (signed by influential citizens) to the body of Supervisors, asking for an appropriation to make an exhibit of the city of San Francisco at the Columbian Exposition. It is needless to say that Mr. Fitch, this apothesis of conservatism, smiled pleasantly, but shook his head.

His reasons were most excellent. I remember now how completely I agreed with him. Nothing but personal pride and affection for my city, for I had been appointed as Commissioner to represent her at Chicago, enabled me to resist his logic. "A personal subscription," he said, blandly, "is the way to proceed most satisfactorily." I knew that was impossible, for it had already been tried in vain. Then he advised that the idea be abandoned, for he could not conscientiously favor the city's appropriating anything for an exhibit at Chicago while her finances were in their present condition. I had never met anyone before so mild and yet so resolute, so quavering and yet so made of steel. I admired the man exceedingly as a study. I thought I would like to count him in with "my editors," and so, very mildly, I asked him for his permission to do so, and for the facts of a sketch. I knew, as he spoke, what his answer would be. He smiled, but shook his head. There was something cunning in his eye that made me long to ask, "How does it feel to feel the way you do?"

When my friend and I arose to go he ushered us out so pleasantly we almost thought we had won him over to favoring the appropriation for the city's exhibit at Chicago. But that was a thought not founded on fact. Other influence of the public spirit order was evoked from among those citizens possessing impulse and heart and pride of city, and through them the Supervisors were reached, barely at the last moment, and an appropriation made for the purpose of representing the harbor and the city, and the music, art, literature and industry of San Francisco at the Columbian Exposition.

So, when I see that there is danger of Mr. Fitch being omitted from the place where his name belongs, and having no other data, I am compelled to fall back upon this personal reminiscence.

William A. Boyce, managing editor of the *Morning Call*, has been engaged in newspaper work for twenty years. He is a native of New York, and came to California in 1874. His first newspaper connection on the Pacific Coast was as sub-editor of the *Pacific Rural Press*, and soon afterward he became connected with the *Examiner*, then an afternoon paper. Later he was employed on the *Chronicle*, and in 1879 accepted a position on the local staff of the *Morning Call*.

George E. Barnes, the dramatic critic of the *Morning Call*, is probably one of the best-known newspaper men on the Pacific Coast. He is a native of New Brunswick. When a boy he went to New York, where for several years he worked at the case, most of the time in the old *Tribune* office. He went to New Orleans early in the fifties. From the latter city he came to San Francisco. In February, 1856, he purchased the interest of W. L. Carpenter in the *Morning Call*. The paper was a success from the start. The burden of the editorial work fell upon him, and he soon gained a reputation as a graceful and vigorous writer, which he still maintains. Mr. Barnes, after disposing of his interest in the paper to Loring Pickering, was engaged for a time in mining, but soon returned to his chosen profession. He has been dramatic critic of the *Call* for many years, and it is conceded without question that in that department of journalism he is the peer of the best critics in this country or Europe.

Gilbert B, Densmore, senior editorial writer of the *Morning Call*, is a native of Connecticut. He came to California in 1849, and most of the time since has been connected with journalism in this city. He was one of the founders and early editors of the *Golden Era*, a publication that numbered among its contributors the most gifted writers on the coast. It is nearly twenty years since Mr. Densmore penned his first editorial for the *Call*, and during that time not a day has passed that he has not contributed more or less to its columns. He writes equally well on all subjects, and there are few men in the country whose daily productions maintain so equable a standard.

The present city editor is Frank B. Millard, who has quite a fame in the East for his clever stories of Western life. His sketch may be found under the classification of the *Argonaut* School.

The oldest in continuous service upon the staff of the *Call* has been Ernest C. Stock, who has been with the journal since September 8, 1867. He was police reporter for twenty-one years, managing editor for five years, and is now connected with the city department.

A strong literary impetus was given by this journal in 1877, by the offering of prizes for original stories of Californian life. The first, a prize of $500, was won by Thomas Vivian, the second by Will S. Greene, the third by Flora Deane. From the remainder of the stories thus called out, a number were purchased and published in addition to the prize stories. Some received honorary mention, others found their way into book form and were preserved.

A curious coincidence occurred regarding two of these stories which is worthy of a mention here, simply to show that two people may write similarly and yet each be totally unaware of the work of the other. May W. Hawley of North Columbia, Wash., was a charming writer of the *Argonaut*. Her story, "Kathleen's Journal," was one of the serials which was chosen to appear in the *Call*. "The Little Mountain Princess; a Sierra Snow-plant," by the writer of this work, received an honorable mention and was afterwards published by Loring, Boston. These two stories were strangely alike. If all the points had been specially given to two writers they might have varied more than these two, who wrote independently and unconsciously of each other. In each case the hero could not wed the heroine, because of a previous love affair with a Mexican girl, who still stood between them; in each story the brother of the Mexican girl brought the affair to a happy termination; in each there was a unique necklace made to order; in each the lover, believing himself at the point of death, made his will in favor of the heroine, and, finally, in each was described a trip to Europe. Had both stories appeared a year apart, the inevitable conclusion would have been drawn that one was founded or suggested by the other.

Will S. Greene's story, "Sacrifice," was afterwards published in book form, as was also "The Bachelor's Surrender," by Mrs. Frank Swett.

THE WEEKLY MONITOR.

1858-1893.

EDITORS:

Messrs. Marks and Thomas, Stephen J. McCormick, Bryan J. Clinch, Joseph S. McCormick.

CONTRIBUTORS:

Gladie Hogan, Elizabeth Hogan and others.

The *Weekly Monitor* was established in 1858 by Messrs. Marks, Thomas & Coy, as the organ of the Catholic Church. It passed through many hands until 1880, when it came into the hands of Stephen J. McCormick, a bold writer of great abilities. Mr. McCormick formerly edited the *Catholic Sentinel* at Portland, Or. Mr. McCormick formed a joint stock company and himself assumed the active editorial and business management, and the journal's success in his hands was assured. After a brilliant and useful career, Mr. McCormick laid down his pen forever, in August last, when he joined the great majority. The editorial management passed into the capable hands of Bryan J. Clinch, a learned and able man. Joseph S. McCormick is city editor and Frank L. McCormick is business manager.

* * *

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

1861-1867.

MANAGER

D. O. McCarthy.

EDITOR:

Calvin B. McDonald.

The newspaper men of earlier days were aggressive ; the stirring, eventful life of the times demanded a peculiar style of journalism that would be out of sympathy entirely with the public of today. Such papers as the *American Flag*, with its personal attacks on what were known as "Copperheads," led to some serious outbreaks of the mob during the stormy days of 1861–65.

EVENING REPORT,

1863-1893.

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS:

William Mitchell Bunker, A. C. Heister.

Prominent among the evening dailies of San Francisco for its enterprise and fearless and independent policy is the *Daily Evening Report*, which had its origin in a mining circular. It first appeared as a weekly in 1863, and later was issued as a noon daily with mining and stock market news. It continued on these lines unitl 1875, when it was bought by William Mitchell Bunker, who had been on the ediorial staff of the *Bulletin*. Later, in 1877, Mr. Bunker associated Mr. Hiester with himself as business manager of the *Report*, Mr. Bunker retaining the editorial management, and they have built up the circulation of their journal until it has become phenomenal. William Mitchell Bunker was born in Nantucket, Mass., in 1850, and is a newspaper man not only from inclination and training, but also by heredity, for his grandfather was and his father is a journalist. Coming to California in 1863, his first connection with journalism was as a compositor on the *Bulletin* staff. He rose rapidly in his profession, and during the twelve years he remained on the *Bulletin*, he filled the positions of reporter, news editor, dramatic critic and literary editor, but most of his time was passed in the city editor's chair, and there he developed that talent for obtaining news and serving it to the public taste that has made him the successful proprietor that he is. Mr. Bunker was noted as one of the most indefatigable reporters San Francisco ever produced. He never gave up a scent after taking it up. Everybody remembers the Riley-Cannon fight, and how Mr. Bunker at the risk of his life swam ashore from the steamer, with his note-book wrapped in his shirt and tied about his neck, and clad only as he came into this world, remained at the ring-side, reported the fight to the last blow of the last round, and then hurried back to the city to give the *Bulletin* the best report of the contest published. In 1873 Mr. Bunker went to the front at three hours' notice, as special war correspondent during the Modoc campaign. He was the only correspondent present at the capture of Captain Jack, the news of which his papers got before any other correspondent, or even the War Department knew anything about it.

Mr. Bunker has made a reputation as a newspaper writer in addition to his newspaper work.

Associated closely with the success of the *Report* is A. C. Hiester, part owner and manager of the paper. Mr. Hiester is a native of Ohio, 56 years of age, and has been a newspaper man from his teens. He first entered the office of the Germantown *Western Emporium* in 1850, and after serving out his apprenticeship of five years, he came to San Francisco, landing here in 1856. He first worked on the Marysville *Appeal*, then took to mining for a couple of years, but in 1858 returned to newspaper work and took a position on the *Alta*, leaving that journal for the *Golden Era*, and that for the *Bulletin*. He remained with the *Bulletin* until the strike of 1869, and after a short engagement on the *Chronicle*, he took the superintendency of the *Report*. When the *Report* passed into the hands of Mr. Bunker, Mr. Hiester bought a half-interest in it, and has been head of the business department of the house since.

THE EXAMINER.

1865-1893.

FOUNDERS AND PROPRIETORS:

Captain William S. Moss, B. F. Washington, Charles L. Weller, Philip A. Roach, George Pen Johnston, J. V. Coffey, W. T. Baggett.

LATER PROPRIETORS AND EDITORS:

George Hearst and William R. Hearst, Clarence Greathouse, C. M. Palmer, S. S. Chamberlain, T. T. Williams, Ambrose Bierce, Arthur McEwen, A. B. Henderson, Allan Kelly, Harry Bigelow, Henry Haxton, Edward Tufts, Adele Chretien.

CONTRIBUTORS:

W. C. Morrow, Robert Duncan Milne, Joseph Goodman, Gertrude Franklin Atherton, Flora Haines Loughead, Joaquin Miller, John Vance Cheney, Ina D. Coolbrith.

The following sketch of the *Examiner* was written for the CALIFORNIAN STORY OF THE FILES by Allan Kelly.

The *Daily Examiner* was founded June 12, 1865, by Captain William S. Moss, as an evening Democratic paper. Captain Moss had previously published the *Democratic Press*, but a mob had wrecked the office and practically killed the paper, and the plant of the *Press* was used to start the new evening paper. B. F. Washington was the first editor of the *Examiner*.

Charles L. Weller and Philip A. Roach became part proprietors of the paper soon after it was started, and Weller's interest was subsequently transferred to George Pen Johnston. Moss, Roach and Johnston conducted the paper for fifteen years and made it the leading Democratic journal of California. The *Evening Examiner* was not noted for enterprise in those days, but it was a good newspaper for the times and fairly prosperous. J. V. Coffey, now a judge of the Superior Court in San Francisco, was the leading editorial writer for some years.

In October, 1880, the *Examiner* was sold to W. T. Baggett & Co. and appeared as a morning paper. The ownership shortly afterward was transferred to the *Examiner* Publishing Company, of which Senator George Hearst was the head and Clarence Greathouse became the managing editor.

The *Examiner* became the property of W. R. Hearst on March 4, 1887, and within a week was issued as an eight-page paper, the first daily of that form and size published in California. Capital and enterprise were put into the business by the new editor, and the conditions of journalism in San Francisco were revolutionized.

New methods, new ideas and ample financial resources were employed to widen the scope and extend the field of usefulness of the paper, and the *Examiner* became a modern newspaper in the broader sense, which means not only a collector and disseminator of news, but a potent factor in the progress and prosperity of a community, and one of the active forces of social evolution.

The characteristics of the *Examiner* are enterprise and public spirit, and its methods have violated all the old traditions and conventions of journalism. The paper has been engaged as much in doing things as in writing about them, perhaps more, but the purely literary side of journalism has not been wholly neglected.

The most noteworthy literary feature of the *Examiner* has been and still is the publication of the work of Ambrose Bierce. Besides his weekly contribution of satirical and humorous paragraphs, under the heading "Prattle," Bierce has printed originally in the *Examiner* most of the short stories and verses contained in his later published volumes.

The *Examiner* has also printed from time to time the work of W. C. Morrow, Robert Duncan Milne, Arthur McEwen, Gertrude Atherton and most of the other writers of prominence on the Pacific Coast.

One of the notable achievements of the *Examiner* was the publication of the story of the romantic double suicide of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and the Barronne Marie de Vetsera. The story filled two pages of the paper and was the longest cable message ever received in San Francisco.

When the Samoan troubles began to attract the attention of the civilized world, the *Examiner* sent a special correspondent to the islands, and was enabled to give full and accurate accounts of the exciting events that followed the attempts of Germany to obtain control of Samoa. The correspondent became known all over the world as Klein the American, and after a very lively experience in the camp of the island chief, was obliged to seek refuge on board of an American man-of-war to escape the wrath of the Germans.

In 1889 the *Examiner* sent a correspondent to China to investigate the causes and describe the ravages of the great famine that swept nearly a million people off the face of the earth. The correspondent went into the very heart of the famine district, and upon his return wrote pages of realistic description of the horrors that he saw in "the Land of Despair."

The story of the great earthquake that devastated Japan in October, 1891, was told in seventeen columns of the *Examiner* and illustrated with a great number of photographs taken by the special correspondent.

The subject of Hawaiian annexation was inquired into by a member of the *Examiner* staff, who went to the islands and made an exhaustive canvass among the people and public men of the kingdom, and published all they had to say concerning the proposition. His report was a thorough exposition of the attitude of the Hawaiians toward the United States, and gave in clear and definite form more information on the subject than any representative of the Government ever had obtained.

Among the useful public services rendered by the *Examiner* were the exposure and conviction of jury bribers in the Morrow case, the unearthing of corruption in the Legislature and the full exposure of boodlers, the reformation of abuses in the City Hospital and the improvement of the Life-saving Service on this coast. The last-named work was brought about through the rescue by *Examiner* reporters of a wrecked fisherman, who had been left by the official life-savers to perish on a wave-swept rock off Point Bonita. —*Allan Kelly.*

From *Illustrated Californian*, May, 1892:

W. R. Hearst, proprietor and manager of the *Examiner*, was born in this city, April 29, 1863, at the corner of California and Montgomery streets, and was educated in part in the Hamilton Grammar School. Here, while still a mere boy, he made a reputation for his style and composition in English. After a tour of Europe, he entered a preparatory school at Concord, Conn., and graduated from Harvard in 1886, after which he returned to San Francisco and assumed the management of the *Examiner*, and in March, 1887, he became its sole proprietor and managing editor. From that time on Mr. Hearst has been so closely identified with the *Examiner* that its history has been his biography too. He introduced a new era of journalism on the coast, and has, by a happy combination of brains, money and courage, made the *Examiner* one of the leading journals of the country, with a circulation equal, in proportion to population, to the very largest. This result has been achieved by Mr. Hearst's close personal attention to every detail of his business, which he so thoroughly understands. In personal characteristics he is a quiet, modest gentleman. His pride and ambition are centered in his newspaper, which, from its first five years under his management, gives promise of still greater achievements.

As business manager of the *Examiner*, C. M. Palmer has contributed in no small degree to its phenomenal success. He has filled the position only since January 1, 1889, but has already made a reputation among newspaper men on this coast second to none. Mr. Palmer was born in Wisconsin thirty-five years ago. Before he was of age he went to Nebraska to make his fortune, and there did his first newspaper work on the Tecumseh *Chieftain*, a small country weekly. The financial returns were small, however, and young Palmer's ambition large, so that he was compelled to teach school that he might increase his income, and devoted his small leisure to reading law. Not finding the fortune he sought in Nebraska, he returned to Wisconsin and connected himself with the La Crosse *Democrat*, at that time conducted by the author of "Peck's Bad Boy," who is now Governor of Wisconsin. The *Democrat* being sold in 1876, Mr. Palmer joined the staff of the La Crosse *Republican and Leader*, and in a short time became city editor and business manager of it. After holding these positions for three years he removed to Minneapolis, and during his residence there became interested in almost every paper published in the city. Mr. Palmer's phenomenal success in newspaper management led Mr. Hearst to retain his services for the *Examiner* just after Mr. Palmer had sold the Minneapolis *Tribune*.

S. S. Chamberlain, news editor of the *Examiner*, is a native of New York. In 1871 he was connected with the New York *Herald*, and was for several years James Gordon Bennett's private secretary. In 1882 Mr. Chamberlain founded the *Morning News*, an English paper in Paris, which introduced the system of furnishing daily telegraphic news, something unheard of in Parisian journalism. He was also the one to introduce the American personal interview to the Parisian world. After his successes in Paris, Mr. Chamberlain returned to the New York *World*, and in 1889 Mr. Hearst retained his services for the *Examiner* as news editor.

Thomas T. Williams, city editor of the *Examiner*, has been an active newspaper man in San Francisco since 1879. He is also dramatic critic for the *Examiner*, and succeeds in making his players' column one of the best of its kind in the country. In addition to his editorial work, Mr. Williams does special correspondence for several leading Eastern dailies.

Ambrose Bierce, an editorial and special writer on the *Examiner*, has attracted no little attention to the journal by his caustic papers and critical style.

—*James Prentiss Cramer.*

The following is quoted from the *Examiner*:

Allan Kelly, who knows as much about the picturesque side of the new West as any writer living, began his literary career as a reporter on the San Francisco dailies. His work during the Kearney troubles brought him into prominence. He returned to the East and was for several years connected with the editorial staff of the New York *Sun*, and also with that of the Boston *Globe*. Since his return to the West five years ago Mr. Kelly has added much to his already great reputation by work done for the *Examiner*. He has accomplished many "big" newspaper things, particularly out-door stories. It was Mr. Kelly who captured a grizzly bear for this paper; he was one of the men that rescued an Italian fisherman from Point Bonita rock; he walked across the mountains during the big snow blockade to get in his dispatches; he made a long trip on foot over the Canadian border and first pointed out tho leak through which thousands of Chinamen and hundreds of pounds of opium were pouring into the United States—and these are only a few of his journalistic feats. His knowledge of the life of the forests and mountains and plains, about which he writes so well, is all gained from practical experience. He is a mountaineer and a hunter of big game, an expert with rifle and revolver. He makes his home in the mountains and writes his stories in his camp.

The dramatic department of the *Examiner* was conducted for some seven or eight years by Adele Chretien, a charming little woman, who has never seemed to realize in so doing that she did anything out of the usual. It was a department admirably conducted, in the esteem of the public second only to "Betsey B.'s" in the *Argonaut*. A strong friendship and appreciation existed between the two women, which is delightfully shown in Mrs. Chretien's sketch on Mrs. Austin in the *Argonaut* School, written specially for this volume.

The name of "Annie Laurie" brings up wonderful studies of human nature as to the way it disports itself in the streets and byways of San Francisco. It is under this name that Mrs. O. Black is celebrated for her columns written for the *Examiner*. Her gifts in analyzing motives and expressing them in quick, strong English, are equaled only by her other gift—that of remarkably good common sense.

The wonderful exploits of the *Examiner* writers could not be told in a volume, but they have become good examples of legendary lore, already to be told in the home circle, if not around the fireside, to the astonished stranger within our gates. Jumping from the ferry-boat into the bay to see if the life-saving facilities of the ferry system work promptly, going out to interview stage robbers, or to capture a grizzly bear, all for the glory of the *Examiner*, are merely a sample of the exploits of Harry Bigelow, Allan Kelly and a host of daring writers, who are willing to attempt anything and everything, even the impossible.

Since the *Examiner's* advent under the management of W. R. Hearst, it has kept the city lively and in a continual state of bewilderment, a typical example of American journalism.

THE CHRONICLE.

1865-1893.

FOUNDERS AND PROPRIETORS:

Charles de Young and M. H. de Young.

EARLY EDITORS:

James F. Bowman, John Timmins, A. B. Henderson, G. B. Densmore, Samuel Seabough, R. B. Davenport, John Bonner, Marcus P. Wiggin, George Heazleton, George H. Weeks, James Robinson, E. Curtis, Charles E. Northeys.

LATER EDITORS:

John P. Young, George Hamlin Fitch, Horace R. Hudson, Frank B. Millard, Peter Robertson, Arthur H. Barendt, E. C. Simpson, Thomas Vivian, Thomas E. Flynn.

CONTRIBUTORS:

Prentice Mulford, Joaquin Miller, Albert Sutliffe, Harry Dam, H. K. Goddard, Joseph Goodman, Dan de Quille, Sam Davis, John Hamilton Gilmour, Charles Warren Stoddard, George C. Gorham, Bret Harte, Clinton Parkhurst, Charles Frederic Holder, D. F. Verdenal, Flora Haines Loughead, Yda Addis, Margaret Harvey and others.

The *Chronicle* of to-day, with its palatial home at the corner of Market and Kearny streets, is the outcome of a little sheet issued as a theater programme, at the sides and in the back of which were printed advertisements of all kinds.

The *Dramatic Chronicle* introduced a new feature in San Francisco journalism. The first number was issued on January 27, 1865. The paper at first was little more than a programme of the theaters, being distributed to the patrons of theaters and on the streets free of charge. In fact, it was a *Chronicle* of the times—local, critical, musical and theatrical—the office was known as the headquarters of the Bohemians.

The proprietor, editor, business manager, typo, proof-reader and collector was Charles de Young, and in a sprightly introduction he announced it the *Chronicle's* intention to put before its readers "the actions, intentions, sayings, doings, movements, successes, failures, oddities, peculiarities and speculations of us poor mortals here below."

Among the staff were James F. Bowman, Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain), Charles E. Northeys, Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, G. B. Densmore and others, then well known to local fame. On August 18, 1868, the word *Dramatic* was dropped from the head-line. The *Chronicle* had come to stay.

M. H. de Young, the proprietor and editor of the *Chronicle*, is probably the most widely known among newspaper editors on the coast and at the East. When a mere lad he was attracted to a printing office and learned the printer's trade. The story of the way he and his brother in ten years made the *Chronicle* a great newspaper is too well known to repeat here. De Young probably knows all the detail of newspaper work, from the business office to the composing-room, better than any proprietor in the country. He is in close contact with all departments of his paper, despite the large outside demands made upon his time and energy. He has remarkable executive ability, and he is able to dispatch a mass of business every day because of his memory of detail. He writes but little, but he dictates a clean-cut editorial, or gives in a few vigorous sentences the outline of an article which he wishes developed. He is devoted to California and the coast, as he has shown in his work as the Vice-President and California Commissioner of the World's Fair. Mr. de Young is noted for the interest he takes in all that concerns newspaper men, and he was recently elected President of the International League of Press Clubs and a life member of the New York Press Club.

John P. Young, the managing editor of the *Chronicle*, received his newspaper training in the hard school of Washington local work and correspondence. For five years he was city editor of the Washington *Chronicle*, and afterwards one of the staff of correspondents that Editor Storey of the Chicago *Times* maintained at the national capital. Mr. Young is recognized as an authority on the tariff and silver questions. In fact, during the last campaign, no paper in the country surpassed the *Chronicle* in its able and full discussion of the protective policy, and its work was commended by prominent Republican leaders at Washington. Mr. Young is a Pennsylvanian, 43 years old, a rapid and untiring worker, and a walking encyclopedia of statistics on foreign and American finance. He has held his present position fourteen years.

The night editor and literary editor of the *Chronicle*, George H. Fitch, was trained on the New York *Tribune*, and came to the coast twelve years ago. His sketch and picture may be found classified under the *Illustrated Californian Magazine* School, with which he is identified.

Horace R. Hudson, city editor of the *Chronicle*, obtained his first taste of journalism as assistant editor of the Albany *Times*. He made his first hit on the *Chronicle* as legislative correspondent at Sacramento. In this work he showed rare aptitude in foretelling political events and in giving the digest of important measures. On his return he was made city editor, an exacting position which he has filled with credit for thirteen years, a feat which is without parallel in this city, as five years is a long term at this hard desk. Mr. Hudson is a man of fine presence, 43 years of age. He is an authority on foreign politics, and is an accomplished French scholar.

The dramatic editor of the *Chronicle*, Peter Robertson, has made a niche for himself with his pathetic tales of the "Seedy Man," which have become almost classic. The following extracts are given to show his kindly treatment of the theme, "Young Women on the Stage":

> The Seedy Gentleman lit his pipe and settled himself in his chair. Then he remarked, irrelevantly:
>
> "I asked him about it once."
>
> "Who?"
>
> "Shakespeare."
>
> "About what?"
>
> "Why all his heroes and heroines fell in love at first sight?"
>
> "What did he say?"
>
> "He said that was proper, for young people."

"How about old people?"

"They don't fall in love at all."

"No?"

"No; when you get old, it's a kind of affection. You see, Romeo and Juliet fall in love with one another like a flash; Rosalind and Orlando become lovesick in a moment; Celia and the scapegrace brother do the same thing Antony goes down before Cleopatra in less than five minutes; Olivia simply hugs Cesario before he has the Duke's message well delivered, and the Duke keels over as soon as he finds Cesario is a woman. One of the few cases where it took some time was when Desdemona ran away with Othello, and he was a black man."

"That seems an argument."

"Well, after all, it is so when the woman is good-looking or the man handsome. The fact is, gentlemen, this love business is nothing like as noble as we are wont to paint it."

* * * * *

"And Julia Marlowe? You began talking about her."

"The most promising young actress the later years have given us. Not old enough yet to have a mannerism. I saw her Viola to-night. It was a performance full of pretty points and full of imperfections. I don't think I have ever seen such pretty business as she put in."

* * * * *

"Ah, Ada Rehan can make love. Her lovemaking has all the blarney of the Irish colleen and all the charming freedom and confidence of the American. She can play love at first sight better than anybody I ever saw. I like to see her plunge into it with that little start, that opening of her eyes and that magnetic little laugh. Ah, love, love, love. It is the comedy, the farce, the drama, the tragedy of life. It leads to bliss and despair; it overcomes the pain of poverty and kills the pleasure of wealth; it makes us sacrifice ourselves to others and others to ourselves; it is heaven and hell and purgatory—and we all go through it."

* * * * *

"I cannot help saying it again, the California girl is a wonder."

"How?"

"What she finds to do she does with all her might, and nothing can frighten her. It has been notable how California girls have got on on the stage. There has not been one of them who has not surprised the managers."

"How?"

"The California girl knows no such thing as stage fright. No, they are not all full-fledged actresses, but they soon come out. If they don't they are equally as ready to get off the stage and try something else. But they try. Where do they get the courage? I fancy it must be from the fathers who took their lives in their hands in '49. And yet it's strange that California men don't seem to get on as fast. For every California man on the stage there are—I don't know—about three women, and the women have more prominent places. There is something very peculiar about it. There are hundreds of unemployed actresses in New York, thousands who are clamoring for admission to the stage, and yet the California girl will go to the metropolis, and inside of six months she's back in San Francisco with some New York or at least important company."

"It is odd."

"Once in awhile you meet with a California boy in a good place on the stage, but most of them fill quite subordinate parts and are hardly heard of."

"Girls are more written about than men."

"That's true. It's natural. The writers are men."

"Yet women writers mostly write about women."

"They don't know what to say about men, and they do know all about women. A man's never the same to a man as to a woman. She sees him from a diferent point of view."

"Naturally."

"Unnaturally, my friends," said the Seedy Gentleman, holding up his hand. "I tell you that under the surface the movement for the freedom of woman is growing in power every day. We have given them hope of liberty. Their struggle gained for them that hope, and now nothing can stop them. There are but two relations between men and women compatible with peace and happiness. Either woman is the goddess of the household, pure and simple, or she is the absolute equal of man. The stage is helping them in the fight."

"How?"

"In the old days—yes, we read of actresses—but the stage was the devil's temple then, and they had but little influence as examples. The penalties of stage fame were too great to raise emulation. The charm of woman was modesty, and public notice was something a modest woman was not supposed to be capable of desiring."

"And they're growing immodest now?"

"No, they are proving that they can take care of themselves; they are showing that art is not immodest, nor is it a purely male gift; they are challenging men for rank in literature, music and the arts, and in the last two now—perhaps some day it will be the same in the first—they are beating them. The little canaries have got out of their cages into the room, and presently they'll out at the window and fly away. A little freedom is a dangerous thing."

"Oh, your old hobby."

"Yes, I suppose so. But all my experience of the stage lately has kept forcing upon me the fact that women are quicker in intelligence, more energetic and determined, more courageous in fighting difficulties in their career, absolutely more competent than men in a variety of ways. But the stage for women is no small question. We may talk about the silly girl being stage-struck. There are thousands of them in this town."

"You don't say."

"I repeat it—thousands! Most of them have sense and feel that they daren't try; but do you suppose that women do not think or reason? Yes, they do a million things that are unreasonable; they are nearly all impulse. There is a girl, young and charming, playing at the Baldwin Theater. What has she done? She has studied Shakespeare, gone on the stage and played the parts. The papers of the country have printed columns about her—not scandal, not personal gossip, but all about her acting and her art and those higher elements which men are prouder of than all their money-making talent when they possess them. The men talk about her charm; they do not offer to her only the tribute that they give to a pretty girl in the chorus of a comic opera. It is the same art that we rate so high in actors, a sister art to that which made the whole world pause a moment when Tennyson died. Is it not a worthy ambition then? Can you argue that women should not seek to advance themselves when the stage shows us hundreds of examples of their ability to stand beside men in the highest art? If they fail? Do men never fail? There are more failures than successes in the world."

"Do you think girls ought to go on the stage?"

"No. To me it seems a hard life; to me it seems a pity when a pretty, clever, charming girl goes on the stage. No. God has made a few girls to be Rosalinds and Juliets. He has made a few more to be comic opera singers. He has made some to be soubrettes; but so far as those who go on the stage are concerned, he seems to have made most of them to be peasants, ladies of the court, gypsies and things, bunched at the bottom of the cast, and in the play mere figures without even a name. But there is divine afflatus, and we don't know till we find from experience whether we have it in us or not." —*Peter Robertson.*

Regarding Mr. Robertson, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton says in in her article in the *Cosmopolitan*:

> Mr. Robertson's editorials are characterized by a conscientious desire to lead aright the large majority of theater-goers, who wait for him to make up their minds for them, and by a very evident intention of making an art of criticism. Although a man of positive opinions, he is very exact in his judgment, and uninfluenced by personal feeling.

Mr. Robertson is also a clever librettist. Upon the occasion of the successful initial performance of the comic opera entitled "His Majesty" (the work of himself and Mr. H. Stewart, the musical composer), he was called before the footlights and presented with a great floral pen-plume, a most appropriate offering. Mr. Robertson's gift of writing is equalled only by his kindliness of heart.

No better sketch could be written by one newspaper man about another than the following, by George Hamlin Fitch, which serves a two-fold purpose in this collocation. It serves to show the delicate touch ot Mr. Fitch, his admirable brevity and skill, as well as the characteristics of so striking an individuality as is John Hamilton Gilmour, who has left his imprint on the Californian files. The sketch is as follows:

> Mr. Gilmour is well known to newspaper readers on this coast, as for several years he has been a regular contributor to the San Francisco *Sunday Chronicle.* He has done more than any other writer to make known the singular life of the people along the edges of the Colorado desert. The fascination of the desert has laid hold upon him also, which is perhaps the reason why he has been able to interpret its charm. He has an intense love of Nature, and he has the poetic quality that enables him to bring out in words what nine men out of ten feel vaguely, but cannot express. Thus his articles on the way the birds come in early spring in the little tropical valleys that fringe the dreary desert are instinct with genuine poetry. So, too, are his pen pictures of night on the desert, when the darkness frequently seems to be the embodiment of malignant unseen forces, and the howl of the coyote is a relief from that stillness which is like the visible presence of death and well nigh palsies the senses. It requires literary art of a high degree to bring such impressions as these down upon paper and give them actual form in fitting words. In the same way Mr. Gilmour has made scores of character sketches of the strange people on the desert. You feel in reading his work that he has known these waifs and strays who have been stranded in this strange quarter of the globe, and that often he has penetrated their armor of reserve and reached the heart of the mystery that led them to become exiles from their kind. The humor of the desert, like its pathos, is unique, and no one, save Lummis, has developed it so successfully as Gilmour.
>
> It is a far cry from the Colorado desert to India, yet Gilmour, who is an Anglo-Indian, has written several graphic sketches of life as he knew it in British India thirty years ago. His best work in this field was the sketch of a Hindoo wedding which appeared in the *Cosmopolitan* last year, with many beautiful illustrations.
>
> It is natural that a man who loves birds and trees should be kind to the Indians of the desert. Mr. Gilmour by his pen has been able to do much for the unfortunate Cahuilla tribe, that has never had any aid from the Government. He has exposed the injustice of the Indian agents, and he has had the satisfaction of knowing that his appeals have aided the cause of Indian education. St. Boniface's School at Banning is under great obligation to him for the interest he has excited in the work of educating these young Arabs of the desert and lifting them out of the savagery to which they were born. This is work which ought to keep his name green in the memory of those who have tried to save the Indian from moral degradation that is worse than death.

Mr. Gilmour was born in Allahabad, British India, June 17, 1858. He was educated in England, returning to India when he was 19. He wrote for the Indian newspapers there, but says of himself that he was always wanting to right wrongs, and always so desirous of making people see themselves as others saw them, that there was a continual disturbance following his articles. In a few years he came to America and settled in California. He has been connected with the *News Letter* and the *Post* and several other journals in San Francisco. His tendency to satirize still remains with him. One of the most harmless and yet absurd of his perpetrations was the incident told by him in his column in the *Evening Post*, some few years ago. James Flood, the capitalist, had ordered a group of statuary to be made for his new business block, but for some reason or other he ignored the order, and, in consequence, the sculptor brought suit against him. The figures of Bacchus and Ceres, cast in clay, were no longer given storage, but thrust out in the street, where the immense white forms, exposed to the fast-falling rain, gradually took on a grotesquely piteous expression of dismantlement. Every one's attention was attracted and it became a topic of conversation. It fell under the eye of Gilmour, the remorseless. Straightway appeared a paragraph that set the city to laughing. It ran something as follows:

> It is no wonder that the statues of F. Marion Wells, planned to ornament the Flood building, did not meet the favor of the distinguished capitalist, Mr. Flood. When Mr. Wells came into the august presence he stated that he had the statues now ready for inspection, and that he had decided upon the figures of Ceres and Bacchus as appropriate to the building and to California. Mr. Flood looked surprised. He said he'd be hanged if he saw any reason why the statues of Postmaster Backus and Druggist Sears should be put up on his building, and what was more, he would stand suit before it should be done. If any particular person's statue was going up there it ought to be his own, and not those of two people in the city of San Francisco whose only claim to eminence was a post-office and a drug store.

In contrast to this humor is his series of pictures of the desert, published in the *Chronicle*, from one of which the following extract is made:

NIGHT ON THE DESERT.

> Day is growing faint. The pale purple of decay is fast spreading over her once radiant face, becoming deeper and deeper as the end is reached. Night comes speedily. No delicious twilight enchants the resting senses. There is no intermediate step from the glare of sunlight to the somber hues of night. In the daytime the monotony frights. The never-ending waves of sand, the dismal

patches of sagebrush, bring ever before one the oppressive thought of death—living death. So powerful is this that one almost feels inclined to cry aloud and stab the silence with a piercing shriek.

Curious are the feelings of man regarding the desert when day is at her height; a marvelous change comes over him when she sinks into deeper sloth. For night brings peace. * * * Have you ever been unable to sleep, overcome by the oppression of the unknown? If you have lived alone in the outskirts of the desert, my meaning will become apparent. The loneliness sharpens every sense. The quiver of the air, the rustle of the leaves, the swaying grasses —all that you so much enjoyed before you tried to sleep disturb you. It is strange what a loud noise a single leaf can make to your nervous hearing.

Four tiny feet patter over the sands. It is a rabbit. A filing of the wall begins. It is a field mouse. The cock quail drums loudly through the night, and faint in reply comes the warning answer of his mate. It is not an encheering sound. Often have I thought, when hearing their mournful screams, of lost souls wandering, calling—calling in vain for that helping hand which is forever denied them. An owl floats slowly toward the moon, showing a shadow against the disk of silver. A distant bark breaks in upon the quiet air. * * * All the colony of dogs is awakened, and amid the appalling din comes the sharp yelp of the coyote.

Now and again a cow bellows and a horse snorts. You feel a pity, for perhaps it is caused by fright at a side-winder, that treacherous species of the rattlesnake common to the Colorado desert. Then there is a twang. It reverberates through space. Wandering cattle have come in contact with the barbed-wire fence. * * *

Then the noises die and sleep steals quietly to the brain, as the regnant moon moves higher up her orbit, enbrightening the dreaming world with a beauty far more beautiful than that of her twin brother, the sun.

—*John Hamilton Gilmour.*

Many excellent city studies which appeared in the *Chronicle* are from the pens of writers on the staff of more than ordinary ability. Especially good was a late article entitled "Free Lodging in a Theater," telling of the curious use to which the Bijou Theater is now put, serving as a night habitation for tramps. The humor and pathos of the situation are well portrayed. The articles in years past by Flora Haines Loughead have been most praiseworthy. Those lately by Margaret Harvey and Yda Addis have been of superior quality.

Many fine writers have contributed to the columns of the *Chronicle* who are otherwise classified under literary journal or magazine.

EVENING POST.

1871-1893.

EDITORS:

John L. Sheehan, Samuel Backus, Colonel Jackson, John Hamilton Gilmour George Heazleton, J. O'Hara Cosgrave, Hugh Hume.

The *Evening Post* was founded in 1871. It was started by four or five newspaper men as a venture. It was at first probably the smallest daily newspaper ever issued.

The *Post* passed into the hands of its present proprietor and editor, George Heazleton, in 1889. Mr. Heazleton is a native of Pittsburg, Pa. He was educated at the public schools of his native city and graduated from the High School. He then entered Oberlin and completed the classical course there at 19. Going abroad, he entered the University of Gottingen, Germany, and later, Heidelberg. After two years at these institutions, he went to Paris and there continued his education. Upon his return to America he came to California and joined the *Chronicle* staff as a reporter, later he was exchange editor, and finally, for five years was Washington correspondent of that journal.

Under his management the *Post* has shown great enterprise in securing local and telegraphic news, and it has made a feature of illustrations, which add so greatly to the attractiveness of a newspaper.

Lately this journal has passed into the possession of J. O'Hara Cosgrave and Hugh Hume, who are also proprietors of the *Wave*.

VALE.

It is a primitive state of society which finds expression in the valedictory. The new spirit of the age is "that men may come and men may go, but the printing-press goes on forever." But to preserve that atmosphere of the old *Golden Era* of 1852, and extending its elements of human sympathy across to 1893, a space of forty years, joining the hands of the old times and the new, the primitive and the modern, I must find expression in the old-fashioned custom.

In judgment upon the work here presented I sit, and proclaim of my own accord its many imperfections. The files could not be reduced to a volume, nor a volume of writers to a chapter. The only claim that is here made is that it is honest preliminary work. Let him who comes after add to and perfect this beginning.

But some way, now that I have reached the end, sustained as I have been through all these mazes by a courage that has never failed, a consciousness of awe falls upon me.

Some way I feel as I did at the close of my trip to the grand valley of the Yo Semite. Mounted upon a sure-footed little donkey, I went up the narrow trails, over the verges of great precipices and gazed down into the great gorges below, full of rushing waters, and then up at the massive walls above me to the blue of the sky. Profourd! magnificent those proportions of Nature! And I rejoiced and was exceeding glad.

The tourists from Manila, Cape Town, Calcutta and London, men and women travelers from all over the world, were timidly clinging to their donkeys, or else getting off and leading them along. In their looks they expressed disapproval of such a childish state of glee as was fiung down from the trail ahead of them, as in solemn procession we filed around those semi-circles of trail, which wound about like the coils of a serpent, up the precipitous height, amid those "wind-braided waters," as Charles Warren Stoddard calls them, and those Titan-hewed walls.

But it was my own land. I was in my own home. It was my kingdom. I had grown up in these mountains, only three days distant from this grand upheaval.

And I leaned forward upon my donkey as he ascended to heaven, and leaned back with my head upon his spine as he descended to earth again, and sang from the fullness of my heart a little march, which exactly suited the meter of the donkey's jog.

And some of them took up the weird strain and sang it with me, for it fitted the mood and the metre of Nature, with its clang as of cymbals, suitable for so slow and so uncertain a march as was ours.

But when I had come down from the trails and was well on my way home, with the great valley fading into the purple hills of the distance, a great fear fell upon me. I never thought to be afraid till it was all over; but that fear will remain with me evermore.

—Ella Sterling Cummins.

VALE.

ERRATA.

For "trouble" read "terrible," page 252, poem by Chas. Edwin Markham.

For "many" read "Mary," page 238, poem by Mary H. Field.

For "San Faancisco" read "San Francisco," page 377.

For "has came" read "has come," page 377.

For "has came" read "has come," page 382.

For "Amagnis" read "Amazons," page 398.

For "ltghter" read "lighter," page 396.

For "obselete" read "obsolete," page 399.

For "writinfi" read "writing," page 402.

For "magazine" read "mazarine," 403.

For "Hs" read "he," page 412.

For "apothesis" read "apotheosis," page 414.

For sketches by author on daily journals read James Prentiss Cramer, with additions by author—see index.

And many other errors which were unavoidable owing to the haste with which the volume was gotten out.

INDEX

CALIFORNIAN STORY OF THE FILES

INDEX.

CHAPTERS.

	PAGES.
Frontispiece—California, 1849	
Title Page	1
Dedication	3
Keynote	4
Prelude	5–12
Golden Era School	13–22
Women of the Golden Era	23–33
Pioneer Magazine	34–41
Hutchings' Illustrated California Magazine	42–45
Early Poets	46–54
Poetry of the Pacific and Outcroppings	55–62
First Writers of Humor and Travel	63–69
An Early Journalist of War Times	70–76
Sacramento Union	77–99
Hesperian	100–101
Writers of the Sagebrush School	102–118
Olive Harper	119–120
Caxton	121–122
The Incomparable Three	123–140
Californian	141–143
Overland School	144–166
Hubert H. Bancroft and Bancroft's Histories	167–172
Henry George	173–176
Ambrose Bierce	177–184
News Letter	185–186
Wasp	187–189
Argonaut School	190–233
Californian School	234–267
Later Overland School	268–276
Later Golden Era School	277–293
San Franciscan School	294–307
Ingleside School	308–315
Californian Illustrated Magazine	316–322
Wave	323–326

	PAGE.
Readings from Californian Poets	327-328
Picturesque California	329-330
Three Poems	331-335
Fiction, Drama and Miscellaneous	336-362
Unknown Authors	363
Literature as a Profession for Women	365-376
San Francisco Journalism	377-381
Woman's Press Association	382-397
Woman Writers of Southern California	399-402
A Glimpse of Californian Journalism	403
Alta California	405-406
California Demokrat (German)	407
Abend-Post (German)	408
Evening Bulletin	409-410
Morning Call	411-416
Weekly Monitor	417
American Flag	418
Evening Report	419-420
Examiner	421-425
Chronicle	426-434
Evening Post	435
Vale	436-437

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Addis, Yda	225
Anthony, James	79
Atherton, Gertrude Franklin	347
Avery, Fannie H.	286
Avery, Benjamin P.	151
Bancroft, Hubert H.	168
"Betsy B."	198
Bierce, Ambrose	178
Bigelow, Henry Derby	310
Bishop, Kate M.	229
Booth, Newton	89
Brooks, Noah	153
Browne, J. Ross	66
California, 1849	Frontispiece
California, 1879	186
California, 1893	365

PAGE.

Carmany, John H. 145
Clifford, Josephine 158
Cooper, Mrs. Sarah B. 163
Cosgrave, J. O'Hara 324
Crane, Lauren E. 91
Cummins, Adley H. 301
Cummins, Ella Sterling 306

Daggett, Rollin M. 14
Danziger, Gustav Adolph 321
Davis, Sam 107
Dawson, Emma Frances 226
Derby, Colonel G. H. 63
Doran, James 354

Ewer, Ferdinand C. 36
Eyster, Mrs. Nellie Blessing 386

Field, Mary H. 237
Fitch, Anna M. 299
Fitch, George Hamlin 320
Fitch, Thomas 299
Ford, J. MacDonough 15
Foote, Lucius Harwood 256

Gally, James W. 157
George, Henry 174
Glasscock, Mary Willis 246
Goodman, Joseph Thompson 295
Greene, Clay Meredith 341
Gunter, Archibald Clavering 328

Hagar 27
Halstead, Ada L. 397
Harrison, William Pitt 298
Harte, Francis Bret 126
Hart, Jerome A. 196
Hittell, John S. 248
Hittell, Theodore H. 248
Hoffman-Craig, Mary Lynde 389
Holder, Charles Frederick 317
Holmes, Adelaide J. 313
Hutchins, J. M. 43

PAGE.

Keith, Eliza D. 388
Kingsbury, Alice 30
Kirby, Georgiana Bruce 162

Lawrence, Mary V. 93
Le Conte, Joseph 243
Lezinsky, David Lesser 292

Massett, Stephen M. 21
Markham, Charles Edwin 251
McDonald, Calvin B. 70
McEwen, Arthur 297
McGlashan, C. F. 98
Menken, Adah Isaacs 25
Mighels, Henry Russ 105
Millard, Frank Bailey 220
Miller, Joaquin 135
Milne, Robert Duncan 219
Morrill, Paul 78
Morrow, William C. 222
Muir, John 155
Murphy, Robert Wilson 356
Myrtle, Minnie 25

Nordoff, Charles 69
Norris, Frank 359

Pacheco, Mrs. Romualdo 343
Parkhurst, Mrs. Emelie T. Y. 384
Phelan, James D. 274
Phelps, Charles Henry 235
Picture of Sea-lion 307
Pittsinger, Eliza 23
Pixley, Frank M. 192
Plunkett, Lillian 396
Pollock, Edward 47
Powell, Emily Browne 391

Realf, Richard 214
Redding, Benjamin Barnard 253
Reed, Anna Morrison 397
Rhodes, William H. 121
Richardson, Daniel S. 238
Ridge, John Rollin 49

PAGE.

Savage, Richard Henry 340
Seabough, Samuel 85
Sheehan, John F. 97
Shinn, Charles Howard 275
Shuey, Lillian Hinman 392
Sill, Edward Rowland 146
Somers, Fred M. 195
Sosso, Lorenzo 361
Stanton, Mrs. Mary O. 387
Stoddard, Charles Warren 148
Swift, John Franklin 108

Toland, Mary Bertha McKenzie 394
Topsy Turvy 31
Twain, Mark 123

Victor, Frances F. 159

Wagner, Harr 280
Wagner, Madge Morris 281
Walter, Carrie Stevens 289
Wasson, Joseph 115
Watson, Henry Clay 83
Webb, Louise H. 257
White, Richard Edward 244
Wiggin, Kate Douglass 350
Wiley, Alice Denison 285
Woods, Virna 394

WRITERS MENTIONED.

Adams, Walter E. 290
Anderson, Dr. Jerome 291
Atherton, Gertrude Franklin 347-350
Austin, Mary Therese 198
Avery, Benjamin P. 151
Avery, Fannie H. 286

Bancroft, Hubert H. 167
Bartlett, William B. 152
Bausman, William 90
Bierce, Ambrose 177

	PAGE.
Bigelow, Henry Derby	310
Birkmaier, Eliza G.	355
Bishop, Kate M.	229
Booth, Newton	89
Bowman, James F.	58
Bowman, Mrs. Mary C.	398
Brooks, Noah	153
Brown, Clara Spaulding	400
Brown, Genevieve Lucille	326
Browne, J. Ross	66
Bruce, Wallace	331
Carmany, John H.	144
Carleton, Henry Guy	346–347
Carr, Mrs. Jeanne C.	398
Cheney, John Vance	259
Cheney, Warren	246
Clare, Ada	23
Clemens, Samuel	103, 123
Clifford, Josephine	158
Coolbrith, Ina D.	27, 149
Cooper, Mrs. Sarah B.	163
Cosgrave, J. O'Hara	324
Cothran, Edward E.	291
Crane, Lauren E.	91
Cummins, Adley H.	301
Cummins, Ella Sterling	99, 306
Daggett, Rollin Mallory	16, 111
Danziger, Dr. Gustav Adolph	320, 321
Davidson, Professor George	154, 250
Davis, Sam	107
Dawson, Emma Frances	226
Day, Mrs.	100
Delano, A.	18
Delmar, Alexander	248
Denison, Alice	189
Densmore, G. B.	20
De Quille, Dan	18
Derby, Colonel George Horatio	63
Dickson, William O.	334
Doran, James	354
Dorney, Pat	278

PAGE.

Enderline, Mrs. 401
Ewer, Ferdinand C. 34
Eyster, Mrs. Nellie Blessing 386

Field, Mary H. 237
Fitch, Mrs. Anna M. 30, 299–300
Fitch, George Hamlin 319
Fitch, Thomas 298–299
Foard, J. Macdonough 16
Foote, Lucius Harwood 256
Fremont, Jessie Benton 400

Gally, James W. 157
Gassaway, Frank 186
George, Henry 173
Gibson, Mrs. Ellen 119
Gilmour, John Hamilton 186
Glasscock, Mary Willis 246
Goodman, Joseph T. 17, 59, 295–296
Goodman, Lyman 56
Goodrich, Sallie 26
Goodwin, Judge C. C. 110
Greene, Charles H. 273
Greene, Clay Meredith 341–343
Gunter, Archibald Clavering 337–339

Halstead, Ada L. (Mrs. J. M. Newman) 397
Harrison, William Pitt 298
Harte, Francis Bret 17, 126
Harte, Mrs. Mary 399
Hart, Jerome A. 196
Heath, Kate 99
Heaven, Louise Palmer 163
Higginson, Ella 189
Highton, Henry E. 18
Hill-Wood, Mrs. M. F. C. 402
Hittell, John S. 248
Hittell, Theodore H. 247
Holder, Charles Frederick 317
Hoffman-Craig, Mary Lynde 389
Holmes, Adelaide J. 313
Hume, Hugh 324
Hutchins, J. M. 42

PAGE.
Keeler, Ralph 154
Keith, Mrs. Eliza 99, 388-389
Kendall, W. S. 57
Kerr, Orpheus C. 18
King, Clarence 154
King, Starr 17
Kingsbury-Cooley, Mrs. Alice 29, 386
Kirby, Georgiana Bruce 161
Knapp, Adeline E. 390

Laurence, Mary V. 93
Lawrence, Mrs. Elizabeth A. 402
Le Conte, Joseph 242
Lemmon, J. G. 273
Leszinsky, David Lesser 292-293
Lindley, Leila 99
Linen, James 53
Littleton, Lulu 30
Loughead, Mrs. Flora Haines 231, 313
Lummis, Dorothea 400
Ludlow, Fitzhugh 18
Lynch, Jeremiah 357

Markham, Charles Edwin 250
Marriott, Frederick 185
Massett, Stephen 21
McComas, Alice Moore 398
McDonald, Calvin B. 70
McDowell, Harry Borden 309
McGlashan, C. F. 98
McEwen, Arthur 296-298
McQuillan, James B. 97
Melone, Locke [illegible]5
Menken, Adah Isaacs 25
Mighels, Henry Rust 105
Millard, Frank Bailey 220
Miller, Joaquin 21, 135
Miller, Minnie Myrtle 24
Milne, Robert Duncan 219
Morrill, Paul 78
Morrison, Anna 27
Morrow, William C. 222
Muir, John 155
Mulford, Prentice 152

PAGE.

Munson, Edward 207
Murphy, Miss Anna C. 400
Murphy, Robert Wilson 356

Nordoff, Charles 68
Norris, Frank 359

O'Connell, Daniel 188, 344-346
Off, Miss Louise A. 398
Otis, Mrs. Eliza A. 399

Pacheco, Mrs. Romualdo 343
Paide, E. G. 17
Parkhurst, Mrs. Emelie Tracy Y. 322, 383-385
Parsons, George Frederick 96
Peterson, Ina Lillian 325
Phelan, James D. 274
Phelps, Charles Henry 235
Phelps, Janette H. 26
Pittsinger, Eliza 28
Pixley, Frank M. 191
Pollock, Edward 34, 46
Powell, Emily Browne 391
Plunkett, Lillian 189, 396

Realf, Richard 212
Redding, Benjamin Barnard 253
Reed, Anna Morrison 395
Rhodes, William H. 121
Richardson, Daniel S. 238
Ridge, John R. 17, 49
Richmond, Hiram Hoyt 305
Robertson, Peter 186
Royce, Josiah 273
Russell, Edmund 263, 327-328

Saxon, Isabel 99
Savage, Richard Henry 21, 339-341
Savage, Lyttleton 347
Seabough, Samuel 85
Severance, Mrs. Caroline M. 401
Sheehan, John F. 97
Shepard, Jesse 292
Shuey, Lillian Hinman 285, 392-393

PAGE.

Shinn, Charles Howard . . . 275
Sill, Edward Roland . . . 146
Somers, Frederick H. . . . 195, 235
Sosso, Lorenzo . . . 360-361
Soule, Frank . . . 57
Stanton, Mrs. Mary O. . . . 387-388
Stetson, Charlotte Perkins . . . 189, 390-391
Stoddard, Charles Warren . . . 18, 148
Storke, Mrs. Yda Addis . . . 224
Swift, John Franklin . . . 108

Thorpe, Rose Hartwick . . . 401
Tingley, Mary Viola . . . 62
Toland, Mary Bertha McKenzie . . . 394
Topsy Turvey . . . 30
Townsend, Annie Lake . . . 99, 232

Unger, Minnie Buchanan . . . 189, 305
Urmy, Clarence . . . 285
Unknown Authors . . . 363

Victor, Frances F. . . . 23, 159

Wagner, Madge Morris . . . 281, 400
Wagner, Harr . . . 280
Waite, Frona Eunice . . . 315, 325
Walter, Carrie Stevens . . . 288-289
Wasson, Joseph . . . 114
Waters, Kate . . . 306
Watson, Mrs. Mary . . . 29
Watkins, —— . . . 18
Watson, Henry C. . . . 83
Webb, Charles Henry . . . 142
Webb, Henry . . . 90
Webb, Louise H. . . . 257
Wentworth, May . . . 26, 55
White, Richard Edward . . . 244
White, Laura Lyon . . . 161
White, N. E. . . . 99
Whitney, Professor J. D. . . . 154
Wiggin, Kate Douglass . . . 350-352
Wiley, Alice Denison . . . 278, 285
Williamson, Mrs. Burton . . . 399
Willis, E. P. . . . 99

PAGE.

Wolf, Emma 356
Woods, Virna 394
Woodson, J. A. 99
Wright, Elizabeth Chamberlain 333
Wright, William 106

Yelverton, Therese 161

EXTRACTS.

Abraham Lincoln, by Joseph T. Goodman 59–60
A Daughter of the House of David, extract from, by C. B. McDonald 75–76
A Divine Guest, extract from, by Eliza Pittsinger 24
After Sunset, by Anna Morrison 27
A Funeral in Florence, extract from, by Edmund Russell . . . 263
A Glimpse of Californian Journalism, extract from, by Alice D. Wiley 403
A Man of Sorrows, but a Smiling Lord, quotation from, by Hiram Hoyt Richmond 305
A Meeting, by Charles Edwin Markham 252
A Midsummer Afternoon, extract from, by W. S. Kendall . . . 58
A New Nation, extract from (original and condensed form), by Calvin B. McDonald 75
Apollyon the Destroyer, extract from, by Jimmy Linen . . . 54
A Red Letter Day, extract from, by Lucius Harwood Foote . . . 256
A Star at Twilight, extract from, by John Rollin Ridge . . . 52
A Trip to the Top, quotation from, by Harr Wagner 280–281
A Vision, by Emily Browne Powell 391
A Voice, by William O. Dickson 334–335
A Wife of Three Days, by Carrie Stevens Walter 289–290
A Wingless Butterfly, by Alice Denison Wiley 283–284

California, by Carrie Stevens Walter 289
California, extract from, by Ina D. Coolbrith 150
California, extract from, by Charles Warren Stoddard . . . 149
California, by Lillian Hinman Shuey 392
Crepusculum, by Frank Norris 360

Daggett, R. M., legend of 112
Death of Day, by Emelie T. Y. Parkhurst 385
Decoration Day, extract from, by Emma Frances Dawson . . . 227–228
Doomswoman, The, extract from, by Gertrude Franklin Atherton . 349–350
Drama, extract from, by Mary Therese Austin 203–204

PAGE.

Eschscholtzia Californica, by Mary Lynde Hoffman-Craig . . 389–390
Eschscholtzia Californica, by Mrs. Hall-Wood 402
Evening, by Edward Pollock 48
Extract from Oscar Schuck's California Anthology, by Newton Booth . 89

Famine, extract from, by Edmund Russell 264
Fish Culture, extract from, by B. B. Redding 255
Fishing on the Cloud River, extract from, by B. B. Redding . 255
Flag on Fire, extract from, by Anna M. Fitch 62

Hemlock in the Furrows, extract from, by Adah Isaacs Menken . 26
Henry Clay Watson, comparison, by William H. Mills . . 84
His Mother Made Him a Little Coat, by Fannie H. Avery . . 287
History of the Donner Party, extract from, by C. F. McGlashan . 99

Idol of High Prize, extract from, by Frank Bailey Millard . . 221
I Feel I'm Growing Auld, Gude Wife, by Jimmy Linen . . 53–54
In a Hammock, by Kate M. Bishop 229–230
Ineffable, The, by Ina Lillian Peterson 325–326
In the Redwood Canyon, by Lillian Hinman Shuey . . . 393
In the Sierras, extracts from, by Charles Warren Stoddard . 20–21
In the Heroic Days, by Arthur McEwen 116–118
Invocation, by Ambrose Bierce 181–184

Jubilate, by Louise H. Webb 258–259
Lectures on Astronomy, extract from, by Colonel George H. Derby . 65
Letter to Nicholas E. White, by Samuel Seabough 86–87
Lex Scripta, by Nathan Kouns 264–267
Lines by Edward Roland Sill 147–148
Lines by E. A. P. 35
Literature as a Profession for Women, by Ella Sterling Cummins . 365–376
Love Endureth After Death, by Daniel O'Connell . . . 346
Love Song, by John Vance Cheney 261–262
Lucille, extract from, by Anna M. Fitch 300

Mills, William H., on Why Editors Discourage Young Writers from
Indulging in Figures of Speech 96
Mountaineering in the Sierras, extract from, by Hubert H. Bancroft 154–155
Mount Shasta, extract from, by John Rollin Ridge . . . 50
Motherhood, extract from, by Mary H. Field 237–238
My Darling's Face, extract from, by Stephen Massett . . . 22
My New Year's Guests, by R. M. Daggett 112–114

Night on the Desert, extract from, by John Hamilton Gilmour . 434

PAGE.

Official Report, extract from, by Colonel George H. Derby . . 65
Old Glory, extract from, by Emma Frances Dawson . . 227
On the San Joaquin, extract from, by Lillian Hinman Shuey . . 392
Our Flower, by John Vance Cheney 262–263

Parkhurst, Emelie T. Y., lines by 385
Poetry, by Charles Edwin Markham 251
Politics in the Pulpit, extract from, by Ferdinand Ewer . . 40–41

Quarrel With the Ancients, extract from, by J. Ross Browne . 68
Question, by Daniel S. Richardson 239–240

Resurgam, extract from, by David Lesser Lezinsky . . 293
Robert Greathouse, extract from, by John Franklin Swift . . 109
Rocking the Baby, by Madge Morris Wagner . . . 282

San Francisco Journalism, by Flora Haines Loughead . . . 377–381
Sing Me a Ringing Anthem, by Daniel O'Connell . . . 345
Song of the Shea-Oak, by Walter E. Adams 290–291
Stanton's Practical and Scientific Physiognomy, or How to Read Faces,
quotation from, by Mrs. Mary O. Stanton 388
Sunset, by Anna Morrison Reed 395–396
Susey, extract from, by Bret Harte 129–130
Sutter's Fort, by L. H. Foote 256–257

To A. D., by Fannie H. Avery 288
The Ape and the Idiot, extract from, by William C. Morrow . 224
The Arizonian, extract from, by Bret Harte 134–135
The Christmas Doll, extract from, by William Bausman . . 90
The Exodus of Stock Operators, extract from, by Samuel Seabough . 88
To F. H., by Alice Denison Wiley 287–288
The Fair Tamborinist, extract from, by Lyman Goodman . . 56–57
Two Great Jews, extract from, by Gustav Adolph Danziger . 321–322
The Good bye Kiss, by Lillian Plunkett 396–397
The Harp of Broken Strings, extract from, by John Rollin Ridge 51–52
The Immortals, by Edward E. Cothran 292
The Lyric of the Dawn, extract from, by Charles Edwin Markham 252–253
To Lizzie, extract from, by John Rollin Ridge 51
The Midnight Mass, extract from, by Richard Edward White . 245–246
The Miner's Ten Commandments, extract from, by J. M. Hutchings . 44
Together, extract from, by James F. Bowman 58
The Passing of Tennyson, extract from, by Joaquin Miller . . 139–140
The Parting Hour, extract from, by Edward Pollock . . 49
The Poet, by Lorenz Sosso 361–362

PAGE.

To Ralph Smith, epitaph by Ambrose Bierce . . . 181
The Song, by Lauren Elliott Crane 91–92
The Song of the Flume, extract from, by Anna M. Fitch . . 61
To the Colorado Desert, by Madge Morris Wagner . . . 283–284
The Unborn Soul, by Charles H. Shinn 276
The Yo Semite, extract from, by Olive Harper 120

Under the Mist, extract from, by Topsy Turvy . . . 32

Vale, by Richard Realf 212–213
Vanities, extract from, by Adelaide J. Holmes . . . 314–315

When I am Dead, by Elizabeth Chamberlain Wright . . . 333–334

Yuma, by Charles Henry Phelps 236
Yo Semite, by Wallace Bruce 331–333
Young Women on the Stage, by Peter Robertson . . . 428–431
Yusef, extracts from, by J. Ross Browne 67–68
Yvernelle, extract from, by Frank Norris 359

Zanthon, extract from, by Kate Douglass Wiggin . . . 352–354

SKETCHES.

Abend Post (German), sketch by the author 408
Adams, Walter E., sketch by the author 290–291
Addis, Yda, sketch by the author 224–226
Alta California, sketch by James Prentiss Cramer . . . 405
American Flag, sketch by the author 418
Annie Laurie, sketch by the author 425
Argonaut, The, sketch by Jerome A. Hart 204–212
Atherton, Gertrude Franklin, sketch from Lippincott's Magazine . 347–348
Austin, Mary Therese, sketch by Adele Chretien . . . 200–203
Austin, Mary Therese, sketch by Peter Robertson . . . 198–200
Austin, Mary Therese, sketch by the author 198
Avery, Fannie H., sketch by the author 286–288
Avery, Benjamin P., sketch by the author 151–152

Bancroft, Hubert H., sketch by the author 167
Bancroft's Histories, sketches by Hubert H. Bancroft . . . 167–172
Barnes, George E., sketch by the author 415
Bartlett, William B., sketch by the author 152
Booth, Hon. Newton, sketch by the author 89

PAGE.
Bowman, Mrs. Mary C., sketch by Emma Leckle Marshall . 398
Bierce, Ambrose, sketch by Charles Edwin Markham 178
Bierce, Ambrose, sketch by the author 177–178
Bierce, Ambrose, sketch by Mrs. Adele Chretien . . . 178
Bierce, Ambrose, sketch by George Hamlin Fitch . . . 178
Bierce, Ambrose, sketch by W. C. Morrow 180–181
Bierce, Ambrose, sketch by Mrs. Atherton 180
Bierce, Ambrose, sketch by E. H. Clough 180
Bierce, Ambrose, sketch by Charles Edwin Markham . . 181
Bigelow, Henry Derby, sketch by Arthur McEwen 310–312
Bishop, Kate M., sketch by the author 229–230
Black Beetles in Amber, by Ambrose Bierce, sketch by Arthur McEwen 179
Black Beetles in Amber, by Ambrose Bierce, sketch by J. O'Hara Cosgrave 179
Boyce, William A., sketch by the author 414–415
Bret Harte's Works, comments on by himself 130–134
Bret Harte, sketch by Gilbert B. Densmore 20
Browne, Genevieve Lucille, sketch by the author . . . 326
Browne, J. Ross, sketch by the author 66–68
Brown, Clara Spalding, sketch by Emma Leckle Marshall . . 401
Brooks, Noah, sketch by the author 153–154
Brooks, Noah, sketch by George Hamlin Fitch 154
Bruce, Wallace, sketch by the author 331
Bunker, William Mitchell, sketch by the author . . . 419–420

California Demokrat (German), sketch by the author 407
Californian Illustrated Magazine, sketch of, by Genevieve L. Browne . 317–319
Californian, The, sketch by the author 234–267
Californian, The, sketch from the Boston Evening Transcript . . 141
Californian, The, sketch by the author 141–143
Californian, The, sketch by Charles Henry Webb . . . 143
Carmany, John H., sketch by the author 146
Carleton, Henry Guy, sketch by the author 346–347
Carr, Mrs. Jeanne, sketch by the author 322
Carr, Jeanne C., sketch by Emma Leckle Marshall . . . 398
Cheney, Warren, sketch by the author 246–248
Chretien, Adele, sketch by the author 424–425
Chronicle, sketch by the author 426–427
Clifford, Josephine (McCrackin), sketch by the author . . . 158–159
Clifford, Josephine, sketch by H. H. Bancroft 159
Cothran, Edward E., sketch by the author 291
Cooper, Sarah B., sketch by the author 163
Coolbrith, Ina D., sketch by the author 149–151
Crane, Lauren Elliott, sketch by the author 91

PAGE.

Cheney, John Vance, sketch by the author 259–261
Cummins, Adley H., sketch by the author 301–305
Cummins, Adley H., sketch by William Emmette Coleman 303
Cummins, Adley H., sketch by Dr. Gustav Adolph Danziger 302
Cummins, Adley H., sketch by Ambrose Bierce 302
Cummins, Ella Sterling, sketch of, from the World's Fair Magazine 306

Daggett, Rollin Mallory, sketch by the author 111–114
Davidson, Professor George, sketch by the author 250
Davis, Sam, sketch by the author 107–108
Dawson, Emma Frances, sketch by Ambrose Bierce 229
Dawson, Emma Frances, sketch by John Boyle O'Reilly 227
Dawson, Emma Frances, sketch from the Boston Pilot 226
Dawson, Emma Frances, sketch by the author 226
Del Mar, Alexander 248–250
Densmore, Gilbert B., sketch by the author 415
Derby, Horatio, sketch by the author 61–65
De Young, M. H., sketch by the author 427
Dickson, William O., sketch by the author 334

Early Overland Tales, sketch by Sarah B. Cooper 164–166
Egyptian Sketches, sketch by George Hamlin Fitch 357–359
Enderline, Mrs., sketch by Emma Leckle Marshall 401
Evening Bulletin, sketch br the author 409–410
Evening Report, sketch by the author 419–420
Evening Post, sketch by the author 435
Examiner, sketch from Illustrated Californian 423–424
Examiner, sketch by Allan Kelly 421–423
Eyster, Mrs. Nellie Blessing, sketch by the author 386

Field, Mary H., sketch by the author 237
Fitch, Anna M., sketch by the author 299–301
Fitch, Deacon George K., sketch by the author 413–414
Fitch, George Hamlin, sketch by the author 319–320, 428
Fitch, Thomas, sketch by the author 298–299
Foote, Lucius Harwood, sketch by the author 256–257
Fremont, Jessie Benton, sketch by Emma Leckle Marshall 400

Gally, James W., sketch by the author 157–158
George, Henry, sketch by Dr. Edward Taylor 173–176
George, Henry, sketch by the author 89
Gilbert, Frank Millard, sketch by the author 415
Gilmour, John Hamilton, sketch by George Hamlin Fitch 432
Gilmour, John Hamilton, sketch by the author 432–433

PAGE.

Glasscock, Mary Willis, sketch by the author 246
Golden Guess, The, by John Vance Cheney, sketch by George H. Fitch 261
Golden Era, The, sketch by J. Macdonough Foard 17–19
Golden Era, The, sketch by the author 11–22
Goodman, Judge C. C., sketch by the author 110
Goodman, Joseph Thompson, sketch by the author 295–296
Greene, Clay Meredith, sketch by the author 341–343
Greene, Charles S., sketch by Flora Haines Loughead 272–273
Gunter, Archibald Clavering, sketch by the author 338–339

Halstead, Ada L. (Mrs. J. M. Newman), sketch by the author 397
Hall-Wood, Mrs. M. F. C., sketch by Emma Leckle Marshall 402
Harper, Olive, sketch by the author 119–120
Harrison, William Pitt, sketch by the author 298
Harte, Mrs. Mary, sketch by Emma Leckle Marshall 399
Harte, Francis Bret, sketch by the author 126–135
Harte, Francis Bret, sketch by Gilbert B. Densmore 20
Hart, Jerome A., sketch by the author 196
Hart, Jerome A., sketch by Frank B. Millard 196–197
Hart, Jerome A., sketch by Yda Addis 197–198
Heaven, Louise Palmer, sketch by the author 163
Hesperian, The, sketch by the author 100–101
Hittell, John S., sketch by the author 248
Hittell, Theodore H., sketch by the author 248
Hoffman-Craig, Mary Lynde, sketch by the author 389
Holmes, Adeline J., sketch by the author 313–314
Hutchins, J. M., sketch by the author 42–45

Incomparable Three, sketch by the author 123–140

Keeler, Ralph, sketch from Somer's California Magazine 154
Keith, Mrs. Eliza, sketch by the author 388–389
Kelly, Allan, sketch from the Examiner 424
King, Clarence, sketch by H. H. Bancroft 154–155
Kingsbury-Cooley, Mrs. Alice, sketch by the author 386–387
Kirby, Georgiana Bruce, sketch by the author 162
Knapp, Adeline E., sketch by the author 390
Knapp, Adeline E., sketch by Mrs. Eliza Keith 390

Later Golden Era, The, sketch by the author 277–289
Later Overland, The, sketch by the author 268–276
Laurence, Mary V., sketch by the author 92–93
Lawrence, Mrs. Elizabeth A., sketch by Emma Leckle Marshall 402
Le Conte, Joseph, sketch from the Overland 242–243

PAGE.

Le Conte, Joseph, sketch by David Lesser Lezinsky 243–244
Lezinsky, David Lesser, sketch by the author 292–293
Linen, Jimmy, sketch by the author 52–54
Literary Industries, sketch by Hubert H. Bancroft 167
Loughead, Mrs. Flora Haines, sketch by the author 231–232
Loughead, Mrs. Flora Haines, sketch by Mrs. Atherton 232
Lummis, Dorothea, sketch by Emma Leckle Marshall 400

Markham, Charles Edwin, sketch by the author 250–252
Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens), sketch by the author 123–126
McDonald, Calvin B., sketch by the author 70–76
McComas, Alice Moore, sketch by Emma Leckle Marshall 398
McEwen, Arthur, sketch by the author 296–298
McGlashan, C. F., sketch by the author 98–99
McQuillan, James B., sketch by the author 97–98
Mighels, Henry Rust, sketch by Philip Verrill Mighels 105–106
Millard, Frank Bailey, sketch by the author 220–222
Miller, Joaquin, sketch by the author 135–138
Miller, Joaquin, sketch by Ambrose Bierce 138–140
Milne, Robert Duncan, sketch by Mrs. Atherton 219–220
Morning Call, sketch by the author 411–416
Morris, Madge, sketch by Emma Leckle Marshall 400
Morrow, William C., sketch by the author 222
Morrow, William C., sketch by Gertrude Franklin Atherton 223
Morrow, William C., sketch from the Library and Studio 223
Muir, John, sketch by Theodore S. Solomons 155–157
Mulford, Prentice, sketch by the author 152–153
Murphy, Robert Wilson, sketch by Charles Shortridge 356–357
Murphy, Miss Anna C., sketch by Emma Leckle Marshall 400

News Letter, The, sketch by the author 185–186
Nordoff, Charles, sketch by the author 68–69
Norris, Frank, sketch by Boston Home Journal 359–360
Norris, Frank, sketch by the Overland Monthly 360

O'Connell, Daniel, sketch by the author 344–346
Off, Miss Louise A., sketch by Emma Leckle Marshall 398
Other Things Being Equal, review of, from the Overland 356
Otis, Mrs. Eliza A., sketch by Emma Leckle Marshall 399
Overland School, The, sketch by the author 144–165
Overland School, The, sketch by John H. Carmany 145
Overland School, The, sketch by Millicent Washburn Shinn 269–272

Pacheco, Mrs. Romualdo, sketch by the author 343
Parkhurst, Mrs. Emelie Tracy Y., sketch by the author 322, 383–384

PAGE.
Parkhurst, Mrs. Emelie Tracy Y., sketch by Callie Bonney Marble 385
Parsons, George Frederick, sketch by the author 96–97
Phelan, James D., sketch by the author 274
Phelps, Charles Henry, sketch by the author 235–236
Pickering, Loring, sketch by the author 413–414
Picturesque California, sketch by George Hamlin Fitch 329–330
Picturesque California, sketch by the author 329
Pioneer Magazine, The, sketch by the author 34–40
Pixley, Frank M., sketch by W. F. Swasey 193
Pixley, Frank M., sketch by Flora Haines Loughead 193–194
Pixley, Frank M., sketch by Yda Addis 194
Plunkett, Lillian, sketch by the author 396
Plunkett, Lillian, sketch by D. S. Richardson 396
Poetry of the Pacific, by May Wentworth, sketch by the author 55–62
Pollock, Edward, sketch by the author 46–49
Poseidon's Paradise, criticism on, by the Overland 355–356
Powell, Emily Brown, sketch by the author 391

Record-Union, The, sketch by Ex-Governor Daggett 80
Record-Union, The, sketch by General John F. Sheehan 81
Record-Union, The, sketch by the author 95–96
Redding, Benjamin Barnard, sketch by the author 253–254
Redding, Benjamin Barnard, sketch by Hon. Robert Stearns 254
Reed, Anna Morrison, sketch by the author 395
Rhodes, W. H., sketch by the author 121–122
Rhodes, W. H., sketch by W. H. L. Barnes 122
Richardson, Daniel S., sketch by the author 238–240
Richardson, Daniel S., sketch from the Library and Studio 240–242
Ridge, John Rollin, sketch by the author 49–52
Robertson, Peter, sketch by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton 431
Robertson, Peter, sketch by the author 428
Russell, Edmund, sketch by the author 263–267

Sacramento Union, sketch by the author 75–95
Sam Davis, sketch by the author 107–108
San Franciscan, The, sketch by the author 294–306
Savage, Lyttleton, sketch by the author 347
Savage, Richard Henry, sketch by the author 339–341
Seabough, Samuel, sketch by Lauren E. Crane 87–88
Seabough, Samuel, sketch by George H. Fitch 84–85
Severance, Mrs. Caroline M., sketch by Emma Leckle Marshall 402
Sheehan, John F., sketch by the author 97
Shinn, Charles Howard, sketch by the author 275–276
Shinn, Millicent Washburn, sketch by D. S. Richardson 272
Shuey, Lillian Hinman, sketch by the author 392–393
Sill, Edward Rowland, sketch by the author 146–148

PAGE.

Somers, Fred M., sketch by the author 195–196
Sosso, Lorenzo, sketch by the author 360–361
Stanton, Mrs. Mary O., sketch by the author 387–388
Stetson, Charlotte Perkins, sketch by the author 390–391
Stock, Ernest C., sketch by the author 416
Stoddard, Charles Warren, sketch by the author 148–149
Swift, John Franklin, sketch by the author 108–110

The Amagnis, a Lyrical Drama, by Virna Woods, criticism by George Hamlin Fitch 393–394
The Argonaut School, sketch by the author 190–193
Thorpe, Rose Hartwick, sketch by Emma Leckle Marshall . 401
The Forty-niners, sketch by Hubert H. Bancroft 171
Territorial Enterprise, sketch by Arthur McEwen 116–118
Toland, Mary Bertha McKenzie, sketch by the author . . . 394
Townsend, Annie Lake, sketch by the author 232
Townsend, Edward L., sketch from the Cosmopolitan Magazine . 218–219
The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter, by Ambrose Bierce, sketch by George Hamlin Fitch 179
The Mormons in Utah, editorial on, by Judge C. C. Goodwin . 110
The Women of the Golden Era, sketch by the author . . . 23–33

Union, comment on, by Ex-Governor Daggett 80
Union, comment on the death of, by General John F. Sheehan . 81
Unger, Minnie Buchanan, sketch by the author 313
Upton, Matthew G., sketch by the author 410

Victor, Frances F., sketch by the author 159–161

Wagner, Madge Morris, sketch by the author 281–283
Wagner, Madge Morris, sketch by Joaquin Miller 281–284
Walter, Carrie Stevens, sketch by the author 288–289
Wasp, The, sketch by the author 187–189
Wasson, Joseph, sketch by the author 114–115
Watson, Henry Clay, sketch by William H. Mills 84
Wave, The, sketch by the author 323–326
Webb, Louise H., sketch bp the author 257
Weekly Monitor, sketch by the author 417
White, Richard Edward, sketch by the author 244
Wiggin, Kate Douglass, sketch by Alice W. Rollins . . . 351
Wiley, Alice Denison, sketch by the author 285
Williamson, Mrs. Burton, sketch by Emma Leckle Marshall . . 399
Woods, Virna, sketch by the author 393–394
Wright, Elizabeth Chamberlain, sketch by the author . . . 333

PAGE.
Writers of the Sagebrush School, sketch by the author . 102–118

Yelverton, Therese, sketch by J. M. Hutchins 161
Young, John P., sketch by the author 427–428

JUST OUT

Edmund Russell's

Readings * * *

from the

California Poets

Published by

William Doxey,

San Francisco.

Price 25 Cents

In Paper.

AMERICAN COMPANIES ONLY.

PHENIX

INSURANCE COMPANY.

OF BROOKLYN

AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO.
Of Philadelphia.

THE INS. CO. of the STATE OF PA.
Of Philadelphia.

PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INS. CO.
Of Philadelphia.

THE GREENWICH INS. CO.
Of New York.

☞**Combined Cash Assets, $14,800,000 Losses Paid $99,000,000**☜

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT

BROWN, CRAIG & CO.,

GENERAL AGENTS,

407-409 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

A Book for Libraries.

CALIFORNIAN

Story of the Files.

* A REVIEW OF *

CALIFORNIAN WRITERS AND LITERATURE

BY ELLA STERLING CUMMINS.

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE CALIFORNIAN WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSION, COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, 1893.

"No matter where uttered, a great thought never dies."

This volume contains a review of the literary journals and magazines of California from 1852 to 1892, including brief sketches and portraits of many journalists and authors who wrote for them.

Octavo, leatherette bound, poppy decoration, profusely illustrated,
450 pages, price $2.00, subscriber's edition.
Usual discount to libraries.

Address
ELLA STERLING CUMMINS,
1605 Baker St., San Francisco.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS, LIBRARIANS AND OTHERS.

"This book by Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins will contain matter that can be found only in old magazines and in books that have been long out of print. She is an accomplished writer and an editor of rare judgment. Hence her book, which has been a labor of love, will be of great value to any one interested in Californian literature.—GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH, literary editor S. F. *Chronicle.*

"Your book review, biography and bibliography in one—of which I have seen some early pages, must be of great value to libraries, to those outside the State as well as our own, and I look for its appearance with great interest."—HORACE WILSON, Librarian of Mechanics' Institute.

"Certainly no reference library will be complete without having this volume upon its shelves."—EDMUND TAUSZKY, Vice-Prest. Mercantile Library.

"Mrs. Cummins has gathered up the threads of the initial literary attempts on this Coast, and so rendered essential service."—JOHN VANCE CHENEY, Librarian Free Public Library.